

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

FEBRUARY, 1912

THE LONG RUN¹

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The shade of those our days that had no tongue.

I

It was last winter, after a twelve years' absence from New York, that I saw again, at one of the Jim Cumnors' dinners, my old friend Halston Merrick.

The Cumnors' house is one of the few where, even after such a lapse of time, one can be sure of finding familiar faces and picking up old threads; where for a moment one can abandon one's self to the illusion that New York humanity is less unstable than its bricks and mortar. And that evening in particular I remember feeling that there could be no pleasanter way of re-entering the confused and careless world to which I was returning than through the quiet, softly-lit dining-room in which Mrs. Cumnor, with a characteristic sense of my needing to be broken in gradually, had contrived to assemble so many friendly faces.

I was glad to see them all, including the three or four I did not know, or failed to recognize, but had no difficulty in classing as in the tradition and

of the group; but I was most of all glad — as I rather wonderingly found — to set eyes again on Halston Merrick.

He and I had been at Harvard together, for one thing, and had shared there curiosities and ardours a little outside the current tendencies: had, on the whole, been freer and less amenable to the accepted. Then, for the next few years, Merrick had been a vivid and promising figure in young American life. Handsome, free and fine, he had wandered and tasted and compared. After leaving Harvard he had spent two years at Oxford. He then accepted a private secretaryship to our Ambassador in England, and came back from this adventure with a fresh curiosity about public affairs at home, and the conviction that men of his kind did n't play a large enough part in them. This led, first, to his running for a State Senatorship which he failed to get, and ultimately to a few months of intelligent activity in a municipal office. Soon after a change of party had deprived him of this post he published a small volume of rather hauntingly delicate sonnets, and, a year later, an odd uneven brilliant book on Municipal Government. After that one hardly knew where to look for his next appearance; but chance rather disappointingly

¹ In this story certain divergences in spelling and punctuation from the established practice of the *Atlantic* are made at the request of the author. — THE EDITORS.

solved the problem by killing off his father and placing Halston at the head of the Merrick Iron Foundry at Yonkers.

His friends had gathered that, whenever this regrettable contingency should occur, he meant to dispose of the business and continue his life of free experiment. As often happens in such cases, however, it was not the moment for a sale, and Merrick had to take over the management of the foundry. Some two years later he had a chance to free himself, but when it came he did not choose to take it. This tame sequel to an inspiring start was slightly disappointing to some of us, and I was among those disposed to regret Merrick's drop to the level of the merely prosperous. Then I went away to my big engineering job in China, and from there to Africa, and spent the next twelve years out of sight and sound of New York doings.

During that long interval I learned of no new phase in Merrick's evolution, but this did not surprise me, as I had never expected from him actions resonant enough to be heard across the globe. All I knew — and this surprised me — was that he had never married, and that he was still in the iron business. All through those years, however, I never ceased to wish, in certain situations and at certain turns of thought, that Merrick were in reach, that I could tell this or that to Merrick. I had never, in the interval, found any one with just his quickness of perception and just his sureness of touch.

After dinner, therefore, we irresistibly drew together. In Mrs. Cumnor's big easy drawing-room cigars were allowed, and there was no break in the communion of the sexes; and, this being the case, I should have sought a seat beside one of the ladies who so indulgently suffered our presence. But, as generally happened when Merrick was in sight, I found myself steering

straight for him past all the minor ports of call.

There had been no time, before our passage to the dining-room, for more than the barest expression of delight at meeting, and our seats had been at opposite ends of the longish table, so that we got our first real look at each other in the screened secluded sofa-corner to which Mrs. Cumnor's vigilance now tactfully directed us.

Merrick was still handsome in his longswarthy way: handsomer perhaps, with thinnish hair and graver lines, than in the young excess of his good looks. He was very glad to see me and expressed his gladness in terms of the same charming smile; but as soon as we began to talk I felt a change. It was not merely the change that years and experience and altered values bring. There was something more fundamental the matter with Merrick: something dreadful, unforeseen, unaccountable. Merrick had grown conventional and dull.

In the face of his frank pleasure in seeing me I was ashamed, at first, to analyze the nature of the change; but presently our talk began to flag — fancy a talk with Merrick flagging! — and self-deception became impossible as I watched myself handing out platitudes with the unconvinced gesture of a salesman offering something 'equally good.' The worst of it was that Merrick — Merrick, who had once felt everything! — did n't seem to feel any lack of spontaneity in my remarks, but clung to me in speech and look with a harrowing faith in the resuscitating power of our past. It was as if he treasured the empty vessel of our friendship without perceiving that the last drop of its essence had gone dry.

I am putting all this in exaggerated terms. Through my surprise and disappointment there glowed a certain sense of well-being in the mere phys-

ical presence of my old friend. I liked looking at the way his thin dark hair broke away from the forehead, at the tautness of his smooth brown cheek, the contemplative backward tilt of his head, the way his brown eyes mused upon the scene through indolently lowered lids. All the past was in his way of looking and sitting, and I wanted to stay near him, and knew that he wanted me to stay; but the devil of it was that neither of us knew what to talk about.

It was this difficulty which caused me, after a while, since I could not follow Merrick's talk, to follow his eyes in their slow circuit of the room.

At the moment when our glances joined, his happened to have paused on a lady seated at some distance from our corner. Immersed, at first, in the satisfaction of finding myself again with Merrick, I had been only negatively aware of this lady, as of one of the few persons present whom I did not know, or failed to remember. There was nothing in her appearance or attitude to challenge my indifference or to excite my curiosity: I don't suppose I should have looked at her at all if I had not noticed that my friend was doing so.

She was a woman of about forty-seven, with fair faded hair and a young figure. Her smoke-gray dress was handsome but ineffective, and her pale and rather serious face wore a small unvarying smile which might have been pinned on with her ornaments. She was one of the women in whom the years show rather what they have taken than what they have bestowed, and only on looking closely did one see that what they had taken must have been exceptionally good of its kind.

Phil Cumnor and another man were talking to her, and the very intensity of the attention she bestowed on them betrayed the straining of rebellious thoughts. She never let her eyes stray or her smile drop; and at the proper

moments I saw she was ready with the proper sentiment.

The party, like most of those that Mrs. Cumnor gathered about her, was not composed of exceptional beings. The people of the old New York set were not exceptional: they were in fact mostly cut on the same neat, convenient and unobtrusive pattern; but they were often exceedingly 'nice.' And this obsolete quality marked every look and gesture of the lady I was scrutinizing.

While these reflections were passing through my mind I was aware that Merrick's eyes were still turned in the same direction. I took a cross-section of his look and found in it neither surprise nor absorption, but only a certain sober pleasure just about at the emotional level of the rest of the room. If he were looking at the lady in question it was only, his expression seemed to say, because, all things considered, there were fewer reasons for looking at anybody else.

This made me wonder what were the reasons for looking at *her*; and as a first step toward enlightenment I said: — 'I'm sure I've seen the lady over there in gray —'

Merrick, with a slight effort, detached his eyes and turned them on me in a wondering look.

'Seen her? You know her.' He paused for my response. '*Don't* you know her? It's Mrs. Reardon.'

I wondered that he should wonder, for I could not remember, in the Cumnor group or elsewhere, having known any one of the name he mentioned.

'But perhaps,' he continued, 'you had n't heard of her marriage? You knew her as Mrs. Trant.'

I gave him back his stare. 'Not Mrs. Philip Trant?'

'Yes; Mrs. Philip Trant.'

'Not Paulina?' I insisted.

'Yes — Paulina,' he said, with a just perceptible delay before the name.

In my stupefaction I continued to stare at him, instead of turning my gaze toward the lady whose identity was in dispute.

He averted his eyes from mine after a moment, and I saw that they had strayed back to her. 'You find her so changed?' he asked.

An odd note in his voice acted as a warning signal, and I tried to reduce my astonishment to less unbecoming proportions. 'I don't find that she looks much older.'

'No. Only different?' he suggested, as if there were nothing new to him in my perplexity.

'Yes — awfully different,' I confessed.

'I suppose we're all awfully different. To you, I mean — coming from so far?'

'I recognized all the rest of you,' I said, hesitating. 'And she used to be the one who stood out most.'

There was a flash, a wave, a stir of something deep down in his eyes. 'Yes,' he said. '*That's* the difference.'

'I see it is. She — she looks worn down. Soft but blurred, like the figures in the tapestry behind her.'

He glanced at her again, as if to test the exactness of my analogy.

'Life wears everybody down, I suppose,' he said.

'Yes — except those it makes more distinct. They're the rare ones, of course; but she was rare.'

He stood up suddenly, looking old and tired. 'I believe I'll be off. I wish you'd come down to my place for Sunday. . . . No, don't shake hands — I want to slide away while they're not looking.'

We were standing near the door of the inner drawing-room, and I placed myself before him to say a last word and screen his retreat.

'You will come down, won't you?' he repeated. 'I want to see you.'

There'll be no one else.' He had backed away to the threshold and was turning the noiseless door-knob. Even Mrs. Cumnor's door-knobs had tact and did n't tell!

'Of course I'll come,' I promised warmly. In the last ten minutes he had begun to interest me again.

'All right. Good-bye.' Half through the door he paused to stammer: — '*She* remembers you. You ought to speak to her.'

'I'm going to. But tell me a little more.' I thought I saw a shade of constraint on his face, and did not add, as I had meant to: 'Tell me — because she interests me — what wore her down?' Instead, I asked: 'How soon after Trant's death did she remarry?'

He seemed to require an effort of memory to recall the date. 'It was seven years ago, I think.'

'And is Reardon here to-night?'

'Yes; over there, talking to Mrs. Cumnor.'

I looked across the broken lamp-lit groupings and saw a large glossy man with straw-colored hair and a red face, whose shirt and shoes and complexion seemed all to have received a coat of the same expensive varnish.

As I looked there was a drop in the talk about us, and I heard Mr. Reardon pronounce in a big booming voice: 'What I say is: what's the good of disturbing things? Thank the Lord, I'm content with what I've got!'

'Is *that* her husband? What's he like?'

'Oh, the best fellow in the world,' said Merrick, going.

II

Merrick had a little place at Riverdale, where he went occasionally to be near the Iron Works, and where he hid his week-ends when the world was too much with him.

Here he awaited me on the following Saturday afternoon, and at tea-time I found myself with him in a pleasant careless setting of books and prints and faded parental furniture.

We dined late, and smoked and talked afterward in his low-ceilinged book-walled study till the terrier on the hearth-rug stood up and yawned for bed. When we took the hint and picked up our candles in the hall I felt, not that I had found the old Merrick again, but that I was on his track, had come across traces of his passage here and there in the thick jungle that had grown up between us. But I had an odd poignant feeling that when I finally came on the man himself he might be dead. . . .

As we started up the shallow country stairs he turned with one of his abrupt shy movements, and walked back into the study.

‘Wait a bit!’ he called to me.

I waited, and he came out in a moment carrying a limp folio.

‘It’s typewritten. Will you take a look at it? I’ve been trying to get to work again,’ he lamely explained, thrusting the manuscript into my hand.

‘What? Poetry, I hope?’ I exclaimed.

He shook his head with a gleam of derision. ‘No—just general considerations. The fruit of fifty years of inexperience.’

He showed me to my room and said good-night.

The following afternoon — it was a mild winter day with soft wet gusts, I remember — we took a long walk inland, across the hills, and I said to Merrick what I could of his book. Unluckily there was n’t much to say. The essays were judicious, polished and cultivated; but they lacked the freshness and audacity of his youthful work. I tried to conceal my opinion behind

the usual ambiguities, but he broke through these feints with a quick thrust to the heart of my meaning.

‘It’s worn down — blurred? Like the figures in the Cumnors’ tapestry?’

I hesitated. ‘It’s a little too damned resigned,’ I said.

‘Ah,’ he exclaimed, ‘so am I. Resigned.’ He switched the bare brambles by the roadside. ‘A man can’t serve two masters.’

‘You mean business and literature?’

‘No; I mean theory and instinct. The gray tree and the green. You’ve got to choose which fruit you’ll try; and you don’t know till afterward which of the two has the dead core.’

‘How can anybody be sure that only one of them has?’

‘I’m sure,’ said Merrick sharply.

We turned back to the subject of his essays, and I was astonished at the detachment with which he criticized and demolished them. Little by little, as we talked, his old perspective, his old standards came back to him; but with the difference that they no longer seemed like functions of his mind but merely like attitudes assumed or dropped at will. He could still, with an effort, put himself at the angle from which he had formerly seen things; but it was with the effort of a man climbing mountains after a sedentary life in the plain.

I tried to cut the talk short, but he kept coming back to it with nervous insistence, forcing me into the last retrenchments of hypocrisy, and anticipating the verdict I held back. I perceived that a great deal — immensely more than I could see a reason for — had hung for him on my opinion of his book.

Then, as suddenly, his insistence broke and, as if ashamed of having forced himself so long on my attention, he began to talk rapidly and uninterestingly of other things.

We were alone again that evening, and after dinner, wishing to efface the impression of the afternoon, and above all to show that I wanted him to talk about himself, I reverted to the subject of his work. 'You must need an outlet of that sort. When a man's once had it in him, as you have — and when other things begin to dwindle —'

He laughed. 'Your theory is that a man ought to be able to return to the Muse as he comes back to his wife after he's ceased to interest other women?'

'No; as he comes back to his wife after the day's work is done.' A new thought came to me as I looked at him. 'You ought to have had one,' I added.

He laughed again. 'A wife, you mean? So that there'd have been some one waiting for me even if the Muse decamped?' He went on after a pause: 'I've a notion that the kind of woman worth coming back to would n't be much more patient than the Muse. But as it happens I never tried — because, for fear they'd chuck me, I put them both out of doors together.'

He turned his head abruptly and looked past me with a queer expression at the low gray-panelled door at my back. 'Out of that very door they went — the two of 'em, on a rainy night like this: and one stopped and looked back, to see if I was n't going to call her — and I did n't — and so they both went. . . .'

III

'The Muse?' (said Merrick, refilling my glass and stooping to pat the terrier as he went back to his chair) — 'well, you've met the Muse in the little volume of sonnets you used to like; and you've met the woman too, and you used to like *her*; though you did n't know her when you saw her the other evening. . . .'

'No, I won't ask you how she struck

you: I know. She struck you like that stuff I gave you to read last night. She's conformed — I've conformed — the mills have caught us and ground us; ground us, oh, exceedingly small!

'But you remember what she was: I saw at once that you remembered. And that's the reason why I'm telling you this now. . . .'

'You may recall that after my father's death I tried unsuccessfully to sell the Works. I was impatient to free myself from anything that would keep me tied to New York. I don't dislike my trade, and I've made, in the end, a fairly good thing of it; but industrialism was not, at that time, in the line of my tastes, and I know now that it was n't what I was meant for. Above all, I wanted to get away, to see new places and rub up against different ideas. I had reached a time of life — the top of the first hill, so to speak — where the distance draws one, and everything in the foreground seems tame and stale. I was sick to death of the particular set of conformities I had grown up among; sick of being a pleasant popular young man with a long line of dinners on my engagement-list, and the dead certainty of meeting the same people, or their prototypes, at all of them.

'Well — I failed to sell the Works, and that increased my discontent. I went through moods of cold unsociability, alternating with sudden flushes of curiosity, when I gloated over stray scraps of talk overheard in railway stations and omnibuses, when strange faces that I passed in the street tantalized me with fugitive promises. I wanted to get away, among things that were unexpected and unknown; and it seemed to me that nobody about me understood in the least what I felt, but that somewhere just out of reach there was some one who *did*, and whom I must find or despair. . . .'

'It was just then that, one evening I saw Mrs. Trant for the first time.

'Yes: I know — you wonder what I mean. I'd known her, of course, as a girl; I'd met her several times after her marriage to Trant; and I'd lately been thrown with her, quite intimately and continuously, during a succession of country-house visits. But I had never, as it happened, really *seen* her till then. . . .

'It was at a dinner at the Cumnors', I remember; and there she was, in front of the very tapestry we saw her against the other evening, with people about her, and her face turned from me, and nothing noticeable or different in her dress or manner; and suddenly she stood out for me against the pinkish-smoky background, and for the first time I saw a meaning in the stale phrase of a picture's walking out of its frame. For you've noticed, have n't you, that most people *are* just that to us: pictures, furniture, the inanimate accessories of our little island-area of sensation? And then sometimes one of these graven images moves and throws out live filaments toward us, and the line they make draws us across the world as the moon-track seems to draw a boat across black water. . . .

'Well, there she stood; and as this queer sensation came over me I felt that she was looking steadily at me, that her eyes were voluntarily, consciously resting on me with the weight of a deep interrogation.

'I went over and joined her, and she turned silently and walked with me into the music-room. Earlier in the evening some one had been singing, and there were low lights there, and a few couples still sitting in those confidential corners of which Mrs. Cumnor has the art; but we were under no illusion as to the nature of these presences. We knew that they were just painted in, and that the whole of sentient life was

in us two, and flowing back and forward between us in swift innumerable streams. We talked, of course; we had the attitudes, even the words, of the others: I remember her telling me her plans for the spring and asking me politely about mine! As if there were the least sense in plans, now that this thing had happened to us!

'When we went back into the drawing-room I had said nothing to her that I might not have said to any other woman of the party; but when we said good-bye I knew we should see each other the next day — and the next. . . .

'That's the way, I take it, that Nature has arranged the beginning of the great enduring loves; and likewise of the little epidermal flurries. And how's a man to know where he is going?

'From the first, I own, my feeling for Paulina Trant seemed to me a grave business; but then I knew that the Enemy is given to producing that illusion. Many a man — I'm talking of the kind with imagination — has thought he was seeking a soul when all he wanted was a closer view of its tenement. And I tried — honestly tried — to make myself think I was in this case. Because, in the first place, I did n't, just then, want a big disturbing influence in my life; and because I did n't want to be a dupe; and because Paulina Trant was not, according to hearsay, the kind of woman for whom it was worth while to bring up the big batteries. . . .

'But my resistance was only half-hearted. What I really felt — *all* I really felt — was the flood of joy that comes of heightened emotion. She had given me that, and I wanted her to give it to me again. That's as near as I've ever come to analyzing my state in the beginning.

'I knew her story, as no doubt you know it: the current version, I mean. She had been poor and fond of enjoy-

ment, and she had married that pompous monolith Philip Trant because she needed a home, and perhaps also because she wanted a little luxury. Queer how we sneer at women for wanting the thing that gives them half their grace!

'People shook their heads over the marriage, and divided, prematurely, into Philip's partisans and hers: for no one thought it would work. And they were almost disappointed when, after all, it did. She and her wooden consort seemed to get on well enough. There was a ripple, at one time, over her close friendship with young Jim Dalham, who was always with her during a summer at Newport and an autumn in Italy; then the talk died out, and she and Trant were seen together, as before, on terms of apparent good-fellowship.

'This was the more surprising because, from the first, Paulina had never made the least attempt to change her tone or subdue her colors. In the gray Trant atmosphere she flashed with prismatic fires. She smoked, she talked subversively, she did as she liked and went where she pleased, and danced over the Trant prejudices and the Trant principles as if they'd been a ball-room floor; and all without apparent offence to her solemn husband and his cloud of cousins. I believe her frankness and directness struck them dumb. She moved like a kind of primitive Una through the virtuous rout, and never got a finger-mark on her freshness.

'One of the finest things about her was the fact that she never, for an instant, used her plight as a means of enhancing her attraction. With a husband like Trant it would have been so easy! He was a man who always saw the small sides of big things. He thought most of life compressible into a set of by-laws and the rest unmentionable; and with his stiff frock-coat-

ed and tall-hatted mind, instinctively distrustful of intelligences in another dress, with his arbitrary classification of whatever he did n't understand into "the kind of thing I don't approve of," "the kind of thing that is n't done," and — deepest depth of all — "the kind of thing I'd rather not discuss," he lived in the service of a shadowy moral etiquette, of which the complex rites and awful penalties had cast an abiding gloom upon his manner.

'A woman like his wife could n't have asked a better foil; yet I'm sure she never consciously used his dullness to relieve her brilliancy. She may have felt that the case spoke for itself. But I believe her reserve was rather due to a lively sense of justice, and to the rare habit (you said she was rare) of looking at facts as they are, without any throwing of sentimental lime-lights. She knew Trant could no more help being Trant than she could help being herself — and there was an end of it. I've never known a woman who "made up" so little mentally. . . .

'Perhaps her very reserve, the fierceness of her implicit rejection of sympathy, exposed her the more to — well, to what happened when we met. She said afterward that it was like having been shut up for months in the hold of a ship, and coming suddenly on deck on a day that was all flying blue and silver. . . .

'I won't try to tell you what she was. It's easier to tell you what her friendship made of me; and I can do that best by adopting her metaphor of the ship. Have n't you, sometimes, at the moment of starting on a journey, some glorious plunge into the unknown, been tripped up by the thought: "If only one had n't to come back"? Well, with her one had the sense that one would never have to come back; that the magic ship would always carry one farther. And what an air one breathed,

on it! And, oh, the wind, and the islands, and the sunsets!

'I said just now "her friendship"; and I used the word advisedly. Love is deeper than friendship, but friendship is a good deal wider. The beauty of our relation was that it included both dimensions. Our thoughts met as naturally as our eyes: it was almost as if we loved each other because we liked each other. I'm inclined to think that the quality of a love may be tested by the amount of friendship it contains, and in our case there was no dividing line between loving and liking, no disproportion between them, no barrier against which desire beat in vain or from which thought fell back unsatisfied. Ours was a robust passion that could give an open-eyed account of itself, and not a beautiful madness shrinking away from the proof. . . .

'For the first months friendship sufficed us, or rather gave us so much by the way that we were in no haste to reach what we knew it led to. But we were moving there nevertheless, and one day we found ourselves on the borders. It came about through a sudden decision of Trant's to start on a long tour with his wife. We had never foreseen such a possibility: he seemed rooted in his New York habits and convinced that the city's whole social and financial machinery would cease to function if he did not keep an eye on it through the columns of his morning paper, and pronounce judgment on it in the afternoon at his club. But something new had happened to him. He caught a cold, which was followed by a touch of pleurisy, and instantly he perceived the intense interest and importance which ill-health may add to life. He took the fullest advantage of it. A complaisant doctor recommended travel, insisted on a winter in a warm climate; and suddenly, the morning paper, the afternoon club, Fifth Ave-

nue, Wall Street, all the complex phenomena of the metropolis, faded into insignificance, and the rest of the terrestrial globe, from being a mere geographical hypothesis, useful in enabling one to determine the latitude of New York, acquired reality and magnitude as a factor in the convalescence of Mr. Philip Trant.

'His wife was absorbed in preparations for the journey. It took an army to mobilize him, and weeks before the date set for their departure it was almost as if she were already gone.

'This foretaste of separation showed us what we were to each other. Yet I was letting her go — and there was no help for it, no way of preventing it. Resistance was as useless as the vain struggles in a nightmare. She was Trant's and not mine: a part of his luggage when he travelled as she was part of his household furniture when he stayed at home. . . .

'The day she told me that their passages were taken — it was on a November afternoon, in her drawing-room in town — I turned away from the tea-table and, going to the window, stood looking out at the torrent of traffic interminably pouring down Fifth Avenue. I watched the senseless machinery of life revolving in the rain and mud, and tried to picture myself performing my small function in it after she had gone from me.

"It can't be — it can't be!" I exclaimed.

"What can't be?"

'I came back into the room and sat down by her. "This — this — " I had n't any words. "Two weeks!" I said. "What's two weeks?"

'She answered, vaguely, something about their thinking of Spain for the spring —

"Two weeks — two weeks!" I repeated. "And the months we've lost — the days that belonged to us!"

"Yes," she said, "I'm thankful it's settled."

'Our words seemed irrelevant, haphazard. It was as if each were answering a secret voice, and not what the other was saying.

"Don't you *feel* anything at all?" I remember bursting out at her. As I asked it the tears were streaming down her face. I felt angry with her, and was almost glad to note that her lids were red and that she did n't cry becomingly. I can't express my sensation to you except by saying that she seemed part of life's huge league against me. And suddenly I thought of an afternoon we had spent together in the country, on a ferny hill-side, when we had sat under a beech-tree, and her hand had lain palm upward in the moss, close to mine, and I had watched a little black-and-red beetle creeping over it. . . .

'The bell rang, and we heard the voice of a visitor and the click of an umbrella in the umbrella-stand.

'She rose to go into the inner drawing-room, and I caught her suddenly by the wrist. "You understand," I said, "that we can't go on like this?"

"I understand," she answered, and moved away to meet her visitor. As I went out I heard her saying in the other room: "Yes, we're really off on the twelfth."

IV

'I wrote her a long letter that night, and waited two days for a reply.

'On the third day I had a brief line saying that she was going to spend Sunday with some friends who had a place near Riverdale, and that she would arrange to see me while she was there. That was all.

'It was on a Saturday that I received the note and I came out here the same night. The next morning was rainy, and I was in despair, for I had counted

on her asking me to take her for a drive or a long walk. It was hopeless to try to say what I had to say to her in the drawing-room of a crowded country-house. And only eleven days were left!

'I stayed indoors all the morning, fearing to go out lest she should telephone me. But no sign came, and I grew more and more restless and anxious. She was too free and frank for coquetry, but her silence and evasiveness made me feel that, for some reason, she did not wish to hear what she knew I meant to say. Could it be that she was, after all, more conventional, less genuine, than I had thought? I went again and again over the whole maddening round of conjecture; but the only conclusion I could rest in was that, if she loved me as I loved her, she would be as determined as I was to let no obstacle come between us during the days that were left.

'The luncheon-hour came and passed, and there was no word from her. I had ordered my trap to be ready, so that I might drive over as soon as she summoned me; but the hours dragged on, the early twilight came, and I sat here in this very chair, or measured up and down, up and down, the length of this very rug — and still there was no message and no letter.

'It had grown quite dark, and I had ordered away, impatiently, the servant who came in with the lamps: I could n't *bear* any definite sign that the day was over! And I was standing there on the rug, staring at the door, and noticing a bad crack in its panel, when I heard the sound of wheels on the gravel. A word at last, no doubt — a line to explain. . . . I did n't seem to care much for her reasons, and I stood where I was and continued to stare at the door. And suddenly it opened and she came in.

'The servant followed her with a lamp, and then went out and closed the door. Her face looked pale in the lamp-light, but her voice was as clear as a bell.

"Well," she said, "you see I've come."

'I started toward her with hands outstretched. "You've come—you've come!" I stammered.

'Yes; it was like her to come in that way—without shame, without dissimulation, without explanations or excuses. It was like her, if she gave at all, to give not furtively or in haste, but openly, deliberately, without stinting the measure or counting the cost. But her quietness and serenity disconcerted me. She did not look like a woman who has yielded impetuously to an uncontrollable impulse. There was something almost solemn in her face.

'The awe of it stole over me as I looked at her, suddenly subduing the huge flush of gratified longing.

"You're here, here, here!" I kept repeating, like a child singing over a happy word.

"You said," she continued, in her grave clear voice, "that we could n't go on as we were —"

"Ah, it's divine of you!" I broke in, and held out my arms to her.

'She did n't draw back from them, but her faint smile said, "Wait," and lifting her hands she took the pins from her hat, and laid the hat on the table.

'As I saw her dear head bare in the lamp-light, with the thick hair waving away from the parting, I forgot everything but the bliss and wonder of her being here — here, in my house, on my hearth — I can show you, yet, the exact spot where she was standing. . . .

'I drew her over to the fire, and made her sit down in the chair where you're sitting, and knelt down by her, and hid my face on her knees. She put her

hand on my head, and I was happy to the depths of my soul.

"Oh, I forgot—" she exclaimed suddenly. I lifted my head and our eyes met. Hers were smiling.

'She reached out her hand, opened the little bag she had tossed down with her hat, and drew a small object from it. "I left my trunk at the station," she said. "Here's the check. Can you send for it?"

'Her trunk—she wanted me to send for her trunk! Oh, yes—I see your smile, your "lucky man!" Only, you see, I did n't love her in that way. I knew she could n't come to my house without running a big risk of discovery, and my tenderness for her, my impulse to shield her, was stronger, even then, than masculine vanity or masculine desire. Judged from the point of view of those emotions I felt terribly short of my part. I had n't any of the proper feelings. Such an act of romantic folly was so unlike her that it almost irritated me, and I found myself desperately wondering how I could get her to reconsider her plan without—well, without seeming to want her to.

'It's not the way a novel hero feels; it's probably not the way a man in real life ought to have felt. But it's the way I felt—and she saw it.

'She put her hands on my shoulders and looked at me with deep, deep eyes. "Then you did n't expect me to stay?" she asked, half-smiling.

'I caught her hands and pressed them close to me, stammering out that I had n't dared to dream. . . .

"You thought I'd come—just for an hour?"

"How could I dare think more? I adore you, you know, for what you've done! But it would be known if you—if you stayed on. My servants—everybody about here knows you. I've no right to expose you to the risk." She made no answer, and I went on

tenderly: "Give me, if you will, the next few hours: there's a train that will get you to town by midnight. And then we'll arrange something—in town—where it's safer for you—easily managed. . . . It's beautiful, it's glorious of you to have come; but I love you too much—I must take care of you and think for you—"

"I don't suppose it ever took me so long to say so few words, and though they were profoundly sincere they sounded unutterably shallow, irrelevant and grotesque. She made no effort to help me out, but sat silent, listening with her meditative smile. "It's my duty, dearest, as a man," I rambled on. "The more I love you the more I'm bound—"

"Yes; but you don't understand," she interrupted.

"She rose as she spoke, and I got up also, and we stood and looked at each other.

"I have n't come for a night; if you want me I've come for always," she said.

"Here again, if I give you an honest account of my feelings I shall write myself down as the poor-spirited creature I suppose I am. There was n't, I swear, at the moment, a grain of selfishness, of personal reluctance, in my feeling. I worshipped every hair of her head—when we were together I was happy, when I was away from her something was gone from every good thing; but I had always looked on our love for each other, our possible relation to each other, as such situations are looked on in what is called society. I had supposed her, for all her freedom and originality, to be just as tacitly subservient to that view as I was: ready to take what she wanted on the terms on which society concedes such taking, and to pay for it by the usual restrictions, concealments and hypocrisies. In short, I

supposed that she would "play the game"—look out for her own safety, and expect me to look out for it. It sounds cheap enough, put that way—but it's the rule we live under, all of us. And the amazement of finding her suddenly outside of it, oblivious of it, unconscious of it, left me, for an awful minute, stammering at her like a graceless dolt. . . . Perhaps it was n't even a minute; but in it she had gone the whole round of my thoughts.

"It's raining," she said, very low. "I suppose you can telephone for a trap?"

"There was no irony or resentment in her voice. She walked slowly across the room and paused before the Brangwyn etching over there. "That's a good impression. Will you telephone, please?" she repeated.

"I found my voice again, and with it the power of movement. I followed her and dropped at her feet. "You can't go like this!" I cried.

"She looked down on me from heights and heights. "I can't stay like this," she answered.

"I stood up and we faced each other like antagonists. "You don't know," I accused her passionately, "in the least what you're asking me to ask of you!"

"Yes, I do: *everything*," she breathed.

"And it's got to be that or nothing?"

"Oh, on both sides," she reminded me.

"Not on both sides. It is n't fair. That's why—"

"Why you won't?"

"Why I cannot—may not!"

"Why you'll take a night and not a life?"

"The taunt, for a woman usually so sure of her aim, fell so short of the mark that its only effect was to increase my conviction of her helplessness. The very intensity of my longing for her made me tremble where she was fear-

less. I had to protect her first, and think of my own attitude afterward.

'She was too discerning not to see this too. Her face softened, grew inexpressibly appealing, and she dropped again into that chair you're in, leaned forward, and looked up with her grave smile.

"'You think I'm beside myself — raving? (You're not thinking of yourself, I know.) I'm not: I never was saner. Since I've known you I've often thought that this might happen. This thing between us is n't an ordinary thing. If it had been we should n't, all these months, have drifted. We should have wanted to skip to the last page — and then throw down the book. We should n't have felt we could *trust* the future as we did. We were in no hurry because we knew we should n't get tired; and when two people feel that about each other they must live together — or part. I don't see what else they can do. A little trip along the coast won't answer. It's the high seas — or else being tied up to Lethe wharf. And I'm for the high seas, my dear!'"

'Think of sitting here — here, in this room, in this chair — and listening to that, and seeing the light on her hair, and hearing the sound of her voice! I don't suppose there ever was a scene just like it. . . .

'She was astounding — inexhaustible; through all my anguish of resistance I found a kind of fierce joy in following her. It was lucidity at white heat: the last sublimation of passion. She might have been an angel arguing a point in the empyrean if she had n't been, so completely, a woman pleading for her life. . . .

'Her life: that was the thing at stake! She could n't do with less of it than she was capable of; and a woman's life is inextricably part of the man's she cares for.

'That was why, she argued, she

could n't accept the usual solution: could n't enter into the only relation that society tolerates between people situated like ourselves. Yes: she knew all the arguments on *that* side: did n't I suppose she'd been over them and over them? She knew (for had n't she often said it of others?) what is said of the woman who, by throwing in her lot with her lover's, binds him to a life-long duty which has the irksomeness without the dignity of marriage. Oh, she could talk on that side with the best of them: only she asked me to consider the other — the side of the man and woman who love each other deeply and completely enough to want their lives enlarged, and not diminished, by their love. What, in such a case — she reasoned — must be the inevitable effect of concealing, denying, disowning, the central fact, the motive power of one's existence? She asked me to picture the course of such a love: first working as a fever in the blood, distorting and deflecting everything, making all other interests insipid, all other duties irksome; and then, as the acknowledged claims of life regained their hold, gradually dying — the poor starved passion! — for want of the wholesome necessary food of common living and doing, yet leaving life impoverished by the loss of all it might have been.

"'I'm not talking, dear —" I see her now, leaning toward me with shining eyes: "I'm not talking of the people who have n't enough to fill their days, and to whom a little mystery, a little manœuvring, gives an illusion of importance that they can't afford to miss; I'm talking of you and me, with all our tastes and curiosities and activities; and I ask you what our love would become if we had to keep it apart from our lives, like a pretty useless animal that we went to peep at and feed with sweet-meats through its cage?"

"I won't, my dear fellow, go into the other side of our strange duel: the arguments I used were those that most men in my situation would have felt bound to use, and that most women in Paulina's accept instinctively, without even formulating them. The exceptionality, the significance, of the case lay wholly in the fact that she had formulated them all and then rejected them. . . .

"There was one point I did n't, of course, touch on; and that was the popular conviction (which I confess I shared) that when a man and a woman agree to defy the world together the man really sacrifices much more than the woman. I was not even conscious of thinking of this at the time, though it may have lurked somewhere in the shadow of my scruples for her; but she dragged it out into the daylight and held me face to face with it.

"Remember, I'm not attempting to lay down any general rule," she insisted; "I'm not theorizing about Man and Woman, I'm talking about you and me. How do I know what's best for the woman in the next house? Very likely she'll bolt when it would have been better for her to stay at home. And it's the same with the man: he'll probably do the wrong thing. It's generally the weak heads that commit follies, when it's the strong ones that ought to; and my point is that you and I are both strong enough to behave like fools if we want to. . . .

"Take your own case first — because, in spite of the sentimentalists, it's the man who stands to lose most. You'll have to give up the Iron Works: which you don't much care about — because it won't be particularly agreeable for us to live in New York: which you don't care much about either. But you won't be sacrificing what is called 'a career.' You made up your mind long ago that your best chance

of self-development, and consequently of general usefulness, lay in thinking rather than doing; and, when we first met, you were already planning to sell out your business, and travel and write. Well! Those ambitions are of a kind that won't be harmed by your dropping out of your social setting. On the contrary, such work as you want to do ought to gain by it, because you'll be brought nearer to life-as-it-is, in contrast to life-as-a-visiting-list. . . ."

"She threw back her head with a sudden laugh. "And the joy of not having any more visits to make! I wonder if you've ever thought of *that*? Just at first, I mean; for society's getting so deplorably lax that, little by little, it will edge up to us — you'll see! I don't want to idealize the situation, dearest, and I won't conceal from you that in time we shall be called on. But, oh, the fun we shall have had in the interval! And then, for the first time we shall be able to dictate our own terms, one of which will be that no bores need apply. Think of being cured of all one's chronic bores! We shall feel as jolly as people after a successful operation."

"I don't know why this nonsense sticks in my mind when some of the graver things we said are less distinct. Perhaps it's because of a certain iridescent quality of feeling that made her gaiety seem like sunshine through a shower. . . .

"You ask me to think of myself?" she went on. "But the beauty of our being together will be that, for the first time, I shall dare to! Now I have to think of all the tedious trifles I can pack the days with, because I'm afraid — I'm afraid — to hear the voice of the real me, down below, in the windowless underground hole where I keep her. . . .

"Remember again, please, it's not Woman, it's Paulina Trant, I'm talking of. The woman in the next house

may have all sorts of reasons — honest reasons — for staying there. There may be some one there who needs her badly: for whom the light would go out if she went. Whereas to Philip I've been simply — well, what New York was before he decided to travel: the most important thing in life till he made up his mind to leave it; and now merely the starting-place of several lines of steamers. Oh, I did n't have to love you to know that! I only had to live with *him*. . . . If he lost his eye-glasses he'd think it was the fault of the eye-glasses; he'd really feel that the eye-glasses had been careless. And he'd be convinced that no others would suit him quite as well. But at the optician's he'd probably be told that he needed something a little different, and after that he'd feel that the old eye-glasses had never suited him at all, and that *that* was their fault too. . . ."

'At one moment — but I don't recall when — I remember she stood up with one of her quick movements, and came toward me, holding out her arms. "Oh, my dear, I'm pleading for my life; do you suppose I'll ever want for arguments?" she cried. . . .

'After that, for a bit, nothing much remains with me except a sense of darkness and of conflict. The one spot of daylight in my whirling brain was the conviction that I could n't — whatever happened — profit by the sudden impulse she had acted on, and allow her to take, in a moment of passion, a decision that was to shape her whole life. I could n't so much as lift my little finger to keep her with me then, unless I were prepared to accept for her as well as for myself the full consequences of the future she had planned for us. . . .

'Well — there's the point: I was n't. I felt in her — poor fatuous idiot that I was! — that lack of objective imagination which had always seemed to me

to account, at least in part, for many of the so-called heroic qualities in women. When their feelings are involved they simply can't look ahead. Her unfaltering logic notwithstanding, I felt this about Paulina as I listened. She had a specious air of knowing where she was going, but she did n't. She seemed the genius of logic and understanding, but the demon of illusion spoke through her lips. . . .

'I said just now that I had n't, at the outset, given my own side of the case a thought. It would have been truer to say that I had n't given it a *separate* thought. But I could n't think of her without seeing myself as a factor — the chief factor — in her problem, and without recognizing that whatever the experiment made of me, that it must fatally, in the end, make of her. If I could n't carry the thing through she must break down with me: we should have to throw our separate selves into the melting-pot of this mad adventure, and be "one" in a terrible indissoluble completeness of which marriage is only an imperfect counterpart. . . .

'There could be no better proof of her extraordinary power over me, and of the way she had managed to clear the air of sentimental illusion, than the fact that I presently found myself putting this to her with a merciless precision of touch.

"If we love each other enough to do a thing like this, we must love each other enough to see just what it is we're going to do."

'So I invited her to the dissecting-table, and I see now the fearless eye with which she approached the cadaver. "For that's what it is, you know," she flashed out at me, at the end of my long demonstration. "It's a dead body, like all the instances and examples and hypothetical cases that ever were! What do you expect to

learn from *that*? The first great anatomist was the man who stuck his knife in a heart that was beating; and the only way to find out what doing a thing will be like is to do it!"

"She looked away from me suddenly, as if she were fixing her eyes on some vision on the outer rim of consciousness. "No: there's one other way," she exclaimed; "and that is, *not* to do it! To abstain and refrain; and then see what we become, or what we don't become, in the long run, and draw our inferences. That's the game that almost everybody about us is playing, I suppose; there's hardly one of the dull people one meets at dinner who has n't had, just once, the chance of a berth on a ship that was off for the Happy Isles, and has n't refused it for fear of sticking on a sand-bank!"

"I'm doing my best, you know," she continued, "to see the sequel as you see it, as you believe it's your duty to me to see it. I know the instances you're thinking of: the listless couples wearing out their lives in shabby watering places, and hanging on the favor of hotel acquaintances; or the proud quarrelling wretches shut up alone in a fine house because they're too good for the only society they can get, and trying to cheat their boredom by squabbling with their tradesmen and spying on their servants. No doubt there are such cases; but I don't recognize either of us in those dismal figures. Why, to do it would be to admit that our life, yours and mine, is in the people about us and not in ourselves; that we're parasites and not self-sustaining creatures; and that the lives we're leading now are so brilliant, full and satisfying that what we should have to give up would surpass even the blessedness of being together!"

"At that stage, I confess, the solid ground of my resistance began to give way under me. It was not that my

convictions were shaken, but that she had swept me into a world whose laws were different, where one could reach out in directions that the slave of gravity has n't pictured. But at the same time my opposition hardened from reason into instinct. I knew it was her voice, and not her logic, that was unsettling me. I knew that if she'd written out her thesis and sent it me by post I should have made short work of it; and again the part of me which I called by all the finest names: my chivalry, my unselfishness, my superior masculine experience, cried out with one voice: "You can't let a woman use her graces to her own undoing — you can't, for her own sake, let her eyes convince you when her reasons don't!"

"And then, abruptly, and for the first time, a doubt entered me: a doubt of her perfect moral honesty. I don't know how else to describe my feeling that she was n't playing fair, that in coming to my house, in throwing herself at my head (I called things by their names), she had perhaps not so much obeyed an irresistible impulse as deeply, deliberately reckoned on the dissolvent effect of her generosity, her rashness and her beauty. . . .

"From the moment that this mean doubt raised its head in me I was once more the creature of all the conventional scruples: I was repeating, before the looking-glass of my self-consciousness, all the stereotyped gestures of the "man of honour." . . . Oh, the sorry figure I must have cut! You'll understand my dropping the curtain on it as quickly as I can. . . .

"Yet I remember, as I made my point, being struck by its impressiveness. I was suffering and enjoying my own suffering. I told her that, whatever step we decided to take, I owed it to her to insist on its being taken soberly, deliberately —

“('No: it's 'advisedly,' is n't it? Oh, I was thinking of the Marriage Service,” she interposed with a faint laugh.)

— that if I accepted, there, on the spot, her headlong beautiful gift of herself, I should feel that I had taken an unmanly advantage of her, an advantage which she would be justified in reproaching me with ever afterward; that I was not afraid to tell her this because she was intelligent enough to know that my scruples were the surest proof of the quality of my love; that I refused to owe my happiness to an unconsidered impulse; that we must see each other again, in her own house, in less agitating circumstances, when she had had time to reflect on my words, to study her heart and look into the future. . . .

‘The factitious exhilaration produced by uttering these beautiful sentiments did not last very long, as you may imagine. It fell, little by little, under her quiet gaze, a gaze in which there was neither contempt nor irony nor wounded pride, but only a tender wistfulness of interrogation; and I think the acutest point in my suffering was reached when she said, as I ended: “Oh; yes, of course I understand.”

“If only you had n't come to me here!” I blurted out in the torture of my soul.

‘She was on the threshold when I said it, and she turned and laid her hand gently on mine. “There was no other way,” she said; and at the moment it seemed to me like some hackneyed phrase in a novel that she had used without any sense of its meaning.

‘I don't remember what I answered or what more we either of us said. At the end a desperate longing to take her in my arms and keep her with me swept aside everything else, and I went up to her, pleading, stammering, urging I don't know what. . . . But she held

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me back with a quiet look, and went. I had ordered the carriage, as she asked me to; and my last definite recollection is of watching her drive off alone in the rain. . . .

‘I had her promise that she would see me, two days later, at her house in town, and that we should then have what I called “a decisive talk”; but I don't think that even at the moment I was the dupe of my phrase. I knew, and she knew, that the end had come. . . .

V

‘It was about that time (Merrick went on after a long pause) that I definitely decided not to sell the Works, but to stick to my job and conform my life to it.

‘I can't describe to you the rage of conformity that possessed me. Poetry, ideas — all the picture-making processes stopped. A kind of dull self-discipline seemed to me the only exercise worthy of a reflecting mind. I *had* to justify my great refusal, and I tried to do it by plunging myself up to the eyes into the very conditions I had been instinctively struggling to get away from. The only possible consolation would have been to find in a life of business routine and social submission such moral compensations as may reward the citizen if they fail the man; but to attain to these I should have had to accept the old delusion that the social and the individual man are two. Now, on the contrary, I found soon enough that I could n't get one part of my machinery to work effectively while another wanted feeding; and that in rejecting what had seemed to me a negation of action I had made all my action negative.

‘The best solution, of course, would have been to fall in love with another woman; but it was long before I could bring myself to wish that this might

happen to me. . . . Then, at length, I suddenly and violently desired it; and as such impulses are seldom without some kind of imperfect issue I contrived, a year or two later, to work myself up into the wished-for state. . . . She was a woman in society, and with all the awe of that institution that Paulina lacked. Our relation was consequently one of those unavowed affairs in which triviality is the only alternative to tragedy. Luckily we had, on both sides, risked only as much as prudent people stake in a drawing-room game; and when the match was over I take it that we came out fairly even.

'My gain, at all events, was of an unexpected kind. The adventure had served only to make me understand Paulina's abhorrence of such experiments, and at every turn of the slight intrigue I had felt how exasperating and belittling such a relation was bound to be between two people who, had they been free, would have mated openly. And so from a brief phase of imperfect forgetting I was driven back to a deeper and more understanding remembrance. . . .

'This second incarnation of Paulina was one of the strangest episodes of the whole strange experience. Things she had said during our extraordinary talk, things I had hardly heard at the time, came back to me with singular vividness and a fuller meaning. I had n't any longer the cold consolation of believing in my own perspicacity: I saw that her insight had been deeper and keener than mine.

'I remember, in particular, starting up in bed one sleepless night as there flashed into my head the meaning of her last words: "There was no other way"; the phrase I had half-smiled at at the time, as a parrot-like echo of the novel-heroine's stock farewell. I had never, up to that moment, wholly un-

derstood why Paulina had come to my house that night. I had never been able to make that particular act — which could hardly, in the light of her subsequent conduct, be dismissed as a blind surge of passion — square with my conception of her character. She was at once the most spontaneous and the steadiest-minded woman I had ever known, and the last to wish to owe any advantage to surprise, to unpreparedness, to any play on the spring of sex. The better I came, retrospectively, to know her, the more sure I was of this, and the less intelligible her act appeared. And then, suddenly, after a night of hungry restless thinking, the flash of illumination came. She had come to my house, had brought her trunk with her, had thrown herself at my head with all possible violence and publicity, in order to give me a pretext, a loophole, an honorable excuse, for doing and saying — why, precisely what I had said and done!

'As the idea came to me it was as if some ironic hand had touched an electric button, and all my fatuous phrases had leapt out on me in fire. . . .

'Of course she had known all along just the kind of thing I should say if I did n't at once open my arms to her; and to save my pride, my dignity, my conception of the figure I was cutting in her eyes, she had recklessly and magnificently provided me with the decentest pretext a man could have for doing a pusillanimous thing. . . .

'With that discovery the whole case took a different aspect. It hurt less to think of Paulina — and yet it hurt more. The tinge of bitterness, of doubt, in my thoughts of her had had a tonic quality. It was harder to go on persuading myself that I had done right as, bit by bit, my theories crumbled under the test of time. Yet, after all, as she herself had said, one could judge of results only in the long run. . . .

'The Trants stayed away for two years; and about a year after they got back, you may remember, Trant was killed in a railway accident. You know Fate's way of untying a knot after everybody has given up tugging at it!

'Well—there I was, completely justified: all my weaknesses turned into merits! I had "saved" a weak woman from herself, I had kept her to the path of duty, I had spared her the humiliation of scandal and the misery of self-reproach; and now I had only to put out my hand and take the reward I deserved.

'I had avoided Paulina since her return, and she had made no effort to see me. But after Trant's death I wrote her a few lines, to which she sent a friendly answer; and when a decent interval had elapsed, and I asked if I might call on her, she answered at once that she would see me.

'I went to her house with the fixed intention of asking her to marry me—and I left it without having done so. Why? I don't know that I can tell you. Perhaps you would have had to sit there opposite her, knowing what I did and feeling as I did, to understand why. She was kind, she was compassionate—I could see she did n't want to make it hard for me. Perhaps she even wanted to make it easy. But there, between us, was the memory of the gesture I had n't made, forever parodying the one I was attempting! There was n't a word I could think of that had n't an echo in it of words of hers I had been deaf to; there was n't an appeal I could make that did n't mock the appeal I had rejected. I sat there and talked of her husband's death, of her plans, of my sympathy; and I knew she understood; and knowing that, in a way, made it harder. . . . The door-bell rang and the footman came in to ask if she would receive other visitors. She looked at me a mo-

ment and said "Yes," and I stood up and shook hands with her and went away.

'A few days later she sailed for Europe, and the next time we met she had married Reardon. . . .'

VI

It was long past midnight, and the terrier's hints became imperious.

Merrick rose from his chair, pushed back a fallen log and put up the fender. He walked across the room and stared a moment at the Brangwyn etching before which Paulina Trant had paused at a memorable turn of their talk. Then he came back and laid his hand on my shoulder.

'She summed it all up, you know, when she said that one way of finding out whether a risk is worth taking is *not* to take it, and then to see what one becomes in the long run, and draw one's inferences. The long run—well, we've run it, she and I. I know what I've become, but that's nothing to the misery of knowing what she's become. She had to have some kind of life, and she married Reardon. Reardon's a very good fellow in his way; but the worst of it is that it's not her way. . . .

'No: the worst of it is that now she and I meet as friends. We dine at the same houses, we talk about the same people, we play bridge together, and I lend her books. And sometimes Reardon slaps me on the back and says: "Come in and dine with us, old man! What you want is to be cheered up!" And I go and dine with them, and he tells me how jolly comfortable she makes him, and what an ass I am not to marry; and she presses on me a second helping of *poulet Maryland*, and I smoke one of Reardon's good cigars, and at half-past ten I get into my overcoat and goloshes, and walk back alone to my rooms. . . .'

PRESIDENT TAFT

MR. TAFT inherited with the presidency many difficulties. The chief one, perhaps, is that of being judged on his merits. It is hard for people to see him as he is, standing, as he has had to, in the shadow of a mighty name. Comparisons were inevitable; and multitudes were certain to find them odious. Ask what chance Antoninus had when following Hadrian, Caprivi becoming Chancellor next to Bismarck, Rosebery catching up the mantle of Gladstone, and you get some measure of Taft's handicap in being President after Roosevelt. The succession may have been apostolic, but it carried from the first a threat of martyrdom for the successor.

Nor was it mere sequence. We must frankly note an added reason why the lenses through which most Americans have necessarily gazed at the new President were distorting — the fact, namely, that he had obviously been made such by the old one. It was with Mr. Taft a plain case of *fit*. However admirable his equipment for the presidency, he actually became president by the will of another. Van Buren was not so openly placed in the White House by Jackson as Taft was by Roosevelt. In both cases the favor was admitted by the beneficiaries. Van Buren professed it to be his ambition to walk in the footsteps of Jackson. So did Roosevelt promise to 'carry out' the policies of McKinley. It has been said that he did — he carried them out and buried them.

President Taft in his first inaugural referred to the reforms initiated by

'my distinguished predecessor,' and pledged himself to their 'maintenance and enforcement.' But such professions, such acknowledgments, are more graceful than sincere. No man in high office can be content to be merely the echo of another — no matter how loud the noise the other may have made. How can any president really dream that time will not bring unforeseen problems which he must meet in his own strength? Van Buren had to face a financial crisis, in confronting which no help could come to him from the Hermitage. President Taft was soon in an unknown sea of troubles, and was compelled to pull his own oar. That he would have to set up for himself was fated. It lay in the nature of his office and the nature of the case. If there is no initiative in the presidency it is nothing. Mr. Taft was not the man to play Buchanan's rôle of a Public Functionary. He simply was forced to permit new occasions to teach new duties. Yet he could not escape the haunting measure of achievement acquiesced in by himself, insisted upon by the zealously watchful friends of the man who had made him president. With that bias thus existing, a calm and fair judgment of Mr. Taft is hard to arrive at. We have to look at him against a magnified background.

This, however, only makes the need of an impartial estimate of Mr. Taft's quality the more urgent. And an analysis of his nature in action should not shrink from being personal. Bagehot complained that English political criticism was not sufficiently personal.

Americans might think that they could safely plead not guilty to that charge! But what Bagehot meant was that public men should not be judged in a partisan way, nor even by their speeches or their acts alone, but that a steady and penetrating gaze should be fixed upon their essential characteristics, their ways of thought and of work, their whole intellectual and moral outlook; in a word, their personality. From such an effort to interpret a public man and really to 'place' him, we may learn more than we possibly can from any enumeration of his outward activities, his successes, or his failures. The 'campaign biographies' will here be passed by; no formal enumeration of Mr. Taft's 'services' will be attempted; party laudation will be ignored equally with party decrying; and the endeavor will be made to discover, rather, the man in habit as he is. This can involve no wrong to any one who is entitled to be reckoned among 'the princes of mankind'; for, as Lord Rosebery has said, 'They gain by that scrutiny which would kill and damn lesser beings.'

Now, the slightest scrutiny of Mr. Taft, the most casual approach to him, reveals a personality of singular charm. The testimony on this point is conclusive; the voice of the witnesses is as the sound of many waters. The President has wonderfully winning ways. Seen but once or seen often, the impress he makes is both pleasing and wholesome. In his presence one can understand the story which Horace Greeley told of Clay. When General Glascock of Georgia took his seat in Congress, a friend asked, 'General, may I introduce you to Henry Clay?' 'No, sir,' was the stern reply, 'I am his adversary, and choose not to subject myself to his fascination!' It is not that Mr. Taft has the magnetism attributed to Clay. He does not thrill or inspire; he does

not bind men to himself by passionate admiration. But his unaffected simplicity and kindness, his genial face, which is the outward sign of an inward and spiritual grace, the magnanimity and charity of the man, combine to make him exceedingly likable. He can be called 'our beloved President' in a more literal and personal sense than many of whom that phrase has been lightly used.

It is not necessary to labor through an explanation of Mr. Taft's personal attractiveness to so many sorts and conditions of men. Probably it would, like many charming things, defy complete analysis. But there is one element of it that should not be overlooked. This is the unpretentious democracy of the man. We know that there is such a thing as a kind of insistent and noisy democratic spirit: wearing equality on the sleeve for daws to peck at; slapping Cæsar's self upon the back; for effect, throwing official dignity to the winds; being, in a word, ostentatiously democratic so as to be seen of men. But all this may go with an instinct and a mental attitude that are wholly patrician. One who appears to be a clamorous democrat may really be laying to his soul the flattering unction that he is born with a divine right to rule; and at the very time when he is prostrating himself before the multitude, may be filled with a haughty sense of his own superiority. But there is nothing of this in Mr. Taft. Democracy is for him the air he breathes. It is native to him. Without a particle of pose or the least suspicion of veiled condescension, he moves naturally among his fellow-citizens as one who never boasts about his all-embracing democracy, but who, without once raising a question about it, wears it as easily and unconsciously as his coat. There has been no president in the time of living men more genuine-

ly democratic than William Howard Taft.

His simplicity, however, and his good nature carry in them perils for an executive. They may denote a certain laxness of fibre, a want of drive and thrust. Mr. Taft, so tolerant and kindly, is sometimes too tolerant of delay, too long-suffering with insubordination, too patient with lack of discipline and energy. There is undeniably in him a streak of dilatoriness — almost of indolence. He can, on occasion, lock himself up and work with a relentless and giant industry. But too often business has a way of piling up on his desk. He writes speeches in his car on the way to deliver them. Complaint has been made of his frequent absences from Washington; but even when he is there, matters have sometimes to wait long for his decision, his department heads having to ask again and again for the final word. The resulting situation in Washington recalls the question asked of Lord Hartington, who was habitually procrastinating: 'How do you get through your work?' His frank answer was, 'I don't.'

It was doubtless a wise saying of a public man that most letters would answer themselves if let alone. But one must have a sure eye for those which it will never do to let alone. And some executive functions brook no adjournment. Appointments must be made, positive orders given on time; else the whole service will tend to grow limp. If it comes to waiting, men in minor offices can always out-wait their chief. They move listlessly enough even when he drives hard. Lord Cromer, it is true, declared that his success in Egypt at the time of the Khartum expedition, was mainly due to the fact that he 'abstained from a mischievous activity.' But there is such a thing as mischievously abstaining from activity, and President Taft has sometimes

shown us what it is. Administrative thorns have sprung up while he slept, and he has had later to seize and drag them out when early vigilance would have saved him that pain.

No estimate, however, of Mr. Taft's temper as an executive would be at all complete if it did not take account of the judicial quality of mind which he brought to the presidency. Vast things were expected of this. We were to get the calm of the judge in place of the haste of the advocate. Some benefits have indeed resulted. Even those not friendly to President Taft must recall with admiration his patient and clear analysis of intricate matters laid before him. More than once he has appeared to the greatest advantage as a judge passing on claims and counter-claims, and making on all the impression of having no thought or purpose except to discover on which side the weight of evidence lay and to do exact justice. Nor has he failed, when necessary, to exhibit such a high display of judicial equipoise as was shown by Lord Chancellor Hardwicke when he said, 'These are the reasons which incline me to alter my opinion, and I am not ashamed of doing it, for I always thought it a much greater reproach to a judge to continue in his error than to retract it.'

Despite all the praise of the judicial mind, there are grounds for believing that it does not always make the best executive mind. The judge calls for all the facts. He desires to take time to reflect upon his cases. His final judgment he would make fully considered. This is admirable; but, for the President of the United States, it is sometimes unworkable. The law's delays go ill with swift executive action. While all the witnesses are being cross-examined, all the documents assembled and studied, the case itself changes or gets transferred to another

tribunal — say, the newspapers, or an excited public. The man set for the dispatch of the multifarious affairs of the nation cannot exact a minute *dossier* for each one, and demand days to scrutinize and weigh each piece of evidence. He must proceed rapidly on the best and fullest information he can get within the time at his disposal — and he really has no more time to dispose of than is sufficient to settle the matter in hand before it gets to be a matter out of hand. This duty of almost instantaneous decision may be a hardship to an executive, may lead to mistakes or injustice, but it cannot be evaded. Bismarck put it with his blunt concreteness. An ordinary man may say that he does not know whether it will rain to-morrow. No such evasion for an executive. He must, said the Iron Chancellor, assert with confidence: 'It will rain,' 'It will not rain.' If he is wrong, all the old women will beat him with their brooms, but that makes no difference; he must give judgment without hesitation or he is lost.

The judicial habit hinders not speed alone. Its other effects, when too frequently seen in an executive, are sometimes unhappy. He is bent on deliberately forming his judgment. But the public, whom he serves and with whom he must reckon, not only wants rapidity, but is content with rough approximations to the whole truth of a given case, provided that the decision throbs with vigor and conviction. The judge-executive, bent on accumulating the last scrap of evidence before even making up his own mind, is like Mr. Brooke in *Middlemarch* with his mania for getting up subjects by collecting all available pamphlets. That rueful gentleman admitted that he found it would n't do, and that he must 'pull up.' So a born executive is all the while pulling up. When he has not time

to unravel, he cuts through. He does not permit the search for abstract justice to engross him to the harmful delay of public business. His motto is to get the thing done and let them howl. And it must not be forgotten that some of the most disagreeable and politically hurtful howling is caused by the thing not being done.

An executive cannot always dispose of difficult subjects as it becomes a judge to do. For him to throw a case out of court is not the same thing as throwing it out of politics. What will satisfy his own intellect may simply make the matter seem worse to people without his laborious inquiry into the whole of it. And, finally, the judicial way of doing business is not the way of the shrewd advertiser. The public cannot be fed by a judge-executive with advance information as to how the case is going, and that a smashing blow in behalf of the people will be dealt as soon as the court can get through the necessary but irksome formalities, throw away the gown and seize the club. A judicial bearing is nothing to hurrah about. Somehow it does n't go well in big head-lines. The patient student of all the ins and outs of a great administrative problem does not easily get into the newspapers as an heroic figure. Of President Taft, as of Lord Roberts, it can be said, 'E don't advertise.' But it is doubtful whether he could if he wanted to. The judge in him would prevent it. This is not to his discredit, but it is certainly not to his advantage in dealing with the clamor-accustomed public to whose tender mercies he found himself turned over.

At times when the *ardor prava juben-tium* has beaten upon him, Mr. Taft has shown a fine indifference to it. If the thing which he has done is not popular, though he is profoundly convinced that it is right, he can be as serene as a

summer morn while the crowd storms. There is even a reckless vein in him, leading him sometimes to display something like bravado in defying partisan demands and disregarding political warnings. The Duke of Devonshire was said to have a general air of you-bet-damnedness. Mr. Taft has not that, but there are moments when his impatience of petty criticism, or his anger at being personally misunderstood or misrepresented, breaks through, and he is ready to tell objectors, no matter how numerous or powerful, that if they don't like it they can do the other thing. Especially do threats of punishment at the polls stir the wrath of this good-natured man. He is president now, and as for talk about keeping him from being president again, that has not the weight of a straw with him, if it comes to that; and his party and the people can do what they like with the office. They must not expect him to crawl to get it. Indeed, Mr. Taft seems sometimes to take positive delight in outraging would-be political advisers by flouting their suggestions and disdaining their dire predictions.

To one such volunteer counselor, who was urging the President to do this and that in order to make sure of the delegates from a certain state, Mr. Taft bluntly said, 'Well, they can vote for me or they can go hang, and I don't care which they do.' Nor was this idle boasting. The President likes popularity. He is as gratified by pudding and praise as the next man. But he can live without them. He can face popular dissatisfaction, can encounter personal dislike, and can contemplate political defeat undismayed.

He has had, it would seem, more than his share of official bad luck in the presidency, has had fightings with-in and fears without; but he has borne himself with head erect. More than

once he has had occasion to show that he comes under the definition of Pericles: 'Those are the greatest states and the greatest men who, when misfortunes come, are the least depressed in spirit and the most resolute in action.'

The country has heard little of Mr. Taft's courage. It has not been bruited abroad in the press. The quiet supposition was that the whole stock of presidential courage had been exhausted before he became president. But he has his honest share of the quality, even if he does not choose to make a spectacle of it. To fight upon the stronger side is easy; but to risk much for a hazardous cause, because it embodies one's convictions; to dare greatly in behalf of the unpopular; to be courageous enough to admit that the country may be wrong — this requires sterner stuff than is needed to storm the imminent deadly breach or to war with him that cometh against you with ten thousand votes when you know that your very defiance of him will win you a hundred thousand.

If one were to name the two acts of Mr. Taft's administration which most clearly made proof of his courage, one would doubtless select his signing of the reciprocity agreement with Canada and his advocacy of arbitration treaties covering even questions of national honor. Both were his own initiative, both were certain to expose him to attack and possibly to mortifying defeat, both stripped him of half his party following at a stroke; yet the approval of his own mature judgment was enough to make him press forward with both, with a determination which no warning of political consequences could shake. The Canadian project fell to the ground through no fault of his; but the satisfaction with which he took it up at the beginning must have remained with him to the unfor-

tunate end, for it is known that at the time he signed the compact he said to his intimates, 'Well, whatever comes of this, nothing can rob me of the supreme content of having put my name to a document which stands for a policy of large and permanent good to this nation.' Such outward courage, joined to such inward consolations, surely enters into the highest statesmanship.

And an even loftier note has been struck by President Taft in going before his countrymen and urging them to lay every contention that threatens war, no matter how close to patriotic pride it seems to strike, before a high international tribunal, and to face the possibility that their cause may be held unjust. Thus to put the chauvinistic ranter to one side, to disdain the prophesying of smooth things about one's country being always right and always invincible, demands a courage in him who does it that is both rare and high. There is no glamour about it; it wakes not the insensate shout that responds to safe audacities; but it springs from, as it appeals to, that in man which is least brutal and therefore most brave.

With all his graces and virtues, President Taft is admitted by his best friends to be a 'poor politician.' This, of course, may be interpreted as praise. Not to be skilled in the 'tricking facilities' of political management or intrigue is no reproach to one who is in high office and whose nights and days should be filled with thoughts of large national concern. If he does, however, feel compelled to take a hand in the political game, he ought not to be a bungler at it; and that, unfortunately, Mr. Taft has more than once shown himself. This is partly due to his heavy-handed way of going about delicate negotiations. His very good nature sometimes has the air of elephant-

ine trampling. If Disraeli had been his opponent, he would doubtless have flung a gibe at him about his 'Bata-vian grace.'

Mr. Taft's very bluntness of truth-speaking is a virtue that swells into a fault. When he has to confess a mistake or change a policy, he does it with a rude jar that brings the country up standing. The famous Norton letter about patronage was one of those gratuitous and ghastly blunders that make the flesh creep. No, in all such ways, it must be conceded that Mr. Taft is no politician. And it is to be feared that he is not, either, in the higher sense in which a president who is at once leader of his party and spokesman of the nation ought to be, an excellent politician.

He ought, for example, to have a sure instinct for what will hit the country between wind and water. He should be sagacious enough to know at a glance what sentiments or measures will 'go,' and what will fly back like boomerangs. Mr. Taft has given few evidences of having that kind of divining rod in his possession. Quite the contrary, he has frequently appeared blissfully ignorant of the fated popular effect of what he was doing or urging. Lord North said of a certain bill laid before the ministers: 'I don't know what you call this, but it ought to be named a bill to knock up this Government.' The Payne-Aldrich tariff was obviously a bill of that description, and yet the President did not discover that it was — did not, that is, until too late. He light-heartedly played with the political dynamite that had been placed in his hands, and was all unaware until the explosion came. Then, indeed, he manfully set about endeavoring to repair the damage. But the wound inflicted upon his own reputation for sound judgment was then past healing. He had given his fellow

citizens a test of his political sagacity, and, after that, nothing could make them believe that he really understood them. This, in a political leader, was worse than a crime.

On the side, too, of political imagination and passion, Mr. Taft comes short. No one can say that there is anything of the grand style about him. His language is commonplace. The judicial cast given to most of his writings and speeches tends to make them dull. Between his carefully poised sentences and nicely qualified assertions, all heat escapes. There is seldom movement or *élan*. Occasionally, when he is greatly roused, as in his veto of the Arizona Statehood bill, or in some of his vehement retorts in the affair of Secretary Ballinger, — magnificent, but not war, — we see his somewhat sluggish nature fused and glowing. But in general he is so calm, so balanced, so judicial, that no one can possibly go away from reading or hearing him with the heart burning within. It is not wholly a question of style. Grover Cleveland was also a lumbering writer, with a legal pen, but somehow intense convictions and beating energy seemed often to be conveyed by his clumsy expressions. We rarely catch this in Mr. Taft. His party long since ceased to look to him for piquant phrases or words that are half battles.

And it must be added that, if his utterance is seldom inspiring, it is because his conceptions are not vivid, that little of his political thinking rises above the ordinary, that he appears never to be drawn on by the vision splendid or to have flashes of imaginative leadership. For to the making of a great statesman impulse goes as well as judgment. It is not enough that he be a man with a mind like a weighing machine. Mr. Taft's often appears to be of that species,

balancing the dry reasons coolly in the scales. This kind of grocer-intellect is admirable for certain parts of the business of administration, but it can never enter into the realm of the imagination by which — it is as true to-day as when Napoleon said it — the world is governed.

President Taft has a strong simplicity, and a sober power. He can pass ably upon men's arguments, but their hearts he frequently shows that he is unable to read. He seems often to stand like one puzzled by the passion of his fellow citizens. Their interests he thinks he can perceive, and their reasonings he can analyze; but when they show that they are guided by deep feeling, he appears baffled. Yet the impetuous part of human nature a public man must be able to understand and to get into touch with, even if he does not exemplify it himself, or else he will never do the work of an inspiring leader. It is in such knowledge of men and times and circumstances, as in prescient and interpreting imagination, with a capacity to take fire and to set on fire, that Mr. Taft is most wanting.

His calmness is too extreme for the troublous times, politically, on which his presidency fell. A vague but pervasive discontent spread through the country, and Mr. Taft had not the touch of genius either to dissipate it or to give the people some higher and more appealing thing to occupy their attention and rouse their zeal. Certain elements of his own party dropped away from him, and there issued no bugle summons to call them back or else leave them apart ashamed. Francis Thompson's lines can, down to a certain point, honestly be applied to Mr. Taft: —

Firm is the man, and set beyond the cast
Of Fortune's game;

but we cannot add that he has a 'falcon

soul,' and lacking that, his lack of the essential quality of high political leadership stands confessed.

No prediction, whether immediate or remote, is here intended. Political prophecy is well described as the most gratuitous form of blundering. It is not of President Taft's deserts at the hands of the people, but of his nature and of his work that this writing has sought to give an impartial account. He confronted an enormously difficult task, and some parts of it he has got through admirably. His large serenity and his steadiness as of a man *carré à la base* have perceptibly helped the country to recover from the mistake of supposing, as Thucydides observed that the Greeks did in times of political disturbance, that 'frantic energy was the true quality of a man.' Nor, if there has been something slack about Mr. Taft's administration, has there been anything in it low in tone. As honest a gentleman as ever lived, William H. Taft has striven to keep about him men in whose presence corruption dare not openly show its head.

This is no place to list his achievements, nor need his failures be set down *seriatim*. Only the public man as seen in both has the effort been made to picture. An infinitely kind person, yet

firm in what he deems to be right and just; his brain clear and strong, though not rapid and not highly developed in the lobes where imagination has her seat; of slow-burning construction, but capable of giving forth both flame and heat; of wide experience and a considerable range of knowledge; his temper well suited, by its modesty, frankness, and resilience, to undergo the slings and arrows of a political fortune which might well be called outrageous, Mr. Taft is one who everybody would have vowed would make an ideal president if he had not, in the actual office, come far short of the highest success. Psychologically, he has failed to hit it off with his fellow countrymen, and that is far more disastrous to a public leader than to have made a botch of it politically. It is far too early, and it would be much too cruel, to say that Mr. Taft has had the misfortune, in Bacon's phrase, of attending the funeral of his own reputation, but he would be the first to agree that the high hopes (he himself would call them exaggerated hopes) which the people had of his presidency have not been met. Allowing as much as in fairness should be allowed for the unforeseeable mischances of politics, something of fault and failing in the President himself remains.

A LETTER TO UNCLE SAM

BY JUNIUS JUNIOR

SIR: —

That was a day of grief for your pretensions to the Monroe Doctrine when you set your feet on another hemisphere than yours. Somehow or other the world had got it into its head that the core of the Monroe Doctrine was in your keeping out of the other half of the world, and keeping the other half of the world out of this. When you placed one foot on the other hemisphere, you so far loosened your footing on this. Whatever strength you had in reason and equity in preaching that Monroe creed, you lost when you began to practice another doctrine. Even before that happened there was not a European power that had the slightest respect for your pretension to the right to police half a hemisphere, to keep the rest of the world out when you had no intention of moving in. There is less evidence to-day that the Kaiser intends to surrender, to this pretension of yours, the last chance the world has to offer him of giving the magnificent people over whom he rules the expanding room he and they consider their natural right and their ultimate necessity. I have seen nothing to warrant your counting on the chance of the German people's playing the rôle of oxen to you in the part of that ancient and yellow scion of the *Canidae* which, if the historian has accurately chronicled the episode, forbade to others with much asperity and bad manners the contents of a certain manger for which he had neither the inclination nor capacity.

It is sufficiently clear to any one

whose eyesight is still intact, that the policy of Pan-Germanism is Kaiser Wilhelm's answer to the elemental interrogation of the twentieth century, and that South Brazil is the only direction in which he will not meet with opposition from Europe. The time has come when you must reconsider the whole question of the Monroe Doctrine. If you still champion it, you will have to fight for it. That is one of the propositions you must lay down as fundamental. In doing this you should understand that your alternative is Pan-Teutonism or Pan-Japan.

This famous doctrine was the clear-cut and definite expression of the sense of American obligation toward the protection of the ideals and institutions for which the nation then stood, but for which it stands no longer. If you are not an unintelligent and recreant steward you will evolve a doctrine of Pan-Americanism which will express as faithfully our twentieth-century obligations toward those self-same areas of the Western hemisphere.

You have been a notorious phrasemonger and doctrinaire. Your loyalty to a paragraph of ancient and noble lineage would entitle it in a better cause to the dignity of patriotism. But it is not a paragraph you want to save to-day. It is the future of the Germanic race, and your tenacity of opinion will serve us to better purpose if you can learn how to discard a doctrine when it has ceased to be true.

Sir, my first proposition is that there is not a 'Republic' or a civiliza-

tion south of the Equator on this hemisphere which is so far superior to the German Empire and its religion and its educational system and its intelligence and its moral ideals, as to justify a peaceable nation like ours in waging war — perhaps lighting the conflagration of world-war — with a nation like Germany. It is not that we should be smashed, that would be inevitable. But to do you justice, I do not think that would deter you if you wanted to fight. But when the Monroe Doctrine was promulgated it was a comparatively simple matter to go to war. To-day it is a matter of the gravest responsibility.

This consideration alone should modify the Monroe Doctrine. As to your own interests, your blessed Congress has spent its time on mouthing the tariff and has not considered them. It has lost your chance. Southern South America is nearer to Europe than it is to New York. Even then, if we are to consider the Germans as neighbors less desirable than the present inhabitants of Latin America, which God forbid, they would be farther away than they were before. That argument will not serve. The Monroe Doctrine was aimed primarily against a possible coalition which might effect Roman Catholic predominance; secondarily, it has secured republican forms of government without the spirit of freedom or the blessings of democracy.

I want to know why races of blood kin, and what is as important, spiritual kin, should go to war to play into the hands of an alien race, with its sinister movements and its devouring ambitions, which have set themselves toward Australia and South America, a race which if necessary would not hesitate to destroy us all, and all we have built up of a Christian civilization in two thousand years. It is not a question of Germany, but it is a choice between

German and Asiatic civilization's ruling the Southern half of this hemisphere.

Your people and John Bull's and *Unser Fritz's* belong together. We are all Teutons. We are brethren. To wage a war with our blood-cousins for the stranger battering at our gates would be an unnecessary, which is the worst of all crimes. It would be especially aggravated by the fact that such a war would be waged on an issue which, so far as the territory in question is concerned, has lost its meaning. You Golden Rule Diplomat, are you afraid to do a thing which is both the generous and rational thing, because the differing circumstances of the last century demanded something else?

Let us have a new Pan-Germanism. Let our race get together. It is for you, to take the lead. You would have to discard a notion which has served its time. You would have to look ahead a hundred years and not back a hundred years. But it is the privilege of a statesman to prepare for the future. He does not prepare for the past. The past is gone. That part of it survives which helps or hinders the present and coming races of men. If you are willing to fight Germany for a people south of the Equator who hate you more royally than they do any other on earth, and who consider your assertions as insolent infringements on their rights, you are perilously near to being a sentimental old idiot. If you are willing to fight Germany because you are unwilling to see the establishment of a political system where life and property are safe, over a 'Republican' area of chronic revolution and bloodshed, you are a blind old Pharisee, and you ought to spend the rest of your days in the contemplation of the difference between anise and cummin. If you, who owe so much to the German in this your own fair land, in the civilization they

have brought here, in the sturdy and noble qualities they have grafted on your stock, in the thorough and decent qualities they have added to your institutions, in the heroism with which they have shed their blood in the cause of freedom, from Steuben to the present day; if you still want to fight these splendid people, — who want to find expanding room as you once sought and found expanding room, — in order to bolster and uphold the wretched travesty of a tyrannous dictatorship masquerading as a paper republic, Sir, you have forfeited the world's respect; you have not adjusted yourself to the new day; you are an inadequate steward; you are a relic of the nineteenth century, and you will richly deserve the thrashing you will surely receive.

This is a question of race and blood. It is not a question of an ancient fetich. You must look hard at reality. You claim to be a sentimentalist. There are higher sentiments than political doctrines, if those doctrines have lost their meaning. 'Blood is thicker than water.' When the Monroe Doctrine was launched, it was a vital principle. Since that time it has been Europe and America which have been trading together, not North and South America. It has been Europe and America which have been growing together. Our vast dominions have been peopled by Europeans, not by South Americans; our bench-mates, our shop-mates, our associates and friends, and sometimes our helpmates, have been those who have come to us from Europe, and not South America. These are our brethren. We have been reading about Europe, and they have been reading about us. We have been getting together. Europe itself is revolutionized because of this vast intercommunication, and is more or less Americanized, and not always for the better. There are monarchies in Europe more demo-

cratic than the Republic of the United States. Moreover, a monarchy transplanted to American soil could not possibly remain a monarchy for a quarter of a century. There is not one reason why Germany should not colonize South Brazil if she wants to. But there is every reason in the range of modern politics why she should, and why the United States should meet her half way.

I solemnly propose that you take the lead in the advocacy of the new Pan-Germanism. It is time the German races got together. It is time the white races got together. I have no brief for Germany as against France or any other nation. I am suggesting a policy to you, which is not only in the line of least resistance, but reaches out toward the greatest synthesis. There is a chance for you to redeem yourself. The future of South America is second only in importance to the future of our own country. The question is likely to be settled by you pretty soon as to whether South America is to be finally and predominantly Teutonic or Oriental, whether these vast and all but untouched resources shall minister to races of our own blood and ideals and religion, or whether they shall belong to and advance an unknown and perhaps impossible civilization. You have only to cast your eye on Formosa and Korea and Manchuria to know at once what Japan would make of a South American Republic. You have only to look at the twenty millions of transplanted Germans here to guess what a garden they would make under the Southern Cross. They would have an efficient nation. They would have a nation rationally organized, and not the result of drift and the sport of chance. It would be conducted at the highest level of intelligence, and not at haphazard. While they would doubtless work for their own interests, they would

work also for the solidarity of the great Teutonic family, which must be achieved by the German races on the Western Hemisphere.

Those dreams of future race-unity promised by the deliberations of the Hague Tribunal must result from kinship in race and institutions and ideals, based frankly on fair economic as well as political conventions. The rapid shaping of events is showing that there is no future for the unorganized peoples. There is no security for a land of unconsolidated and unavailable and unprotected resources. There are but a few great areas rich in the resources and raw materials of the soil left for the young and virile and ambitious nations. Before it is everlastingly too late, it is yet possible to arrange and apportion these areas justly and wisely, not only that war may be averted — world-war — but that the future of those blessed principles and ideals which brought you into being, and the nation over which you spread your wings, may be settled.

Webster's Bunker Hill speech was delivered eighteen months after he had read in the Senate President Monroe's famous message on that Doctrine which has since borne his name. The message and the circumstances were fresh in his mind when he said: 'At this moment the dominion of European power in this continent, from the place where we stand to the South Pole, is annihilated forever.' In those days the thought of China or Japan as a menace to the civilization of the Anglo-Saxon was so wild a dream as not to have been entertained probably by a single human being on this continent. Then, several of the countries of Europe were a real anxiety — perhaps menace. It was not so self-evident, then, that an invasion of even North America might not be fruitful. This doctrine has served its purpose well many a time

since then, but the revolutions in world-geography and world-politics which since have taken place have required a reëxamination of all our old politics and outlooks. The doctrine of the past is somewhat vague. That of the present is wholly inadequate in that it does not cover the twentieth-century situation. I do not know anywhere so unintelligent a situation in the politics of the world. If the doctrine is sound, you are a criminal negligent, for you have made no preparation worthy of a drunken fiddler to defend your pretensions. If the doctrine is not sound, you have been putting yourself in the position of an unpardonable bluffer, for you are advocating something you cannot successfully defend. As a matter of fact, it is wholly indefensible, morally and physically. In 1823 the United States was confronted with the danger that France might help Spain to recover her revolted colonies, and that Russia, which had acquired, not a foothold, but a principality on our continent, might further encroach upon our domain. France did not reëstablish Spain, and Russia in 1824 gave up her claim to the 51st parallel as her southern boundary and accepted 54° 40'.

Other nations have changed, are changing, their policies. Why not we? Did not Jefferson claim that every generation should have its own constitution? It is beyond contention that every generation should have its foreign policy. The success of Bismarck was mostly due to his flouting of logic when it disagreed with facts, and devoting himself to the situation in hand with no shibboleths to defend. The success of the present Kaiser is due to the fact that he is big enough to know that even the immortal Bismarck had been outgrown by the Empire he had created, and that the time had come for a new policy and a new ideal.

To ignore the fact that Germany

means to have South Brazil — already has South Brazil — and means to keep it, is to ignore German history and historians, German politics and economics, the German platform and press; in short, the every-day life and thought of the German people. And, Sir, if you ignore these, you lose.

You must understand that the issues of peace and war are involved in facts, not theories.

‘Talk of stubborn facts,’ says Crothers, ‘they are mere babes beside a stubborn theory.’ You will find out some day, and let us hope it will not be too late, that world-issues are not determined by the transcendental vagaries of an intellectual solipsism. These decide the affairs of ostriches, not rational men. When all else has been said and done, one cold, ugly, stubborn fact remains. The British Empire and the Monroe Doctrine are blocking the expansion of the German Empire. This Empire is spilling over and must have room. It has ordained that it shall have room. Neither the geographical position of the imprisoned empire of Germany, nor the plain requirements of her rapidly increasing people, are amenable to diplomatic obstruction or altruistic sentiment. Over on the Pacific we find exactly the same conditions. There is the same situation. But Japan has found a field of expansion on the continent of Asia. You have set up your sign, ‘Keep off the grass,’ on the only vacant places in the temperate zone left in the world. You have not had the foresight or the enterprise to occupy them. You have not even laid the foundations for occupation. Worse, you have not laid the foundations for that commercial expansion so dear to your heart. This is why I am sure it is because of your unintelligence, for in a matter of money-getting you are sure to do your best. That you have not established an adequate mercantile

marine in South America is the final proof of your inability to manage world-affairs.

Sir, one cannot sit long in the galleries of Congress and come away with the respect for democratic institutions he took there with him. To a traveled and educated American patriot, his Congress is the most pathetic assembly in the world, and there is little courage in the reflection that it is a representative body. There are serious men there. There are serious questions debated there. A few. But they are in so sickly a minority as to destroy a rational hope of the survival of the republic. They have lost you your chance in the South American continent. And this is not the only chance they have lost for you. Your mercantile marine! Perhaps the least said the soonest mended.

The Monroe Doctrine is an anachronism south of the Equator. Not so, north. We shall have our hands full between the Equator and the Rio Grande. Perhaps we shall need the prestige of Germany in order to keep our own as far as the Equator. And all denials to the contrary, Japan is hob-nobbing with Mexico. You are quite sure she is not, are you? How do you know? Why? Has not Japan told you? Does not that settle it? You blessed old Saint! Of course you must trust Japan — *and keep your powder dry*. Japan proposes to make Mexico a base of supplies toward the protection of her interests on this continent. Those interests are from five to ten times as many Japanese soldiers on American and Canadian soil as constitute the whole American standing army. So that if Mexico persists in listening to the Japanese siren — *we must take Mexico*. It is more than probable that this will be our fate. Here we have interests which are paramount — vital. We must and will protect them.

Almost the whole of continental Germany—indeed, all Europe—concedes that if we had a paramount interest in South America the Monroe Doctrine would be reasonable. The European powers cannot conceive of sentiment or altruism as having a rational place in the struggle of war or diplomacy or commerce. They stand on the principle that no power has a right to interfere where it has not tangible and real interests to defend. But between the Gulf and the Rio Grande and the Equator the sympathy and support of Europe would be with us.

At the present time we are, with our ancient doctrine, like the boy who got the worst of a trade and got whipped for it. The job of keeping the hornet's nest of half a hemisphere in order has not resulted in our escape without a few swollen faces. We shall do well if we always get off so easily. In Australasia, South America, South Africa, and Canada, the advance of the white races means the retreat of the yellow; the advance of the yellow races into our empty spaces means the doom of the white. This movement back to the soil shall decide whether the civilization of these empty continents for another thousand years shall be white or yellow.

Is it not time to-day, and not to-morrow, for you to forget the tariff and ask yourself whether you have a mission? To look toward the fields of your future expansion? To plant, and help others to plant and nurture, our ideals and institutions on the empty continents of the world? It is not only a question of our grandchildren, and theirs, but of the occupation of the Americas from the Arctic Archipelago to the Terra del Fuego by the peoples and institutions of the Germanic race.

Here, Sir, is a fundamental proposition. The occupation and development of an empty continent will give the

principle of commercial supremacy a new meaning. It will lend to our armies and navies an aroma of patriotism. Coupled with such measures at home as will offer health, wealth, and happiness to the toiling millions in making them new nations on new soil, with the guarantee of the blessings of a Christian civilization, it will give a new significance to that which is now a purely selfish plan of aggrandizement, and one which points to national decay.

Anglo-Saxon statesmen worthy the name should see that their policies point toward filling the temperate zones of the Southern continent with Teutons, if not with Anglo-Saxons. Great Britain has more lands than she can fill or till. She has enough. Let Germany move into South America. If she moves in, it will never be filled by the Chinese or Japanese. The American policy is no longer rational if it excludes from South America a government superior to any there; if it excludes a people more efficient than any there; if it excludes ideals and institutions better than any there.

The future purpose and policy of the United States should be to encourage the development of the mines and forests and farms of the emptier spaces of the world, rather than the building of mills and machinery to make more shiploads of goods, probably half the world's output of which is worse than useless economically to the world. The present development of industrialism is artificial. Its products appeal to many new and unwholesome and artificial tastes. It has created artificial men and women. It has multiplied artificial and deadly conditions. This means that if we turn our faces toward normal and healthy occupations we must turn them away from commercial aggrandizement in the Orient, and toward the undeveloped natural resources of the Southern continent.

This — southward and not westward — is the direction of a rational expansion with a future. Toward this Southland lies American opportunity — not in territorial aggrandizement, but in the development of natural wealth. 'We wish for no victories but those of peace; for no territory except our own,' said Mr. Root at Rio Janeiro.

What we are unable to do toward the habilitation of the South American continent, on the terms of the world's highest and best civilization, we cannot — must not — prevent others from doing. It is of vital importance to us what peoples in the unrolled future shall till those empty fields, dig those potential mines, utilize those immeasurable forests. No less than much of the best welfare of the future races of the world depends upon your attitude just now, what you determine just now, as to what race and what civilization and what religion shall prevail on that continent, as large as ours.

Sir, the economic sign-posts of the twentieth century point portentously to Japan and Germany, as things now stand and ought to stand no longer, as the natural, logical, inevitable antagonists of Anglo-Saxon predominance. Has it ever occurred to you that there might be a better predominance? Be that as it may, everything you possess outside the forty-eight States in this Union is threatened by these adversaries. Theories will not decide their policies. Sentiments will not move their statesmen. They will be moved by economic necessity, or by their ideas of their ultimate need. Whatever may be the lofty ideals toward which international statecraft is moving, it has arrived at none which will allow an intelligent people to hold its own on the sufferance of any other power, or which will justify a nation keeping her sign-boards up with her fences down.

Sir, the Anglo-Saxon predominance

of the world is doomed. *Dies Irae* lies not very far away. It is doomed because of the very impossibility of Anglo-Saxon thinking. Our theories of life will not allow us to get together. We are on the wrong track. Those nations have found the right who have learned both the spirit and the method of patriotism.

There is only one thing left which can save Anglo-Saxondom, and that is to establish Pan-Teutonism. Anglo-Saxondom is not big enough to hold the world together any more, since the awakening of Asia. It will take a bigger combination. It is still time for the safeguarding of the Teutonic predominance. It can be done if you and John Bull and *Unser Fritz* have sense enough to get together. For do not forget that Japan has got together. Germany has got together. When any great race has a white heat of patriotism of sufficient intensity to weld a nation, sit up and take notice: something is going to happen to the equilibrium of the world.

Thrice blessed be you — and we — in this turning-point of history, if you can find the intelligence to do the great big obvious thing.

I have said that the two great world-movements of to-day are those of Pan-Germanism and Pan-Japan. The English-speaking races have no world-movement, no national ideal and mission, no patriotic renaissance. They have had theirs. They have none to-day. Besides Germany and Japan there are two other universal awakenings. They are Pan-Islam and new China. These must be reckoned with later. Woe to Western civilization if we, at least the Teutonic nations, do not reckon with them together.

The white races must stand together or go to the wall.

The first step is the consolidation of the British Empire.

The second step is the consolidation of the Anglo-Saxon race.

The third step is the realization of the new Pan-Teutonism.

The two great alternatives are Pan-Teutonism and Pan-Japan.

As things are now the German Empire is a standing menace to the British Empire, and, through the Monroe Doctrine, to the United States. This situation is nothing less than monstrous. It is more than that; it is unnecessary. The German Empire has elected to preëempt overseas empire for the unyielding necessities of her expanding national life. It is not as if that national life were not as potential in all things good and great as any to be found upon the planet today. Indeed, this gives the element of finality to the argument. The future of Germany lies athwart the pathway of the Monroe Doctrine and British imperial development. This great nation is blocked by British possessions and by American pretensions. Out of this situation Germany has developed a policy. That policy is that one of these must go. Which is it to be? Uncle Sam, it is for you to say, and how. You have the opportunity of a thousand years to be just and generous. You have an opportunity to say what the future of South America is to be. Shall it be white or yellow? Shall it be Christian or heathen?

Uncle, let us keep our eye on the main point.

That point is not the Monroe Doctrine, but the object for which that doctrine was once framed and was once adequate: the welfare of the people of this hemisphere, and therefore the welfare of the world.

If we lose sight of the welfare of the people in a creed or a phrase or a doctrine, we have taken leave of our intelligence and we have proved ourselves unfit for leadership.

We meet here in this one proposal a solution of two of the most far-reaching problems of the new century.

The first is the future of the civilization of the Western Hemisphere.

The second is, that in this and in no other proposition are the rational conditions of a peace of a hundred years. The proposed programme does not contain one irrational element. And the outcome would redound to the best good of Western civilization for all years to come. Mr. Carnegie has not money enough to buy peace. Boston *sentimentalism* cannot conjure it. Mr. Taft's plan may keep it for a week or ten days, and then, when any power wishes a new arrangement, there is nothing to prevent a new *entente*.

Peace is the absence of war.

War is an instrument of policy.

Policy is at least founded on, and subject to, the economic necessities of a nation, and that nation's interpretation of those necessities.

There can be no peace between Teuton and Teuton, between German and Anglo-Saxon, on other terms than this. It is the Anglo-Saxon possession and Anglo-Saxon pretension which, according to all of Germany, are standing in the way of German development.

I propose that you propose a three-cornered *entente* or a tripartite treaty.

Let the United States say to Germany that so far as active and hostile opposition by us is concerned, '*Welcome to South Brazil*. Do not come nearer to us than you are now,'—provided that Germany says to Great Britain, 'Sleep in peace. We have no further need of your possessions. Let us be friends'; and provided that Germany and Great Britain both say to the United States, 'We guarantee your *status quo* and your paramount and indisputable interests on the American hemisphere from Canada to the Equator. Let us force the peace of the world.'

A CHRISTIAN

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

ONE day this summer, after a luncheon party, I came away with an old college friend. It is always exciting to meet those one has n't seen for years; and as we walked across the park together I kept looking at him askance. He had altered a good deal. Lean he always was, but now very lean, and so upright that his parson's coat was overhung by the back of his long and narrow head, with its dark grizzled hair which thought had not yet loosened on his forehead. His clean-shorn face, so thin and oblong, was remarkable only for the eyes: dark-browed and lashed, and colored like bright steel, they had a fixity in them, a sort of absence, on one could n't tell what business. They made one think of torture. And his mouth always gently smiling, as if its pinched curly sweetness had been commanded, was the mouth of a man crucified — yes, crucified!

Tramping silently over the parched grass, I felt that, if we talked, we must infallibly disagree; his straight-up, narrow forehead so suggested a nature divided within itself into compartments of iron.

It was hot that day, and we rested presently beside the Serpentine. On its bright waters were the usual young men, sculling themselves to and fro with their usual sad energy, the usual promenaders loitering and watching them, the usual dog that swam when it did not bark, and barked when it did not swim; and my friend sat smiling, twisting between his thin fingers the little gold cross on his silk vest.

Then all of a sudden we did begin to talk; and not of those matters of which the well-bred naturally converse, — the habits of the rarer kinds of ducks, and the careers of our college friends, — but of something not mentioned in polite society.

At lunch our hostess had told me the strange sad story of an unhappy marriage, and I itched spiritually to find out what my friend, who seemed so far away from me, felt about such things.

'Tell me,' I asked him, 'which do you consider most important — the letter or the spirit of Christ's teaching?'

'My dear fellow,' he answered gently, 'what a question! How can you separate them?'

'Well, is it not the essence of His doctrine that the spirit is all important, and forms of little value? Does not that run through all the Sermon on the Mount?'

'Certainly.'

'If, then,' I said, 'Christ's teaching is concerned with the spirit, do you consider that Christians are justified in holding others bound by formal rules of conduct, without reference to what is passing in their spirits?'

'If it is for their good.'

'What enables you to decide what is for their good?'

'Surely, we are told.'

'Not to judge, that ye be not judged.'

'Oh! but we do not, ourselves, judge; we are but impersonal ministers of the rules of God.'

'Ah! Do general rules of conduct

take account of the variations of the individual spirit?’

He looked at me hard, as if he scent-
ed heresy. ‘I really don’t follow,’ he
said.

‘Well, let us take a concrete instance.
We know Christ’s saying of the married
that they are one flesh! But we know
also that there are wives who continue
to live the married life with dreadful
feelings of revolt — wives who have
found out that, in spite of all their
efforts, they have no spiritual affinity
with their husbands. Such couples are
one flesh, but not one spirit. Is that in
accordance with the spirit of Christ’s
teaching, or is it not?’

‘We are told’ — he began.

‘I have admitted the definite com-
mandment, “They twain shall be one
flesh.” There could not be, seemingly,
any more rigid law laid down; how do
you reconcile it with the essence of
Christ’s teaching? Frankly, I want to
know. Is there or is there not a spirit-
ual coherence in Christianity, or is it
only a gathering of laws and precepts,
with no inherent connected spiritual
philosophy?’

‘Of course,’ he said, in his long-suf-
fering voice, ‘we don’t look at things
like that — for us there is no question-
ing.’

‘But how *do* you reconcile such mar-
riages as I speak of with the spirit of
Christ’s teaching? I think you ought
to answer me.’

‘Oh! I can, perfectly,’ he answered.
‘The reconciliation is through suffer-
ing. What a poor woman in such a case
must suffer, makes for the salvation of
her spirit. That is the spiritual ful-
fillment, and in such a case the justifi-
cation of the law.’

‘So, then,’ I said, ‘sacrifice or suffer-
ing is the coherent thread of Christian
philosophy?’

‘Suffering cheerfully borne,’ he an-
swered.

‘Would you then say,’ I asked, ‘that
an unhappy marriage is a more Christ-
ian thing than a happy one, where
there is no suffering, but only love?’

A line came between his brows.
‘Well!’ he said at last, ‘I would say, I
think, that a woman who crucifies her
flesh with a cheerful spirit in obedience
to God’s law, stands higher in the eyes
of God than one who undergoes no
such sacrifice in her married life.’ And
I had the feeling that his stare was
passing through me, on its way to an
unseen goal.

‘You would desire, then, I suppose,
suffering as the greatest blessing for
yourself?’

‘Humbly,’ he said, ‘I would try to.’

‘And naturally, for others?’

‘God forbid!’

‘But surely that is inconsistent.’

He murmured: ‘You see, *I have suf-
fered.*’

We were silent for some time. At
last I said, ‘Yes, that makes much
which was dark quite clear to me.’

‘Oh?’ he asked.

I answered slowly, ‘Not many men,
you know, even in your profession,
have really suffered. That is why they
do not feel the difficulty which *you* feel
in desiring suffering for others.’

He threw up his head as if I had hit
him on the jaw. ‘It’s weakness in me, I
know,’ he said.

‘I should have rather called it weak-
ness in them. But, suppose you are
right, and that it’s weakness not to be
able to desire promiscuous suffering for
others. Would you go further and say
that it is Christian for those who have
not experienced a certain kind of suf-
fering, to force that particular kind on
others?’

He sat silent for a full minute, trying
evidently to reach to the bottom of my
thought.

‘Surely not,’ he said at last, ‘except
as ministers of God’s law.’

'You do not then think that it is Christian for the husband of such a woman to keep her in that state of suffering — not being, of course, a minister of God?'

He began stammering at that. 'I — I —' he said, 'no — that is, I think not — not Christian. No, certainly.'

'Then, such a marriage, if persisted in, makes of the wife indeed a Christian, but of the husband — the reverse.'

'The answer to that is clear,' he said quietly: 'the husband must abstain.'

'Yes, that is perhaps coherently Christian, on your theory; they would then both suffer. But the marriage of course has become no marriage.'

He looked at me almost impatiently, as if to say, 'Do not compel me to enforce silence on you.'

'But suppose,' I went on, 'and this, you know, is the more frequent case, the man refuses to abstain. Would you then say it was more Christian to allow him to become daily less Christian through his unchristian conduct, than to relieve the woman of her suffering, at the expense of the spiritual benefit she thence derives?'

'All question of relief,' he replied, 'is a matter for Cæsar; it cannot concern me.'

There had come into his face a rigidity — as if I might hit it with my questions till my tongue was tired, and it would be no more moved than the bench on which we were sitting.

'One more question,' I said, 'and I have done. Since the Christian teaching is concerned with the spirit and not with forms, and the thread in it which binds all together and makes it coherent is that of suffering —'

'Redemption by suffering,' he put in.

'If you will — in one word, crucifixion; I must ask you this, and don't take it personally, because of what you told me of yourself. In life generally, one does not accept from people any teaching that is not the result of first-hand experience on their parts. Do you believe that this Christian teaching of yours is valid, from the mouths of those who have not themselves suffered — who have not, themselves, as it were, been crucified?'

He did not answer for a minute; then he said with painful slowness, 'Christ laid hands on his apostles and sent them forth; and they in turn, and so on, to our day.'

'Do you say, then, that this guarantees that they have themselves suffered, so that in spirit they are identified with their teaching?'

He answered bravely, 'No — I do not — I cannot say that in fact it always is so.'

'Is not then their teaching born of forms, and not of the spirit?'

He rose, and with a sort of deep sorrow at my stubbornness, said, 'We are not permitted to know the way of this; it is so ordained; we must have faith.'

As he stood there, turned from me, with his hat off and his neck painfully flushed under the sharp outcurve of his dark head, a feeling of pity surged up in me, as if I had taken an unfair advantage.

'Reason — coherence — philosophy,' he said suddenly. 'You don't understand. All that is nothing to me — nothing — nothing!'

POLITICS AND PROSPERITY

BY ALEXANDER D. NOYES

ON two facts in the present state of affairs every one will agree. We have been passing through a period of slackened prosperity, of greatly disturbed financial markets, of discouraging business conditions. Stock Exchange prices have been falling, at home and abroad; occasionally, in the past few months, there have occurred those convulsive movements which financial Europe calls 'crises' and which Wall Street calls 'panics' — both Wall Street and Europe, however, drawing mental distinctions, in the present use of the terms, between little panics and big ones. Some of the oldest and soundest investment securities in the world, British consols in particular, have fallen during the past few months to the lowest prices in twenty years or more. 'Trouble' was reported on the London market in July, on the New York market in August, at Berlin in the beginning of September, and at Paris near the end of it. With a varying degree of emphasis, bankers, merchants, and manufacturers in all these countries complained that business was disappointing.

All this is undisputed; and so is the fact that the season has been one of political disturbance. England's people have been engaged in acrimonious controversy over the social and fiscal plans of the Asquith ministry, particularly the bill to curtail the time-honored legislative powers of the House of Lords. The French and German governments have been conducting, in such manner as at times to threaten war, a

vigorous and prolonged dispute about Morocco. In October, Italy actually went to war with Turkey. Legislatures of almost all the great European states have been passing laws of a character which would once have been called purely socialistic. The weight of taxation on the well-to-do has been increased. Labor demonstrations in the form of strikes have been more numerous and violent in England, Germany, and Scandinavia than in many years; popular riots, partly induced by the cost of living, have been prevalent in France, and in Austria and Spain have had to be suppressed by the military. In China, a rebellion more formidable than any uprising since the great Taiping revolt of 1851, has shaken the imperial throne.

The United States, which entered 1911 after a political landslide such as completely reversed the administration majority in the House of Representatives, has had ahead of it all the year a presidential election whose result is perhaps more doubtful than any since 1896. Political ideas throughout the country have been in a state of agitating uncertainty. The Constitution has been complained of as decrepit and out-of-date; the Supreme Court has been denounced, when it interpreted a law in a way that did not suit the ideas of certain factions and certain public men, for usurping legislative power. In some states, laws have been passed to enable a small minority of opposition voters at a preceding election to force the elected public officers immediately

to the polls again in a special election, with a view to removing them from office. One state endeavored to set the example of extending this new political rule to judges, so that the voting proletariat might indirectly control judicial construction of the law. Meantime the courts and the government prosecuting officers were working out the highly disturbing problem of applying the Anti-Trust Law of 1890 to existing corporations. In October, the billion-dollar Steel Trust, with 120,000 shareholders, was indicted.

Nothing, then, could seemingly be more natural than that a good part of the financial and business community should declare that 'politics are ruining prosperity.' That assertion is made most vehemently in financial England. It has been emphasized, there, by the bitterness of party feeling; the pressure of taxation; the holding of the balance of power in Parliament by the Irish; the belief that ancient political landmarks were being ruthlessly removed; the fact that consols not only went down but would not stop going down; the social unrest — more irritating to the rich, perhaps, because of their feeling that it followed large governmental concessions to the poor, provided by increased taxes. But the same assertion regarding politics and prosperity has been quite as insistently heard in America. On this side of the ocean, the trust prosecutions, the talk of new tariff legislation, and the uncertain drift of politics, have been widely assigned, not only as the immediate cause for such incidents as the autumn crash in the Steel Corporation's shares, and the general Stock Exchange disorder, but as the real explanation of depression in general business.

Now, there are several inquiries to make in such a matter. First, and of primary importance, is it true, or not, that politics has had a hand in arrest-

ing prosperity? If it is true, did the financial and industrial set-back result from politics primarily, or was political unsettlement only a later and aggravating influence? If it is not true, then what was the cause?

All of these questions deserve careful and fair examination. They are highly practical questions, because business depression is to many of us the most personal of all considerations, and because we shall not be able even to shape our everyday plans with confidence until we know what is really wrong, and what prospect there is of righting it. When the source of trouble is something else than politics, there are always remedial measures for finance and industry to apply, and they are sometimes applied so automatically that only a brief lapse of time is necessary to restore prosperity, in the natural course of events. But if the trouble arises from politics alone, or even from politics primarily, the position becomes a little awkward.

Prosperity cannot then return, by inference, until the political situation changes. Reversal of the attitude of electorates, legislatures, and governments, here and abroad, is doubtless possible; but it is not exactly what can be classed as an early probability. The Englishmen who flocked to London just before the general election of December, 1910, to assure their City friends that provincial constituencies had changed their minds about the House of Lords, were as quickly put out of countenance as were the Americans whose Western tours, last spring or summer, had charged them with the tidings that the American people were getting tired of Anti-Trust agitation. Convincing evidence to the contrary followed close on the heels of each assurance. The press and the public, in America at any rate, are as far from calling a halt in such activ-

ities as they were before the business reaction and the decline on the Stock Exchange. But if the present trend of politics is the one sure preventive of trade revival, and if that trend is to continue, where are we to look for better times? Has Prosperity been permanently killed by Politics? Nobody believes anything of the sort. But in that case what are we to believe?

To begin with, it will hardly be denied that politics does have some influence on prosperity. Bad government has certainly ruined some prosperous communities in the past, and feeble or inefficient government has crippled them. Politics as a term is comprehensive enough to include a programme of public acts which lead to war, and war has undeniable influence on prosperity. Anarchy may result from misguided politics; the connection of politics and prosperity in some of the South American states is clear enough. Bigoted, narrow or oppressive government can paralyze national prosperity; it has done so in Russia. These illustrations are perhaps extreme. But unwise legislation, even in a progressive modern state, can certainly impair prosperity. Bad currency laws, we know, can do it; for if confidence in the standard of value is shaken, people will move slowly in their trade, and will sometimes place their surplus money elsewhere than in the country whose currency projects they distrust, and where lenders cannot be sure of getting back at maturity the full intrinsic value of their loan.

But the mere recital of these particular spheres of influence by politics on prosperity shows that it is not this sort of politics that the markets have lately been blaming. In England, for instance, the accusation is leveled against the ministry's double programme of readjusting taxation so as to fall more heavily on the rich, and of readjusting the scheme of constitutional govern-

ment so that the wealthy and titled classes will be shorn of much of the influence which they have hitherto exercised. In the United States, the complaint is not of an attack on wealth as such, but of an attack on organized wealth, acting through enormous combinations of capital and corporations. Politics, we know, may influence prosperity; but has this kind of politics really done so? Here we reach the heart of the question.

On general principles, and as a result of long experience, thoughtful men approach with reserve the argument that since times are bad, therefore something is wrong with government. That argument may itself be a trick of politics. There probably never lived a politician who did not appreciate the political value of 'hard times' or 'good times,' as the case might be, for a campaign slogan. The average voter does not reason deeply, but he knows when his own affairs are doing well and when they are not. If business is good, he is receptive to the plea that a change in legislative policies would be an experiment which might upset the agreeable equilibrium; why not, then, let well enough alone? And if business is bad, his instinct is to blame somebody for it. Such is human nature, indeed, that the more manifestly his own and his neighbors' distresses were brought about by their personal rashness, misjudgment, or extravagance, the more infallibly will he and his neighbors seek for some other explanation.

Now, 'politics' is always an available explanation, because legislative sessions and governmental actions are never out of sight. The *post hoc* argument is at such times more convincing than all the orthodox logic in the world. Now that the crisis of 1907 is four years behind us, most people know that it was a world-wide phenomenon; that actual panic had broken out in the markets

of four other continents than North America, before it broke out in New York City; that the collapse had been preceded and brought on by two years of straining credit close to the breaking point in every great market of the world; and that warnings based on these well-known facts had been sounded repeatedly from eminent quarters, home and foreign. But philosophers such as the Massachusetts congressman who, in December, 1907, explained that the panic then in progress 'had been made inevitable' by the 'attitude with reference to prosperity and enterprise' assumed by 'gentlemen very responsible for the administration of the government,' got a much wider hearing than the economic critics. It was a 'Roosevelt panic.'

This was quite in line with precedent. Martin Van Buren had hardly been two months in office when the panic of 1837 swept over the United States. He was a highly conservative administrator, and he did much service, of a very useful sort, in allaying the severity of the subsequent depression. And even had his policies and purposes been the most nefarious, they would not have had time to cause a panic. Yet, a few weeks after the outbreak of that panic, the New York Merchants' Committee of Fifty adopted public resolutions asking, 'What constitutional or legal justification can Martin Van Buren offer to the people of the United States for having brought on them *all* their present difficulties?' It was politics which had made the trouble, to be sure; not wild-cat banks, land-speculation, overborrowing, 20-cent cotton, private extravagance, and absolute recklessness in finance.

On Grant, whose popular plurality for president, in the 'boom times' of 1872, was the largest ever polled up to that time, a large share of personal responsibility was laid by the bewildered

and angry banking community, in the next year's financial panic. Yet it would to-day be a little difficult, with all the admitted shortcomings of the Grant administration, to discover what the unlucky occupant of the White House had done to cause the business crash. The 'political argument' of Cleveland's day is the most familiar of all. Chronology standing in its path, even the *post hoc* part of the argument was reversed. People were told that the tariff legislation of 1894 caused the panic of 1893, and a very large part of them believe it to this day.

Not only, in fact, does experience warrant some *prima facie* suspicion of the assigning of politics as the chief explanation of hard times, but the record sometimes brings us singularly close to the inference, not that politics was the dominant influence on prosperity, but that prosperity—or the absence of it—was a dominant influence on politics. Until Mr. Taft's campaign in 1908, no party in power during an era of panic or hard times (waiving the disputed election of 1876) ever carried the presidency in the next election. One is reminded of M. Taine's exposition of the part the great drought of 1788 in France, followed by harvest failure, by the coldest winter in eighty years, and by the crowding of an army of discouraged laborers into Paris, performed in bringing to a head the next year's political revolution. Mr. Thorold Rogers has shown us that when the Long Parliament assembled at Westminster, it had behind it a prolonged and disastrous increase in the cost of living, in which 'wheat rose 209 per cent over the comparatively high prices of the first half of Elizabeth's reign, meat 184, while labor, up to 1642, rose only 32 per cent.'

History will not assign crop failures and high cost of living as the primary cause of the misfortunes of Louis the Sixteenth and Charles the First; but

we who know what sort of political conditions follow such circumstances, even in the twentieth century, will not easily challenge the assertion that the state of prosperity must have had some considerable influence on those episodes in past political history. In a general way, no one disputes the principle; but it is just as well to emphasize it in an inquiry which depends on the question which is cause and which is effect. There must certainly have been Frenchmen in 1789 who insisted that the provincial distress and cost of provisions were due to the storming of the Bastille, and Englishmen in 1641 who ascribed their trouble in meeting household bills to the mutinous House of Commons and the impeachment of Strafford.

All this might tempt us to investigate the question whether the present unsettled state of politics may not itself be a consequence of impaired prosperity. There is certainly something to say for that theory also; but if one wishes to avoid the embarrassment of arguing in a circle, it will be well to come back to the simple facts of the moment, and inquire just what has been the matter. If the falling markets and disappointing trade have not been caused by political influences which are plainly visible, then what was the cause of them? For, obviously, if all other influences than politics favored prosperous times and expanding trade, then the political argument will have the right of way.

Now, one curious fact about the trade depression of 1911 is that the very people who have been blaming politics for the business troubles and disappointments, have set forth a reasonably complete explanation of the state of things, based upon economic causes pure and simple. I have before me, as I write, a voluminous pamphlet issued by a Western banking institution. It

was published this past autumn, with a view to ascertaining the actual state of business and the reasons for the existing depression; and for that purpose, inquiries had been addressed to several thousand banking and mercantile correspondents, throughout the country. The answers, carefully compiled, cite four main causes. First, of course, comes politics — usually particularized as government prosecution of the trusts and an impending presidential election. Then follows over-production in manufacture, whereby supply had outrun the possible demand. Disappointing grain harvests, with their restrictive influence on interior trade, are cited next. Along with these, there is very generally assigned a cause of much larger scope. The natural after-effects of a great financial crisis, it is repeatedly explained, had not worn off when merchants, manufacturers, and speculators engaged in premature efforts at another exciting 'boom.' But since the country's condition called for retrenchment, economy, and rest, the returning strain on credit, in 1909 especially, made another period of severe reaction unavoidable.

The last of these explanations attracts attention. There are such things as cycles of prosperity: rising and receding waves of industrial activity. A great financial panic, such as that of 1907, is a landmark in the cycle, and it ought to be interesting to inquire what economic history usually shows to be the condition of things, four years or so after such an economic crisis.

The immediate sequel to such crises in America has been singularly uniform. During actual panic, with the hoarding of cash, the runs on deposit institutions, the bank failures, the wide-spread restriction of cash payment by banks to depositors, the clearing-house loan-certificates, the premium on currency, the collapse in stock

and commodity prices, and the embargo on credit facilities, a feeling of despair pervades the community. But in one way or another, the acute stage of crisis is brought to an end. The hoarded currency rushes upon the market. Bank reserves pile up again. Money rates go to nominal figures. The stock market rises rapidly. A revulsion of sentiment in the business district is visible at once; and in a very few weeks or months, one begins to hear (as we did, from very good quarters, two or three months after October, 1907) that the panic was a passing incident — a 'mere flurry,' as Mr. Carroll D. Wright described it — which interrupted, but cannot have terminated, the era of prosperity. The result of this is that the process of prolonged readjustment and continuous liquidation, such as was essential for real recovery from the collapse occasioned by the financial orgy of the three or four preceding years, is interrupted and postponed.

The nature of the immediate response of financial and commercial markets to this altered state of mind is governed by circumstances. When actual panic in 1873 had spent its force, there was, so wrote the *New York Financial Chronicle* in a contemporary article, 'a general rebound from the previous depression, and an expectation of renewed buoyancy in business affairs'; and this, though checked by repeated disappointments, lasted until the end of 1876. After the panic of 1893, the railway insolvencies, the corn crop failure, the government's fiscal embarrassments, and the labor uprisings of 1894, gave longer life to depression and liquidation. But in 1895 — hardly a year-and-a-half after the acute stage of panic — the business community suddenly made up its mind that 'boom times' were normally at hand again. Feverish speculation be-

gan on every market; the Stock Exchange was violently excited; prices of wheat, cotton, dry goods, iron, steel, and copper rose from ten to fifty per cent. The country's iron production for the year exceeded by a quarter of a million tons the highest previous record, and production of other commodities was similarly increased.

When the money-hoarding and currency premium of the last great panic ceased, in January, 1908, a similar sequel was at hand. Merchants organized 'Prosperity Leagues,' and held public meetings to advise immediate return to conditions prevalent before the panic. Concerted and organized efforts were made to misrepresent the financial situation. The 'National Prosperity League' addressed circulars to all American merchants and manufacturers, advising that the first of June be made 'general reemployment day.' This episode, which seems so odd and childish four years afterward, was part of the history of the period.

And the business world responded — whether to such appeals or to the instinct which had inspired, on every previous occasion of the kind, the attempt to return at once to the departed 'boom times.' Recovery, even in 1908, was continuous though spasmodic; the stock market, where prices had already moved up again to relatively high figures, rushed in November into a fury of speculation for the rise. And 1909 repeated faithfully the story of 1895, at exactly the same distance of time from the panic period. Commodities of all sorts were held back from market for speculative purposes. Wheat was cornered, and put up in June, 1909, to \$1.51 per bushel. Land values in the West rose again to the high prices of 1906. The country's monthly iron production increased from 1,707,000 tons in February to 2,635,000 in December, whereas the highest monthly output,

prior to the panic of 1907, had been 2,397,000. Cotton went to 16 cents a pound in December, 1909, and to 20 cents next year—the latter price being the highest in sixty-three years, except for the Civil War and paper-inflation period.

To conduct these speculative movements, and to finance the feverishly active trade, home bank resources were drawn upon to the point of strain, and new corporation securities were offered on the market in a sum-total actually double that of 1906, and close to the prodigious figure of the celebrated 'boom year' 1901. When the home investment market showed very natural inability to absorb these stocks and bonds, something like \$150,000,000 were placed in Europe—this in spite of the fact that London's own issue of new securities, during 1910, overtopped by \$375,000,000 the highest previous yearly total, and that Paris and Berlin had similarly, in their own home fields, broken all precedent.

So much, then, for what happened in immediate sequel to the panic of 1907. An artificial, precarious, and in its nature temporary condition had been created, we have seen, in trade and industry. At a time when credit had just sustained a formidable shock, when banks and business men were still 'carrying' long lists of clients who could not pay their debts, and when capital had just been confronted with ruinous liquidation, an effort had been made to impose on capital and credit heavier requisitions than those under which the whole financial structure had lately toppled over. We have also seen that, after our other panics, a precisely similar position arose, under almost exactly parallel circumstances and at almost exactly the same distance of time from the panic shock itself. It is naturally in point, therefore, to inquire what happened after the premature 'booms'

which followed 1873 and 1893. If the sequel to those older after-panic demonstrations was what the country has been witnessing in the past year or two, then the logic of the case should be reasonably clear, and our feet on solid ground.

The precedent does not fail us. The attempt to ignore the realities, after 1873, broke down disastrously in 1877, a year of profound discouragement and depression. Business activity came to a halt. Prices fell from ten to fifty per cent on all commodity markets. Stock Exchange values were demoralized; the investing public withdrew all support. Business failures were more numerous even than in 1874, manufacturing and transportation profits so curtailed that wages were reduced, with a series of labor demonstrations as a consequence, which culminated in the bloody riot of railway employees at Pittsburg.

This was a sequence of events not at all remotely suggesting 1911. After the premature 'boom' of 1895 came 1896, whose disordered markets, industrial discouragement, and increase of business mortality beyond the record of any previous year except 1893, closely repeated the story of 1877. Now, it is fair to warn the reader that when he studies even the contemporary story of the years which ended the 'after-panic boom' of those two decades, he will again be confronted with the familiar political explanation. The Congress of 1877 was in a ferment over the Bland free-silver-coinage bill and the attack on specie resumption; and, in 1896, Bryan was making his first run for the presidency. To people who lacked economic and historical perspective, the argument that, but for 'politics,' the after-panic boom would not have been checked at all, was as plausible then as now.

But in view of the ground which we

have already covered, no further argument should be necessary to convince the open mind that the essential cause of the hard times was something quite outside of politics; and that even if the Bland bill and the Bryan campaign were serious aggravations to the financial depression of the period, they were as much the outcome of the country's industrial depression as the cause of it. There is no reason to doubt that the intelligent historian who writes, a generation hence, of the present era, will say as much of 1911. We have been taking our medicine for the excesses of 1909. The past eighteen months have been the period of relapse in a convalescent who, when scarcely out of the sick-room, had insisted on plunging into activities which only robust health could have enabled him to sustain.

So that, on the face of things, economic precedent should have led us to anticipate, as a consequence purely of economic causes, precisely that business depression, financial unsettlement, and industrial discouragement, which have so strikingly characterized 1910 and 1911. History gave no reason for expecting anything else — even supposing a serene and cloudless political horizon. And yet, when sentiment is so powerful a force in sustaining or undermining financial confidence, when plans of finance and trade are so frequently affected by uncertainty as to the laws and conditions which concern them, and when business at large is suspicious and mistrustful of violent change in such conditions, it would be clearly unreasonable to allege that political disturbances have had nothing to do with the state of the past year's market. Granting for the sake of argument that the world-wide political unsettlement of the period has been consequence rather than cause of the great industrial reaction, it would still

remain true that, at some point, politics would of itself become a contributory influence. But what, then, is to be the way out of our present financial dilemma?

There are three possible ways out. Industrial revival, due to purely economic causes or to normal completion of liquidation in finance and industry, might cause a similar reaction in politics, bringing social and governmental affairs to a stable and satisfactory basis. Or automatic industrial recovery might altogether supersede, as an influence on business sentiment, the political unsettlement. Or, finally, it might turn out that the political ferment of the period was not, as the markets had imagined, evidence of social disintegration, but was the intermediate period on the way to a new and better condition of affairs — such as should inure to the ultimate great advantage even of trade and the money markets. In asking which of these three roads is likely to be the outlet from the present bewildering confusion, we have one very remarkable precedent to guide us.

It is somewhat more than sixty years since a political, social, and financial commotion has arisen of such scope as that which now prevails throughout the world. The politics of 1877 and 1896, unpleasant though they unquestionably were, will scarcely take rank as epoch-making disturbances with those of 1911. But the resemblances between 1911 and the famous year 1848 are numerous and close. That, too, was a year when, in almost every nation of the world, ancient political landmarks seemed in course of obliteration. New and radical ideas in politics had come suddenly to the front. Continental Europe was in a state of revolution. A popular uprising drove King Louis Philippe from the throne of France. The young generation of

Prussians rose against King Frederick William; political concessions had to be made, even when the army was firing on the insurgents. Sicily revolted, and King 'Bomba' had to save himself by flight. Milan, Naples, and Budapest rose against Austrian rule, and a popular demonstration at Vienna overthrew Metternich and compelled the Emperor Ferdinand to abdicate.

In England, the Chartist movement was at its height, and huge open-air meetings were held to support the then alarming political programme of universal suffrage, equal electoral districts, vote by ballot, annual Parliaments, no property qualification for legislators, and payment of members. On the Continent the Prussian war over Schleswig-Holstein was still in progress — a war curiously similar, in character and purpose, to Italy's present exploit in Tripoli.

In America, the Mexican War was just ending; it was followed by a split in the administration party over the question of slavery, which was destined shortly to split the country itself in two. The Abolition movement had begun to make itself heard in Congress and to derange the calculations of public men; it was in 1848 that the Free Soil convention at Utica, by nominating its own presidential candidates, had a hand in reversing Congressional majorities and in turning the presidency over to the Opposition. An even more singular parallel to recent events was presented in far-off China, where in 1848 there was beginning that popular discontent with the Manchu dynasty which, two years later, exploded in the famous Tai-ping rebellion, whose success in defeating the imperial army and capturing powerful provinces was never witnessed again in Chinese history until October, 1911.

Never since 1848 has any such political panorama been spread before the

world until the present day, and there had been nothing like it between 1848 and the great French Revolution.

What, then, was the condition of finance and trade in 1848? Financial disturbance must logically, it would seem, have accompanied the political storm. In fact, 1848 was a year of industrial depression. British consols went from 90 to 80, the lower price being destined never again to be quoted in the market until September, 1910. French government five per cents fell from $116\frac{3}{4}$ to $52\frac{1}{8}$, which was the lowest price since Napoleon's retreat from Russia. The Bank of France suspended gold payments; 'Government intervention alone,' wrote a contemporary financial review, 'saved it from insolvency'; and great financial houses went down at Paris, Marseilles, and Hamburg. All markets were depressed; Sauerbeck's index number makes the average English price of all commodities 78 in 1848, against 95 in 1847. The Stock Exchange was demoralized during the Continental uprisings of the spring, and in October, 1848, when the Northwestern Railway of England announced its abandonment of a projected expenditure of £4,000,000 because of the prevalent distrust and the prostrated transportation industry, the market again broke from five to ten per cent. Meantime, a Royal Commission was sitting at London to investigate 'the causes of the present commercial distress.'

Here at any rate, one would think, was politics creating unmistakable havoc with prosperity. But to be quite sure of our ground, we must look a little further even into 1848; and our inquiry will at once confront us with some interesting facts. Like 1911, the year 1848 came in sequence to a great financial panic. It was in 1847 that the furious railway speculation which had been raging throughout Europe collapsed in

a memorable crash. In the autumn of that year, there had been a run on the Bank of England; the bank act had been suspended; discounts in the City had gone to 13 per cent, and the Stock Exchange money rate to 60. Banks had failed over England, Scotland, and the Continent. Drafts of great mercantile houses in the India trade had been stopped; the London *Bankers' Magazine* estimated liabilities of defaulting English houses at £17,000,000. For a week or two in October, credit had been almost non-existent in Lombard Street, and the shock was felt throughout the world.

The panic of 1847 had been a sequel to the same wild financial excess as precedes all great crises of the sort; it had been caused, not only by overdone speculation and general extravagance, but by what the London *Times* then described as a 'system of blind credit among leviathan houses.' All that was ended by the panic of 1847, exactly as the identical practices, on an even larger scale, were ended by our 1907. But it was just as certain as it has been on every such occasion that a period of hard times, bad business, low prices, and financial unsettlement would follow. Had there been no political disturbance during 1848, it must nevertheless, in the recognized and inevitable sequence of events, have been a year of industrial depression. That was equally the sequel to the English panics of 1866 and 1890, when political skies, in the after-panic year, were clear.

To what extent the political upheaval of 1848 was itself made possible by the hard times in trade and industry, and to what extent it would have caused financial disturbance had it followed a prosperous year, I shall not stop to argue. This is the problem which has so repeatedly confronted us in the progress of this inquiry, and the answer is the same for 1848 and 1911.

But the very fact that the depression of 1848 (like that of 1911), though accompanied by world-wide political commotion, was immediately caused by purely economic influences, gives point to the inquiry with which we began our retrospect of this older episode — how did finance and industry manage to emerge from the entanglement? Did business automatically improve, and the political situation with it? Was politics simply shaken off as an influence on finance? Or did the business world discover, after all, that there was more good than bad in the political upheaval of the day? These are the questions the answer to which ought to throw light on our own financial future. They were answered after 1848.

At the close of 1848, the London *Times* was able to write that, 'with produce of all descriptions showing a revival, and with the speculative mania effectually crushed,' the new year was opening cheerfully. 'Even if it be found impossible,' it continued, 'to preserve peace on the Continent, the evil consequences upon trade must still be small.' The cheerful forecast was correct; the next year was a peaceful period in markets, and toward the end of 1849, a genuine and continued revival was in evidence, which financial historians describe as a new era of prosperity. The political situation also had improved, in the sense that order had been restored from chaos. In some states — notably Prussia and Hungary — the revolution had been subdued with a powerful hand. In others, France particularly, the insurgents were triumphant and their government in control. But in very few were the new conditions what the old had been. Even the Prussian and Austrian sovereigns made large concessions to constitutional reform, and were destined soon to have more extorted from them. France was a re-

public. The Chartist movement, in its menacing shape of 1848, had disappeared, but Parliamentary reform and extension of the franchise were placed irrevocably on the political programme of powerful English leaders. In the United States, the abolition campaign, though seemingly checkmated by the trend of national politics in the next few years, had, as a consequence largely of the agitation of 1848, become the really fundamental problem of the day.

But the question must yet be answered, whether finance and business, in their return to normal and prosperous conditions after 1848, had merely shaken off political influences, or had concluded that the political commotion of that famous year had brought, after all, more good than harm to the world at large. If the markets are assumed to anticipate the sober judgment of history on such matters, — if the stock market in particular was truthfully described by Macaulay, when he spoke of it as 'the pulse which has for five generations continued to indicate the variations of the body politic,' — then there can be no doubt about the answer. The events in the politics of 1848 which aroused such dismay and despair in the minds of rigid conservatives of the day, in and out of the Stock Exchange, have long since been placed by the verdict of sober history among the great forward movements of the century.

We know now, as the frightened bankers and business men of 1848 did not, that the political upheaval of that year was both necessary and inevitable, unless the social and political institutions of the period, and probably its financial institutions with them, were to enter on a chapter of decay. There are always excesses and misjudgment somewhere in a world-wide movement of the sort, but they are corrected in

the long run; for there is a vast deal of hard common sense in the people as a whole. Time sets right even the judgment of timid and suspicious financiers. We know, by the memoirs of a still older generation, what was said in their day concerning the English Revolution of 1689, the American Revolution, the Reform of the Corn Laws, the American Civil War, by conservative people who were overcome with fright as they witnessed the progress of those sweeping political innovations; and we know what was said of the same events, by similar people, two or three decades afterward.

It is quite possible that when the smoke and dust of the present worldwide political commotion have blown away, when orderly and permanent policies on the new lines of action have replaced what has seemed so much like chaos in the affairs of the various nations, we shall all regain some such clear historical perspective, and come to the conclusion that there were certain things in the social, political or industrial institutions of the present day which it was time to modify radically or remove entirely, if the genuine progress of the communities concerned with them were to continue.

This certainly does not mean, however, that everything must change. Some institutions which have seemed to be threatened in the prevalent political confusion will no doubt be found never to have been in peril. The world may not be ready to abandon them, or their roots may lie too deep in the groundwork of social welfare for a political storm to shake them. Neither state socialism in France nor political independence in Ireland has even yet been established, though Louis Blanc and John Mitchell were conspicuous figures in the events of 1848. A good many curious social or political schemes and propaganda, which appear at such

times to be carrying everything before them, turn out to have been mere froth on the surface of the rising wave. This has always been so when a programme of innovation and reform, on the basis of heated political discussion, has become the order of the day. Such popular interest is indeed the quite inevitable signal for advocates of peculiar fads to assert themselves, and for excitable persons, who assume that since something is wrong, therefore everything must be wrong, to get the public ear. But these are passing demonstrations, under leadership which

Struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more.

The Constitution of the United States will hardly be patched up with sudden 'happy thoughts,' or our judiciary terrorized by special elections to remove them when their decisions are unpopular, merely because the prevalent agitation over real abuses has advertised such nostrums. The sober common sense which established constitution and judiciary, and which surrounded them with safeguards against popular whim and passion, is still in command of American politics. The world is not likely to see legislation seriously promoted by women breaking windows from the street, and chaining their persons to the grill of Parliament, or by union leaders announcing that labor is immune from the restrictions of the moral and statute law.

By the time the skies have cleared, these minor incidents will have been forgotten, and the really great reforms of the period will appear in their true relations. It will be easier for the community as a whole to understand them then, because judgment will no longer be clouded by resentment at industrial depression. For it must not be forgotten that the very reaction in business and liquidation in markets, which have given so dark a color, in the eyes of

many people, to the political events of the period, were themselves the remedy for the economic evils which caused the present conditions in finance. We shall have prosperity again, as we did after 1848 and 1877 and 1896, and it will be more lasting because built up from the bottom on a stable basis.

But even if present impressions regarding public affairs were not to be obliterated by speedy return of good times in finance and industry, and even if business depression were to be long continued, it would still have to be remembered that there are more important things in the life of nations than rising markets or heavy surpluses on the annual balance-sheet. Certainly, some memorable achievements in the cause of popular liberty, sound government, and social progress, would never have come to pass if their authors and advocates had allowed the question of the markets to tip the scales, or if the people who rallied to the support of the new ideas had stopped to consider the danger of 'disturbing business.' Not the least interesting chapters of history are those which deal with long-established institutions of the most evil sort, — the trade monopolies under the Tudors, the crushing taxes on peasant laborers under the old régime in France, the rotten boroughs before English Parliamentary reform, the institution of slavery in America, — which squarely blocked the path of civilization, but which had been accepted as essential parts of the social system, which were interwoven with property rights, and whose destruction was bound to shake the financial position of the day to its foundations. Fortunately for the world, a large enough part of the community was ready, at the critical moment in all these controversies, to make the choice rightly between principle and pocket-book.

Perhaps one reason why so many

of the great political reforms have been carried to success in periods of hard times is that principles stand forth the more clearly when a community's eyes are not dazzled by the glare of booming trade and successful speculation. But political reforms are remembered long after financial depression is forgotten; and no doubt this will be so on the present occasion. Possibly, after a reasonable lapse of time, when what is now controversy has become settled history, even the most conservative and old-fashioned of us will understand why, in the normal course of

human progress, it was necessary that in 1911 the House of Lords should be shorn of its hereditary veto power; that the continental proletariat should revolt against increasing taxes, extravagant armaments, and excessive cost of living; that decrepit monarchical systems should be swept away; and that the United States government should demand the dissolution of industrial combinations which, in the wild 'promotion period' of the past ten years, had acquired absolute or potentially absolute dictatorial power over American industry.

DISCONTENT

BY EDMUND BARSS

LET me do something perfect, before death;
 Some least of things, so it be whole, and free
 From any faltering touch; that none may see
 One faintest flaw; that not one lightest breath
 May dim the grace my sure hand fashioneth.
 I know there is not any strength in me
 To work this deed: oh, may Thy power be
 Fulfilled in weakness, as Thy scripture saith!

My soul is sick of half-accomplishment,
 Of deeds that are no deeds, of victories
 Uncrowned by triumph; stranger to content
 Until Thou work in me some excellence,
 That my heart may have rest ere I go hence;
 Blind voyager across the bitter seas.

ANIMAL WIT INDOORS AND OUT

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

I

PROFESSOR HAGGERTY's article on Animal Intelligence in the May *Atlantic* turns out to be a discussion of animal behavior in the laboratory, in which behavior intelligence is, for the most part, conspicuous by its absence. The poor creatures, confronted by the strange conditions and the new problems, do not know what they do know, any more than men usually do under like circumstances. They are drilled into forming new habits, — the puzzle-box habit, the labyrinth habit, or some other habit, — and after many trials they come to do their little tricks in an entirely automatic way. They appear to show no understanding whatever of the whys and the wherefores of the things they do.

Professor Thorndike found that it took on an average seventy or eighty repetitions of a trick with his chicks and cats and monkeys, to stamp the process into their minds, before they could do it correctly. The monkey did not seem to learn his trick of opening the puzzle-box any more rapidly by the professor's repeatedly taking hold of his paw and drawing the bolt for him. He seemed incapable of forming any concept on the subject. The trained animals we see at the show go through their various parts precisely as if they were machines. They don't know what they are doing any more than a clock does when it strikes. The normal current of their activities, which activities do not spring from ideas, or any mental concepts, but

from innate impulses, is turned in a new direction and is kept flowing there till a new channel is worn. Professor Thorndike found that when a chick had been drilled to escape from a box by a roundabout way, it would stick to the roundabout way after the direct and easy way had been opened to it; in this respect being less free than the natural forces or elements which, the instant a barrier is removed, resume the old easy course.

The gulf that separates the mind of man from the mind of the animals below him — if we can call that bundle of instincts, reflexes, tropisms, and sense-impressions mind — is so great that I often wonder if I am wrong in feeling that it is as misleading to discuss or describe so-called animal psychology in terms of human psychology, as it would be to discuss, say, the physiological functions of a bee or an ant in terms of our own physiology. The bee breathes, and yet it has no lungs; the oxygen of the air reaches its tissues, and yet it has no blood; it smells, and yet it has no olfactories; it sees, and yet its eye has no parts analogous to the retina, the crystalline lens, and the aqueous humor; it has form and structure, and yet it has no bones, and it is only by courtesy that the anterior ganglion to which run the nerves of the eye can be called a 'brain'; and yet behold the wonderful intelligence of the bees and the ants! In like manner, we might say that the dog reasons, and yet he has no faculty of reason; he remembers, and yet he has no faculty of

memory; he experiences shame and guilt, and yet he has no moral conscience; he is resourceful, and yet he has no free ideas. Just what he does have that stands him instead, I think the laboratory inquirer is as powerless to discover as is the outdoor observer.

Animals find their way home, they communicate with one another, they are able to act in unison, by some means of which we are strangers. In not reaching our state of reason, some compensation has been made to them; such intelligence as guided the world of animal life down the long æons before the advent of man, is theirs. Their wisdom is very old, man's is very new. They learned how to live, how to solve their life-problems, ages ago. Man has inherited much, though not all, of their knowledge, and through his new gift of reason he has added vast stores of his own to which they are and must always remain strangers. Through his new faculty he can go to them, and in a measure understand them, but they cannot in the same sense come to him.

I would not imply that the gulf that separates man from the higher mammals is as great as the gulf that separates him from the world of the invertebrates, high as is the intelligence that some of these forms display, but it is vastly greater than that which separates the other vertebrate orders from one another. They are all members of one family in the great house of nature, differing in traits and capacities and habits, yet all alike the beneficiaries of natural law. Man in comparison is like a visitant from another sphere; his relation to the animal world is that of a superior being. He takes the globe into his hands and changes its surface, he crosses and uses natural forces, he reverses nature's processes. If the animals could conceive of a god, man would be that god. His might tran-

scends theirs, not in degree only, but in kind. Their tools are parts of their own bodies, but man's tools are the great forces of nature, and with his puny body he turns rivers, and removes mountains, or changes the face of a continent. Their life-problems are how to live and propagate their kind; his are these, and, in addition, how to master the secrets of the universe, and turn them to his own good, physical and mental.

II

Probably one reason why the laboratory investigator finds so little of what we call intelligence in his subjects is that he takes them out of the animal sphere and puts them in the human sphere. The problems he sets before them are human problems and not animal problems—they imply a knowledge of mechanical and artificial conditions; this places the dog, the cat, the monkey, the 'coon, in situations entirely foreign to those in which nature places them, and to which their lives have been shaped. Ideas from the human plane are introduced into the animal plane. The way the cat and the dog deal with these might be a test of their human intelligence, but not of their native intelligence. An animal out of its proper sphere is likely to prove very stupid, while in its sphere, confronted by its own life-needs, it may surprise us by its resourcefulness. We know this to be true of men; why not, in a lesser degree of course, of animals?

One need only note the misdirected fury of a robin dashing at a supposed rival—its own reflected image on the window-pane of a darkened room—to appreciate what witless machines the birds are under certain conditions; or watch the raccoon seriously engaged in the farce of washing its food in the sand or the straw on the bottom of its cage, to reach the same conclusion.

Yet in the field of their normal free activity, away from conditions imposed by man, how clever these creatures are! The animals show little wit in dealing with human problems, but their own natural problems they are fitted, both by organization and by instinct, to solve. Birds in nesting will often avail themselves of human handiwork and shelter, as when they build in our barns, or on our porches, or in our chimneys; but in so doing they are solving their own problems, and not ours. I heard of a well-authenticated case of a pair of robins building their nest under the box on the running gear of a farmer's wagon which stood under a shed, and with which the farmer was in the habit of making two trips to the village, two miles away, each week. The robins followed him on these trips, and the mother bird went forward with her incubation while the farmer did his errands, and the birds returned with him when he drove home. And, strange to say, the brood was duly hatched and reared. But in this case the bird's primary problem, that of nest-building, was her own; human agency came in only accidentally, furnishing the nest's support. The incident only shows what a hustler and true American the robin is, and that he could have gone West with the farmers on a prairie schooner, and reared a family, or several of them, on the way.

I know it is hard for us to grasp the idea of a qualitative difference in intelligence, yet we seem almost forced to admit such a difference. A plant shows intelligence in getting on in life, in its many devices for scattering its seed, in securing cross-fertilization, in adapting itself to its environment; yet how this differs from human intelligence! When the curving canes of the black raspberry bend down to the earth at a certain time and take root at the end, do they not act as wisely and apparent-

ly as voluntarily as do some animals? Yet this intelligence differs in kind from that of man. The same may be said of the intelligence that pervades all nature. Man's intelligence has arisen out of this cosmic mind through a process of creative evolution, but it is of a different order, it does not go with nature as does that of the lower orders, so much as it bends and guides, or thwarts, nature. An animal on the animal plane is one thing, on the human plane it is quite another. It is reasonable to suppose that it will show more wit in solving its own life-problems than it will show in solving those which man, in the fever of his scientific curiosity, sets for it. What could the indoor investigator learn of the cunning of the crow or the fox, of the sagacity of the dog, of the art and skill of the bird in building its nest, and caring for its young?

The laboratory investigator has animal behavior more in a nutshell, and for that very reason is cut off from all perspective, all total effects. He cannot reconstruct a complete dog or cat or monkey out of his laboratory analyses without aid from free observation outside. He could learn very little about a collie dog, or a setter dog, in his laboratory that would enable him to infer all the capacities of those creatures, any more than he could of a man. Indeed, he would fare better with a man, because he could probe his mentality, his power of thought, but not his power of action. The animal acts, it does not think; and to test its power of action is harder than to test a man's thinking capacity.

In leading their own unrestrained lives there often is, among both wild and domesticated animals, something, some resourcefulness in meeting a new condition, some change of habit, some adaptation of new means to an old end, or old means to a new end, that looks,

at least, like a gleam of free intelligence, or an attribute of true mind: as when a chipmunk cuts a groove in the side of a hole he is digging, so as to get out a stone he has struck, and then fills up the groove; or when a monkey selects a straw from the floor of his cage to poke an insect out of a crack in the side; or when wolves combine to run down a deer or a hare by relays; or a pointer dog, of his own accord, runs around a bevy of quail that will not sit, but keep moving off, and places them between himself and the sportsman; or when gulls carry shell-fish high in the air and drop them on the rocks to break their shells; or when, in Africa, a bird called the honey-guide, leads the hunter to stores of wild honey — a fact which Roosevelt verified. We have no ways in the laboratory, or out, to assay such incidents and discover how much, if any, of the gold of real thought they contain. They may contain none, but may be only phases of the animal's instinctive activities, yet they are phases which the laboratory investigator is powerless to bring out. If there are degrees in instinct, as in judgment, then in the cases just cited we have the higher degrees.

III

The laboratory naturalist is hampered by the narrowness of his field: he has but one string to his bow, he has to do with only one phase or motive of animal life — the desire for food; the mainspring of the behavior of all his subjects is their hunger. Spurred on by the sight or smell of food they attack the problems he sets before them. All the rest of their varied and picturesque activities in field and wood, their multiplex life-problems for which nature has equipped them, both physically and mentally, their loves, their wars, their home-making and nest-building,

their migrations, their herdings, their flockings, their rivalries, eluding their enemies, hunting their prey, their social instincts, their coöperations, — in fact, all their relations with one another, and with their natural environment, — from all this the indoor investigator is cut off; only the stimulus of food, or the fear of punishment, remains for him to work upon. His animals act only under the incentive of appetite. The greater the hunger, the greater the wit. The experimenters at times starve their subjects till they become abnormally eager and active. The food question certainly enters very largely into an animal's life, and its resourcefulness in obtaining food may well serve as one measure of its intelligence. But it has other life-problems, several of them, which are just as important, and about which it is just as keen, but which the experimenter cannot bring to bear. His laboratory is too narrow a field for these activities, as is even the large zoölogical park. He cannot study the migratory instinct, the flocking or herding or hunting instinct, nor, with the wild creatures, the mating and breeding instinct. He can throw no light on an animal's life-habits. He can find out how it will act under given strange conditions, but not how it behaves under its natural conditions. Hence the little interest the natural historian feels in his inferences and conclusions.

It is true that the laboratory student of animal psychology can reach his results more rapidly than can the field naturalist; he takes a short cut, he gets the bare fact, shorn of its picturesque details. But how much he misses! I sometimes think of him under the parable of a man dining on capsules that contain the chemical equivalents of the food we eat — a short cut, surely, but the pleasure and satisfaction of the dinner-table, social and gustatory, the

taste of fruit and milk and meat and grain, are not his. Live natural history in the field and woods and on the shore! The uncontrolled animal going its free, picturesque ways, solving its life-problems as they come to it in the revolving seasons, using such mind as it has, without constraint or arbitrary direction, threading only the labyrinth which nature prepares for it, stimulated only by the sights and sounds and odors of its natural *habitat*, perplexed with no puzzles but how to get its food, avoid its enemies, rear its young, hide its nest or den, and get out of life what there is in it — how much more engaging and stimulating an animal under such conditions than the same creature being put through its paces under controlled conditions in the laboratory.

So far as an exact science of animal conduct is possible, the experimentalist has the advantage over the free observer. So far as natural history is a joy and of educational value and an introduction to the whole field of animal life, he is not to be named the same day with the outdoor observer. Welcome, thrice welcome, all the light the laboratory method of inquiry can throw upon the puzzle of animal mentality and its relation to our own; it is engaging the attention of some serious-minded men, and I would not undervalue its contributions to our knowledge of the springs of animal psychology. At the same time I am bound to say that I think it can take us but a little way into the great field of animal life. The true perspective of such life can only be given by the student and lover of the uncontrolled behavior of our dumb friends.

Anything like an exact science of animal behavior is, it seems to me, as impossible in the laboratory as out of it. If animals were perfect automata, then we might have the science of ani-

mal behavior that Professor Haggerty dreams of; but the conduct of the same animals under identical conditions is dissimilar, or contradictory, as is that of different men. There is no rigid uniformity in their behavior. 'A loud sound,' says Professor Thorndike 'may make one chick run, another crouch, another give the danger-call, and another do nothing whatever.' It is doubtless owing to such facts as these that experimenters arrive at such different results, often contradictory results. And we are not on any more permanent ground, according to Professor James, in the case of man himself: 'A string of raw facts; a little of gossip and wrangle about opinions; a little classification and generalization on a mere descriptive level; a strong prejudice that we have states of mind, and that our brains condition them; but not a single law, in the sense physics shows us laws, not a single proposition from which consequences can casually be deduced.'

G. Archibald Reid, speaking of the laboratory method of inquiry in biology says, in his book on *The Laws of Heredity*: 'There is nothing especially magical, scientific, or accurate in data obscured to our senses till revealed by a laboratory inquiry. Such an inquiry can do no more than render them as patent, but no more patent, than the majority of facts on which our knowledge of living beings is based. . . . If the reader will think over the evidence on which I shall draw for the purpose of the present volume, I believe he will conclude that, if any of it bears a doubtful aspect to his mind, it is that large mass which has been furnished by laboratory inquiry; for, while some of the latter is controverted, and all of it must be accepted by most people at second-hand, nearly all the rest is indisputably true, as he will know from his own experience of life.'

IV

Professor Haggerty has little confidence in the ability of the field naturalist to interpret correctly 'what he supposes himself to have seen,' even if it be only the doings of a downy woodpecker excavating his chamber in an old post. What, he asks in substance, does one know about a downy woodpecker which one has observed from one's front porch, excavating a cavity for a winter home in the top of a chestnut post? What does he know in detail of the bird's past experience, what of its age, what of its various sense-powers, such as its seeing, smelling, and hearing powers, what of the way its various powers have been developed, what of the number of times it has tried the same act and failed, what of the circumstances that may have enabled it to invent a new plan of action, whether it is an average bird of the species, or an unusual one, etc., etc.? What, indeed, and how better off in this respect would the experimentalist be? The naturalist is probably familiar with the life and habits of the bird, he may have seen it excavating its winter chamber many times, — not this same individual bird, but its duplicate in other specimens, — and he knows that each one of these shows exactly the same characteristics, though it is undoubtedly true that under pressure, in confinement, and in unnatural conditions, different birds would show different traits and aptitudes. Yet neither the naturalist nor the experimentalist could get at all the facts in the woodpecker's past life — its age, its failures, its stupidities, its rate of development, its sense-powers, and the like.

The Professor would seem to imply that if he had the bird in his laboratory he could settle all these points; whereas it seems to me that the field observer knows just as much about these things

as the laboratory experimenter could know. Neither can get at all the exact facts in the bird's past history, while it is extremely doubtful if, in confinement, the bird would even attempt to excavate a chamber in a post, or exhibit any of its natural aptitudes, or give any clues to its real life-history. The acuteness of its various senses can surely be better tested in the open air than in the laboratory, because in the open it is leading a free, natural life, while in the cage it is leading a constrained, unnatural life. It might be trained to run the maze, or to pull a string to open a puzzle-box; but of its real life what would or could the bird disclose to you in rigidly-controlled experiments? If the free bird is endowed with any sense-powers of which the 'mere observer' can gain no first-hand knowledge, what chance has the laboratory observer of gaining a first-hand knowledge of them?

The field observer sees the woodpecker excavating a cavity in a dry limb or stub in the autumn; he sees that all birds of this species proceed in exactly the same way, because they all have the same organization, and hence the same needs; he sees how carefully the bird usually places its entrance where it will be more or less shielded from driving storms; he sees that it rarely or never selects a limb that is too rotten, or insecure; he sees where it makes many beginnings and then abandons the limb because, apparently, it is too soft or too hard; he sees the bird cautiously resorting to these retreats as night comes on; he sees him living alone in there, little hermit that he is; he sees how he is often dispossessed of his cabin by the hairy woodpecker, or by the flying squirrel, or the English sparrow; he sees him selecting a dry resonant limb for a drum in the spring, on which to drum up a mate; he sees his changed demeanor when the

female appears, the curious, mincing flight, as if on the tiptoe of his wings, with which he follows her about — he sees, in short, a long series of interesting facts which reveal the real psychology of the bird, and of which the laboratory naturalist could get no inkling.

The laboratory study of the animal mind is within its proper limits worthy of all respect, but you can no more get at a complete animal psychology by this method than you can get at the beauty and character and natural history of a tree by studying a cross section of its trunk or of one of its branches. You may get at the anatomy and cell-structure of the tree by this means, but will not the real tree escape you? A little may be learned of the science of animal behavior in the laboratory, but the main, the illuminating things can be learned only from observation of the free animal.

I fear that the experimenters unduly exalt their office. The open-air naturalist arrives at most of their results, and by a much more enjoyable and picturesque route. Without all their pother and appliances and tiresome calculations, he arrives at a clear conception of the springs of animal behavior. The indoor investigator usually experiments with domestic animals, animals that have been much changed and humanized by ages of association with man, such as the cat and the dog. What important addition has he made, or can he make, to our knowledge of these animals? He has learned that the dog is probably color-blind, which one might have easily inferred, since the color-sense could be of no use to the dog, or to any other quadruped. A power to discriminate different degrees of brightness might possibly be of use, and this the animals may have. This is the gift of the color-blind man, and is of course a much older gift than the

color-sense. But of the dog's marvelous powers of scent, as displayed by the setter and the fox-hound, he can learn little. Of his real intelligence and all his various capacities and capabilities, he can learn little. We do not need laboratory experiments to prove to us that the dog's touchstone is his nose, and not his eye; his eye is of second- or third-rate importance to him; his ear serves him more than his eye; he does not know his own master till he has got his scent, or heard his voice. For the most part he sees only objects in motion. A fox will pass to windward within a few feet of the hunter if the hunter is silent and motionless. There is little power of discrimination in the eye of any of the canine tribe; the acuteness of their other senses makes up for it. The eye of a bird, — a crow, a hawk, — how different! Sit as motionless as a statue, and you cannot escape the eye of the crow — though the eyes of all animals are especially sensitive to objects in motion. Probably none of them can discriminate a motionless object as a man can. They have not reason to aid them. A man's seeing is backed up by his stores of knowledge. The way certain animals can be 'flagged' shows how superficial their seeing is. The way a hawk will allow the approach of a man on horseback shows how little speculation there is in his eye.

The thorough student of animal life knows that animals do not reason or have any mental concepts, that one can train them to form habits, but cannot develop their intelligence; that is, that they can be trained, but cannot be educated. He knows they have no self-consciousness, from such a field-observation as this: song-birds with a defective instrument will sing as constantly and joyously, even ecstatically, as the perfect-voiced songsters. A bobolink with only a half-articulated song will hover above the meadows

and pour out his broken and asthmatic notes as joyously and persistently as any of his rivals; apparently he is as oblivious to the inadequacy of his performance as a machine would be. Last spring one of our roosters got a bad influenza, or in some way injured his vocal chords, so that only half of his crow was audible, and this half was very husky and unnatural; yet he went through with the motions of crowing just as persistently and triumphantly as ever he had. He gave his rival crow for crow day after day. It was a grotesque performance and was to me proof of how absolutely void of self-consciousness the lower animals are.

One is convinced on general principles that an animal knows only what it has to know in order to survive; that when keenness of scent, or of hearing, or of sight, is not needed, it does not have it; that animals that are defenseless, like the rabbit, have speed and are prolific; that animals that are self-armed, like the tortoise and the porcupine and the skunk, are slow and dull of wit. One does not need elaborate experiments to prove that the pigeon would be slower in learning to run the maze than a squirrel or a rat; he knows that all animals are more or less imitative, that the young imitate the old, and the old imitate one another; that monkeys by their behavior alone are nearer man than the dog or the cat.

The work of the experimentalist may supplement that of the field observer, but it cannot take its place. 'Experiment has an advantage over observation,' says a German writer on logic, 'only so far as it is capable of supplementing the usual deficiencies of the latter.'

We cannot make Darwins in the laboratory, though the laboratory may give Darwin a fact or a hint now and then that will be of service to him.

v

If our experimenters can now prove that birds are color-blind they will raise havoc with Darwin's sexual selection theory. Let them experiment upon the peacock, the Argus pheasant, and other birds of brilliant plumage. The males of many of our small birds are brilliantly colored; what part does this play in their lives? If orange, crimson, yellow, blue, and the various metallic lustres and changing irises, are not discriminated by these birds, or do not give them pleasurable or exciting sensations, then we have to look for some reason for their gay plumes other than the approbation of the female. Our experimental psychologists have tested the powers of the painted turtle to discriminate white and black. But one fails to feel much interest in the result of such experimentations, be they what they may, because the facts can have little or no relation to the creature's life-problem. But the turtle's gay colors — can it discriminate those, and what part do they play in its life-history?

On the Darwinian hypothesis of sexual selection, the gay colors of the painted turtle have a deep significance, as do the brilliant colors of all other animals. Does the turtle or his mate discriminate these colors? is he attracted by them? do they play any part at all in the turtle's real life? Our common box-tortoise has striking and beautiful color-patterns on its shell, often suggesting Chinese characters — can the laboratory naturalist find out their significance, or that of the brilliant markings of many of the lizards and salamanders; do these animals see and know their own decorations? Or the many brilliant beetles and butterflies — are they color-blind also? A. G. Mayer has proved conclusively that the promethea moth has no color-sense.

The male of this moth has blackish wings and the female reddish-brown. Mayer caused the two sexes to change colors; he glued the wings of the male to the female and *vice versa*, and found that they mated just the same. The laboratory experimentalists ought to be able to throw light upon these questions.

Elaborate experiments have already been made to test the color-sense of certain birds, — the English sparrow, the cow-bird, the pigeon, and also such animals as the raccoon and the monkey, — with the result that these animals do appear to discriminate colors. But there always remains the question: Are the animals guided in such cases by a sense of color as we have it, or merely by a sense of different degrees of brightness? A person who is color-blind sees the different colors as varying shades of gray, and for aught we know it is the same with the animals: in selecting, say, blue or green, they may only be selecting different shades of gray.

I should like also to see our experimentalists test the musical sense of birds: are they tone-deaf in the sense that they are probably color-blind? Is the divinely harmonious strain of the hermit thrush, for instance, lost upon the ears of its mate and upon its own ears? Does the rollicking and hilarious strain of the bobolink count for nothing in its life? From the apparent indifference of the female song-birds to the musical performances of their mates, one would say that the strains of the males fall upon deaf ears. When the cock in the poultry-yard crows, the hens shake their heads as if the sound annoyed them. The lark pouring out his notes up in the sky seems singing from the joy of song alone. The song of a bird excites the males of its species to rivalry, but the females are as inattentive as if they had no ears. I am myself inclined to think that the songs of

birds are a part of the surplusage of the male sexual principle, like their bright colors, and that to their mates they are merely noises. The males sing in the absence of the females just as joyously as in their presence, as note the caged canaries; and the harsh, raucous-voiced birds are as acceptable to their mates as are the musical-voiced to theirs. Why should it not be so? A consciousness of the pleasure of melodious sounds would seem to lift the bird out of the animal plane into the human plane.

I wish our laboratory investigators would tell me, if they can, what sense or faculty it is that enables one bird to pursue another so unerringly — a hawk in pursuit of a sparrow, or a song-bird pursuing another in sport, the pursuer trimming its movement to those of the pursued as if the two were one body. When a dog pursues a squirrel or a rabbit, if the pursued darts suddenly to one side it gains time, the hunter overshoots, and has to recover itself; not so with the birds, there is no overshooting, no lost time, and no recovery. It is as if the pursuer could read the intentions of the pursued at every movement, and anticipate every dodge and turn. It is probably some analogous gift or sense that enables a flock of birds to act as a unit, without leaders or signals, and perform their astonishing aerial evolutions as if the flock were one bird, and not a hundred. All the truly gregarious birds will do this. Does the flocking instinct beget a sort of community of mind, so that the individual members share each other's psychic or mental states to an extent quite unknown to us? This opens up the whole question of animal communication.

In the absence of language and reason, how do the animals over a wide extent of country become possessed of the same knowledge and the same impulse at the same time, and begin their

movements simultaneously? The vast moving armies of the passenger pigeons in the old days, the migrating crowds of the lemmings in Norway, of reindeer in Siberia, and of caribou in New England, every spring — how do these all act in such concert? Hunted animals suddenly become wild, — even those which have had no individual experience with the hunter, — as if the tribe were a unit, and what one knew they all knew at the same time. One would like such problems cleared up. I have no doubt at all that the higher animals have some means of communication which the race of man, since it came into the gift of language and of reason, has lost, or nearly lost, and that our fitful and exceptional experience of becoming aware of what our friend or companion is thinking about, that experience which we call telepathy, is a survival of the lost power. There is something like a community of mind or of emotional states among the lower orders, to which we are strangers, except when, under extraordinary conditions, — as in the frenzy of mobs and like unreasoning bodies, — we relapse into a state of savage nature, and behave as the wild creatures do. In such cases there is really a community of mind and purpose. But birds in a flock possess this oneness of mental states as a normal and every-day condition. Fish and insects in vast numbers often show a like unity of instantaneous action.

There is so much in animal behavior

that is interesting, and that throws light on our own psychology and its origin, that one begrudges the time spent in learning that dancing mice are deaf, or the numerous data as to the tactual sensations of the white rat, or 'the relative strength of stimulus to rate of learning in the chick,' or the psychic reaction of the cray-fish, or cockroach, or angle worm, or grasshopper, unless they yield the key to some larger problem. We do not want elaborate experiments to prove that frogs can hear, — does not every schoolboy know that they can, and see, too? Though he may not know that 'there is some evidence that the influence of auditory stimuli is most marked when the drum is half submerged in water,' or that 'the influence upon tactual reactions is evident when the frog is submerged in water to a depth of four cm.,' or that 'sounds varying in pitch from those of fifty to ten thousand vibrations a second affect the frog.' But what of it? Who is really the wiser for this discovery? I know there is no reason why I should quarrel with men who prefer to dine on the concentrated equivalents of our meats and viands. Rather should I wish them a good appetite for their capsules. At the same time I can see no good reason why I should not extol the pleasure and the profit of taking our natural-history manna of field and wood as nature provides it for us, and with a relish that only the open air can give.

SUNDAY IN TIPPAAH

A SOUTHERN VILLAGE TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

BY LILIAN KIRK HAMMOND

ON Sunday the women and children of Tippah, and the older men with the exception of Dr. Courtenay, all go to church. Of the young men, some sit under a big catalpa tree in front of the post-office, when they ought to be holding parasols over their mothers' or sweethearts' heads as they tread together the strait and narrow way; others are in a mysterious place called a 'blind tiger', drinking the very bad whiskey for which Prohibition is indirectly responsible. Tippah, I grieve to say, is a 'dry town,' and there prevails in it an appalling amount of drunkenness. This statement refers to the men. It is quite safe to say that no woman in Tippah has ever tasted a stronger stimulant than a light, sweet wine, or an egg-nog at Christmas. A woman drinking a cocktail would be regarded there with the same eyes as a woman smoking a cigarette or riding astride; in other words, she would be thought to have 'unsexed herself,' which is more soul-destroying than the Seven Deadly Sins all put together.

The godless young men who are not in their places when the church-bell rings are looked on with disfavor, but Dr. Courtenay, the idol of the whole village, may do as he pleases, and is above criticism. When a stranger comes to Tippah his host points out Dr. Courtenay with an air that says, 'Of course you know who *he* is'; but when the stranger says, 'Yes?' in a

vague tone, the explanation that follows is given with an eagerness that betrays how great a disappointment would have ensued had there been no necessity for it.

Dr. Courtenay had been sent abroad when he was only sixteen, by his South Carolina parents, who were of a very fine old Huguenot family, — this important detail is never left out, — and had studied in Paris and in Germany for fifteen years. He had all sorts of degrees. He spoke seven languages. He was the third American to make the ascent of Mont Blanc. In the Paris hospitals he had performed the most delicate and difficult operations; his clinics were the talk of the medical world before he was thirty. 'He will go far,' had been the prophecy. Then — the War broke out, and he came home to serve his State. He entered the Confederate Army as a surgeon, and after the surrender found himself without home, family, or fortune. His right coat-sleeve dangled empty; the hand that had saved so many lives could not save itself: it had been amputated after Gettysburg, and the story goes that Lee himself — the name is always pronounced slowly and reverently in Tippah — had said, 'I wish I could give my hand to save yours, Doctor.' Another loss, equally grave, but less conspicuous, was that of his left lung. It was this trouble that had brought him to Tippah's mild climate.

For nearly twenty years he had lived there alone in his three-room cottage, riding out every day to his little farm, five miles from town, and reading and smoking far into the night. His library was the wonder of Tippah. Books in five languages lined the walls of his house — all in the cheapest bindings, for the Doctor was poor; but, as he used to say, it was the meat in the nut he cared for, not the shell outside. He never practiced medicine, except occasionally among persons too poor to pay for medical advice, or, more frequently, in serious cases when called in consultation. It was known that he had never taken a fee in Tippah. Every one believed implicitly in his skill. It was a common thing to hear it said, after a death, 'Nothing could have saved him; Dr. Courtenay said so.'

By this time the stranger who has never heard of Dr. Courtenay before, thinks that he has listened long enough to the singing of his praises; but he has to possess his soul in patience while there follows a grave account of Dr. Courtenay's services during the Fever.

Two events in the history of Tippah stand out in relief, and in the eyes of its inhabitants are more important than all other history from the Creation down to Cleveland's election. (It will be remembered that I am writing of Tippah in 1885.) These events are the War, and the Yellow-Fever Epidemic of 1878. The story of the War and its consequences has been often told. Tippah suffered more than most places: fifty-two raids were made on this little village; Grant's army was encamped there on its way to Vicksburg. As everywhere else, fathers and sons, brothers and husbands, laid down their lives for the Cause, and the women were left to weep and work, but not to despair. In the War, Tippah shared the common lot of the whole South; in the Fever, it was devastated

by a scourge so deadly, so inexorable, that even the horrors of the battlefield seem by comparison less ghastly.

Like the War, the Fever struck down the men, leaving the women; for the reason that the women and children were sent north, out of danger, as soon as the first cases appeared. The men stayed, to fight it out. They had invited the Fever there, they said, and they must face the consequences. When refugees from plague-ridden towns farther south fled from their homes as from a burning house, Tippah threw open its doors. 'Come, come to us,' had been the cry. 'We can't have the Fever here. It's too high, and too cool, and too late in the season.' For a week, all Tippah was devoted to caring for the refugees — nursing them when they fell sick, burying the dead, making mourning-dresses for the survivors, offering the most gracious hospitality to strangers whose only claim was their distress. In the following week, a hundred of Tippah's own people were stricken down, and ninety of these died. By this time the terrified question, *Can it be the Fever*, was no longer asked, and the men, having sent their families away, set themselves to the work in hand. There was plenty for each to do, and not one thought of leaving. Nor was there in their attitude any self-conscious heroism; the sacrifice was made very simply and quietly. Later, when 'the great white blessing of the frost' drove out the pestilence, sorrowing women returned and made sad pilgrimages to the cemetery, where rows of new-made graves mutely told the story of the great love by which a man lays down his life for his friends. So when a flippant school-girl said the population of Tippah was thirteen hundred souls, — mostly widows, — she was quickly made to see the cheapness of her jest by being reminded why such was the case.

Dr. Courtenay, as I said, does n't go to church. 'It is very shocking, of course,' says Mrs. Ambler, 'but Dr. Courtenay is an atheist.' The 'very shocking' is perfunctory; at the bottom of her heart she admires his atheism as an indication of superior intellect. She knows he is much more intelligent than the rector, — dear old Mr. Pendleton, whose Johnsonian English and inability to see the point of any but his own jokes make him a deadly bore. Perhaps the Bishop may be Dr. Courtenay's intellectual equal; in fact, Mrs. Ambler is sure he is, and she breathes a sigh of relief and feels that Christianity is safe, after all.

Let us take a magic carpet, and an invisible cloak and helmet, and make a little visit to Tippah on a Sunday in May. Later, it might be hot and dusty and the roses would have stopped blooming, waiting for the new lease of life they take in September; but in April or May it is perfect. It is eleven o'clock; the church-bells are ringing. For so small a town, Tippah is rich in places of worship. One is reminded of the old saying that the French have a hundred sauces and one religion, while the English are a nation of a hundred religions and one sauce. All Tippah is of one mind on questions of politics, morals, social conventions, and education; but the paths to Paradise are many. Tradition is not strictly followed; a man is expected to go to his wife's church rather than to that of his parents.

An invisible cloak bestows no power of being in two places at the same time, — that unique achievement was never performed except by the Irish lord's bird, — so we must choose one of the many open doors and pass by the others. As the Bishop is in Tippah today, we shall find the largest congregation at St. Faith's.

Tippah is proud of the Bishop, in spite of his contempt for Tippah. So

confident is every one that his native town is the fairest spot on earth that it has never been possible to take the Bishop seriously when he pronounced it an old mud-hole; any more than it was possible for the State at large to feel any resentment when the great man, at an important gathering in New York, spoke of Mississippi as the diocese of which, by the judgment of God, he was bishop; or when he said that with the exception of his friend Mr. Jefferson Davis, and of the life-convicts in the penitentiary, he was the only man who could not leave Mississippi. All this is overlooked, and much more, because, as Mrs. Vernon often says, with a toss of her head, 'Of course you know he is one of the twelve great men of the century.' When the good ladies of Tippah read of the Bishop preaching to thousands at St. Paul's Cathedral and of the London newspapers chronicling the movements of the 'Lord Bishop of Mississippi,' they swell with pride, and forgive him for not eating their carefully-prepared dinners, and for preaching the same sermon at St. Faith's four times in succession.

On the steps of St. Faith's stands Mrs. Crenshaw, waiting to shake the Bishop's hand when he arrives, under Mr. Pendleton's escort; which courtesy performed, she intends to go home. Nothing would induce her to enter the church. With a proud air she says that she has never been inside St. Faith's since her husband's death — the association would be too painful.

'You lose the best of life if you avoid what is painful,' says the Bishop, intent as usual upon an abstract idea, and ignoring the individual. He does not recognize Mrs. Crenshaw, although he has eaten her salt many a time, and smoked dozens of Captain Crenshaw's fine cigars. She, dear lady, finds nothing amiss in his greeting, and is sure he would have left Tippah unsatisfied

if he had not had the pleasure of seeing her. She turns to Sally Carter, who approaches, followed by John Dabney, Tom Pritchard, and a few others.

Sally is a radiant vision in a be-ruffled and be-flowered organdy, and an enormous leghorn hat covered with roses. Her brownish-red hair and reddish-brown eyes, with her intensely scarlet lips, are in vivid contrast to the perfect whiteness of her cheeks, to which neither exercise nor excitement ever brings a touch of color. Hers is, however, a healthy pallor; she has never been sick in her life, but she is by no means of an athletic type. Her tiny feet were made for French slippers and dancing, not for heavy boots and a tramp over the country in pursuit of a little ball; her soft arms, visible now through her thin sleeves, are predestined to no more vigorous exercise than beating eggs for Somebody's favorite cake, or carrying her baby while she walks the floor to still its crying.

'I was just telling the Bishop, Sally,' says Mrs. Crenshaw, cheerfully, 'why I cannot bear to enter the church. People who feel things less keenly than I do are very fortunate.'

'Oh, but Miss Annie,' cries Sally, who of course follows the Southern custom by which married women are called 'Miss' by young people and by servants, 'you know the church is going to be painted all over, inside, and new windows put in. You won't feel that way then, will you? It will be a different place.'

Mrs. Crenshaw sighs and smiles and shakes her head, and Sally turns to her band of admirers.

'I want every last one of you boys to march right straight into that church,' she says. 'Not that it's likely to do you any good, to go just once, but the Bishop just *despises* empty seats, and he's not used to them, except when he comes to little one-horse places like

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Tippah. And he does n't care a row of pins about women; he likes to see *men* in the congregation'— Here Sally fixes her eyes on the youngest boy in the party, Dick Minor, who several months before had secretly purchased a razor, and is now fretting his life out because he has no occasion to use it. 'You can't all sit in our pew, you must scatter over the church, but Robert'—singling out the one who looked most reluctant—'had better sit by me, so I can show him the places in the Prayer-Book. Mother told me to ask any of the boys I wanted home to dinner, and I'll ask you *all*, as Aunt Charity is in a good humor to-day because I gave her a nice white dress for her daughter to be baptized in, and mother told her she might go to the hanging next Friday. She's feeling so good that she killed *nine* chickens for dinner, and mother made a chocolate-cake, and there's two gallons of strawberry ice-cream—Aunt Charity made Sam freeze it this morning while he was waiting for an answer to that note you sent me, John. So there's plenty to eat, and you all may come. There! the bell has stopped ringing.'

And Sally, followed by the lucky Robert, walks gracefully, in spite of her high-heeled shoes, up the aisle to her place, while the other six boys, obedient to instructions, sit in different parts of the church.

Jim, the sexton, a colored 'boy' fifty years old, has finished ringing the bell, and before going to pump the organ for the 'voluntary,' steps out to hold Mrs. Ambler's old sorrel mare while she and her sister alight from their little phaeton.

'Thank you, Jim,' says Mrs. Ambler, pleasantly. She is very old, very wrinkled, with sweet eyes and pink cheeks, and three stiff white curls hanging on each side of her delicately powdered face. 'I was afraid we were

late. I lost my buggy-whip several days ago, and Dame just *would n't* go.'

'Los' it!' echoes Jim contemptuously. 'Lor', Miss May, don' you know dat ar no-count nigger o' yourn done *consolidated wid it?*'

'Oh, Jim,' protests Mrs. Ambler, greatly shocked, 'do you think Cæsar would *take* things?'

Mrs. Ambler considers 'steal' as 'unladylike' a word as 'lie' or 'damn.'

Jim has no time to discuss the honesty of Mrs. Ambler's 'boy,' for at that moment little Nick Carter, in very clean clothes and with bare legs much tanned and scratched, comes running up to tell Jim that Miss Clara (meaning Mrs. Vernon, the organist) is 'hop-pin' mad because he does n't come on and blow the organ.'

Mrs. Ambler, followed by her sister, Miss Kitty Page, enters the church, and takes her seat at the end of her pew, near the window sacred to the memory of her husband, the General. For a few moments she kneels decorously in silent prayer; then, as she resumes her seat, her bright eyes dart all over the church. Sally Carter's sevenfold victory is not lost on her, and she smiles affectionately at the girl, who is a favorite with both sexes, with old and young, with black and white. She shakes her head in disapproval as Lucy Dudley makes a little curtsey toward the altar before going into her pew.

'That comes of sending that child to Baltimore to boarding-school,' she whispers to Miss Kitty. 'Head full of notions, of course. Mrs. Dudley tells me that Lucy won't eat meat on Friday or wear aigrettes in her hats. If she had as many beaux as Sally she'd leave off such silly ways, and take some interest in the realities of life.'

There are a good many children in church, the little girls exquisitely dressed in their new Easter frocks, which have cost their young mothers

many consultations, exchanges of patterns, and midnight stitches; the boys, up to fourteen years old, barefooted, as is the custom from April to November. Before the sermon the children all go home, in deference to the Bishop's often-expressed wish.

Mr. Erasmus Jones, on the front seat where he can stretch his stiff leg, — he was shot at the Battle of Corinth, — unhampered by a pew in front of him, settles himself comfortably for an intellectual treat, as the Bishop, without text or other introduction, begins to preach. Mrs. Ambler wonders how Erasmus contrived to persuade his wife to let him come, for he does not belong there, and Mrs. Erasmus disapproves of the Bishop's theology. She has been heard to say that she understands the Bishop has doubts about the doctrine of Eternal Penalty, and that if he has, he will unquestionably have convincing proof of it in the next world. The Bishop, she says, is dangerous.

'He has planted poisonous weeds in our garden, and we can't let our little lambs graze there any more,' she says.

No one ever looked less like a little lamb than Erasmus, with his six feet four inches of height and his startling black beard; but it is said in Tippah that little Mrs. Erasmus, who looks like a bisque doll, winds him round her little finger. On this occasion, however, he has had his own way, and he listens with grave pleasure while the Bishop discourses on the mental activities and the spiritual development of the Life of the World to Come.

The sermon is over, the blessing is pronounced, the congregation streams out into the May sunshine. Sally's little band of seven rallies round her, and she leads the way home to Aunt Charity's chocolate-cake and chicken. Alas, our magic carpet refuses to carry us with her.

THE MAKING OF A CITIZEN

BY MARY ANTIN

I

ON the day of the Washington celebration I recited a poem that I had composed in my enthusiasm. The applause with which this was received by my teachers and schoolmates, and the counsels of my admiring family, induced me to offer the verses to the *Boston Herald* for publication. Years passed before I understood that the editor printed my verses as a curiosity and space-filler. At the time I saw in their publication a just acknowledgment of my literary talent, and especially of the patriotic ardor which inspired me. Very satisfying, too, was the effect of my success on the minds of my neighbors. On the street, in the schoolyard, I was pointed out: 'That's Mary Antin. She had her name in the paper.' And my quickened sense expanded this reticent expression to its noblest terms. 'This is she,' I understood the people to say, 'who loves her country and worships George Washington.'

While I was well aware that I was something of a celebrity, and took all possible satisfaction in the fact, I gave my schoolmates no occasion to call me 'stuck up.' My vanity did not express itself in strutting or wagging the head. I played tag and puss-in-the-corner in the schoolyard, and did everything that was comrade-like. But in the schoolroom I conducted myself gravely, as befitted one who was preparing for the noble career of a poet.

I am forgetting Lizzie McDee. I am

trying to give the impression that I behaved with at least outward modesty during my schoolgirl triumphs, whereas Lizzie could testify that she knew Mary Antin as a vain, boastful, curly-headed little Jew. For I had a special style of deportment for Lizzie. If there was any girl in the school besides me who could keep near the top of the class all the year through, and give bright answers when the principal or the school committee popped sudden questions, and write rhymes that almost always rhymed, I was determined that that ambitious person should not soar unduly in her own estimation. So I took care to show Lizzie all my poetry, and when she showed me hers I did not admire it too warmly.

Lizzie, as I have already said, was in a Sunday-school mood even on weekdays; her verses all had morals. My poems were about the crystal snow, and the ocean blue, and sweet spring, and fleecy clouds; when I tried to drag in a moral, it kicked so that the music of my lines went out in a groan. So I had a sweet revenge when Lizzie, one day, volunteered to bolster up the eloquence of Mr. Jones, the principal, who was lecturing the class for bad behavior, by comparing the bad boy in the schoolroom to the rotten apple that spoils the barrelful. The groans, coughs, 'a-hems', feet-shufflings, and paper pellets that filled the room as Saint Elizabeth sat down, even in the principal's presence, were sweet balm to my smart of envy: I did n't care if I did n't know how to moralize.

When my teacher had visitors I was aware that I was the show pupil of the class. I was always made to recite, my compositions were passed around, and often I was called up on the platform — oh, climax of exaltation! — to be interviewed by the distinguished strangers; while the class took advantage of the teacher's distraction, to hold forbidden intercourse on matters not prescribed in the curriculum. When I returned to my seat, after such public audience with the great, I looked to see if Lizzie McDee was taking notice; and Lizzie, who was a generous soul, her Sunday-school airs notwithstanding, generally smiled, and I forgave her her rhymes.

It was not always in admiration that the finger was pointed at me. One day I found myself the centre of an excited group in the middle of the schoolyard, with a dozen girls interrupting each other to express their disapproval of me. For I had coolly told them, in answer to a question, that I did not believe in God.

How had I arrived at such a conviction? How had I come, from praying and fasting and Psalm-singing, to extreme impiety? Alas! my backsliding had cost me no travail of spirit. Always weak in my faith, playing at sanctity as I played at soldiers, just as I was in the mood or not, I had neglected my books of devotion and given myself up to profane literature at the first opportunity, in Vitebsk; and I never took up my prayer-book again. On my return to Polotzk, America loomed so near that my imagination was fully occupied, and I did not revive the secret experiments with which I used to test the nature and intention of Deity. It was more to me that I was going to America than that I might not be going to Heaven. And when we joined my father, and I saw that he did not wear the sacred fringes, and

did not put on the phylacteries and pray, I was neither surprised nor shocked, remembering the Sabbath night when he had with his own hand turned out the lamp. When I saw him go out to work on Sabbath exactly as on a week-day, I understood why God had not annihilated me with his lightnings that time when I purposely carried something in my pocket on Sabbath: there was no God, and there was no sin. And I ran out to play, rather pleased to find that I was free, like other little girls in the street, instead of being hemmed about with prohibitions and obligations at every step. And yet, if the golden truth of Judaism had not been handed me in the motley rags of formalism, I might not have been so ready to put away my religion.

It was Rachel Goldstein who provoked my avowal of atheism. She asked if I was n't going to stay out of school during holy-days, and I said no. Was n't I a Jew? she wanted to know. No, I was n't; I was a Free-thinker. What was that? I did n't believe in God. Rachel was horrified. Why, Kitty Maloney believed in God, and Kitty was only a Catholic! She appealed to Kitty.

'Kitty Maloney! come over here. Don't you believe in God? — There, now, Mary Antin! — Mary Antin says she does n't believe in God!'

Rachel Goldstein's horror is duplicated. Kitty Maloney, who used to mock Rachel's Jewish accent, instantly becomes her voluble ally, and proceeds to annihilate me by plying me with crucial questions.

'You don't believe in God? Then you made you?'

'Nature made me.'

'Nature made you! What's that?'

'It's — everything. It's the trees — No, it's what makes the trees grow. That's what it is.'

'But God made the trees, Mary

Antin,' from Rachel and Kitty in chorus. — 'Maggie O'Reilly! listen to Mary Antin. She says there is n't any God. She says the trees made her!'

Rachel and Kitty and Maggie, Sadie and Annie and Beckie, made a circle around me, and pressed me with questions, and mocked me, and threatened me with hell flames and utter extinction. I held my ground against them all obstinately enough, though my argument was exceedingly lame. I glibly repeated phrases I had heard my father use, but I had no real understanding of his atheistic doctrines. I had been surprised into this dispute. I had no spontaneous interest in the subject; my mind was occupied with other things. But as the number of my opponents grew, and I saw how unanimously they condemned me, my indifference turned into a heat of indignation. The actual point at issue was as little as ever to me, but I perceived that a crowd of Free Americans were disputing the right of a Fellow Citizen to have any kind of God she chose. I knew, from my father's teaching, that this persecution was contrary to the Constitution of the United States, and I held my ground as befitted the defender of a cause. George Washington would not have treated me as Rachel Goldstein and Kitty Maloney were doing! 'This is a free country,' I reminded them in the middle of the argument.

The excitement in the yard amounted to a toy riot. When the schoolbell rang and the children began to file in, I stood out there as long as any of my enemies remained, although it was my habit to go to my room very promptly. And as the foes of American Liberty crowded and pushed in the line, whispering to those who had not heard it that a heretic had been discovered in their midst, the teacher who kept the line in the corridor was obliged to scold

and pull the noisy ones into order; and Sadie Cohen told her, in tones of awe, what the commotion was about.

Miss Bland waited till the children had filed in, before she asked me, in a tone encouraging confidence, to give my version of the story. This I did, huskily but fearlessly; and the teacher, who was a woman of tact, did not smile or commit herself in any way. She was sorry that the children had been rude to me, but she thought they would not trouble me any more if I let the subject drop. She made me understand, somewhat as Miss Dillingham had done on the occasion of my whispering during prayer, that it was proper American conduct to avoid religious arguments on school territory. I felt honored by this private initiation into the doctrine of the Separation of Church and State, and went to my seat with a good deal of dignity, my alarm about the safety of the Constitution allayed by the teacher's calmness.

II

My father, in his ambition to make Americans of us, was rather headlong and strenuous in his methods. To my mother, on the eve of departure for the New World, he wrote boldly that progressive Jews in America did not spend their days in praying; and he urged her to leave her wig in Polotzk, as a first step of progress. My mother, like the majority of women in the Pale, had all her life taken her religion on authority; so she was only fulfilling her duty to her husband when she took his hint, and set out upon her journey in her own hair. Not that it was done without reluctance; for the Jewish faith in her was deeply rooted, as in the best of Jews it always is. The law of the Fathers was binding to her, and the outward symbols of obedience inseparable from the spirit. But the

breath of revolt against orthodox externals was at this time beginning to reach us in Polotzk from the greater world, notably from America. Sons whose parents had impoverished themselves by paying the fine for non-appearance for military duty, in order to save their darlings from the inevitable sins of violated Judaism while in the service, sent home portraits of themselves with their faces shaved; and the grieved old fathers and mothers, after offering up special prayers for the renegades, and giving charity in their name, exhibited the significant portraits on their parlor tables. These were the signs of the times, and they had their effect on my mother's mind. Deeply troubled in her inmost soul, she quietly prepared to accept the new order of things, under which her children's future was to be formed; and therein she showed her native adaptability, the readiness to fall into line, which is one of the most charming traits of her gentle, self-effacing nature.

My father gave my mother very little time to adjust herself. He was only three years from the Old World, with its settled prejudices. Considering his education, he had thought out a good deal for himself, but his line of thinking had not as yet brought him to include woman in the intellectual emancipation for which he himself had been so eager even in Russia. This was still in the day when he was astonished to learn that women had written books — had used their minds, their imaginations, unaided. He still rated the mental capacity of the average woman as only a little above that of the cattle she tended. He held it to be a wife's duty to follow her husband in all things. He could do all the thinking for the family, he believed; and being convinced that to hold to the outward forms of orthodox Judaism was to be hampered in the race for Americaniza-

tion, he did not hesitate to order our family life on unorthodox lines. There was no conscious despotism in this; it was only making manly haste to realize an ideal the nobility of which there was no one to dispute.

My father did not attempt to touch the fundamentals of my mother's faith. He certainly did not forbid her to honor God by loving her neighbor, which is perhaps not far from being the whole of Judaism. If his open denials of the existence of God influenced her to reconsider her creed, it was merely an incidental result of the freedom of expression he was so eager to practice, after his life of enforced hypocrisy. As the opinions of a mere woman on matters so abstract as religion did not interest him in the least, he counted it no particular triumph if he observed that my mother weakened in her faith as the years went by. He allowed her to keep a Jewish kitchen as long as she pleased, but he did not want us children to refuse invitations to the table of our Gentile neighbors. He would have no bar to our social intercourse with the world around us, for only by freely sharing the life of our neighbors could we come into our full inheritance of American freedom and opportunity. In the holy-days he bought my mother a ticket for the synagogue, but the children he sent to school. On Sabbath eve he let my mother light the consecrated candles, but he kept the store open until Sunday morning. My mother might believe and worship as she pleased, up to the point where her orthodoxy began to interfere with the American progress of the family.

The price that all of us paid for this disorganization of our family life has been levied on every immigrant Jewish household where the first generation clings to the traditions of the Old World, while the second generation

leads the life of the New. Nothing more pitiful could be written in the annals of the Jews; nothing more inevitable; nothing more hopeful. Hopeful, yes; alike for the Jew and for the country that has given him shelter. For Israel is not the only party that has put up a forfeit in this contest. The nations may well sit by and watch the struggle, since humanity has a stake in it. I say this, whose life has borne witness, whose heart is heavy with revelations it has not made. And I speak for thousands; oh, for thousands!

My gray hairs are too few for me to let these pages trespass beyond the limit I have set myself. That part of my life which contains the climax of my personal drama I must leave to my grandchildren to record. My father might speak and tell how, in time, he discovered that in his first violent rejection of everything old and established he cast from him much that he afterwards missed. He might tell to what extent he later retraced his steps, seeking to recover what he had learned to value anew; how it fared with his avowed irreligion when put to the extreme test; to what, in short, his emancipation amounted. And he, like myself, would speak for thousands. My grandchildren, for all I know, may have a graver task than I have set them. Perhaps they may have to testify that the faith of Israel is a heritage which no heir in the direct line has the power to alienate from his successors. Even I, with my limited perspective, think it doubtful if the conversion of the Jew to any alien belief or disbelief is ever thoroughly accomplished. What positive affirmation of the persistence of Judaism in the blood my descendants may have to make, I may not be present to hear.

It would be superfluous to state that none of these hints and prophecies troubled me at the time when I horri-

fied the schoolyard by denying the existence of God, on the authority of my father; and defended my right to my atheism on the authority of the Constitution. I considered myself absolutely, eternally, delightfully emancipated from the yoke of indefensible superstitions. I was wild with indignation and pity when I remembered how my poor brother had been cruelly tormented because he did not want to sit in heder and learn what was, after all, false or useless. I knew now why poor Reb' Lebe had been unable to answer my questions; it was because the truth was not whispered outside of America. I was very much in love with my enlightenment, and eager for opportunities to give proof of it.

It was Miss Dillingham, she who helped me in so many ways, who unconsciously put me to an early test, the result of which gave me a shock that I did not get over for many a day. She invited me to tea one day, and I went in much trepidation. It was my first entrance into a genuine American household; my first meal at a Gentile — yes, a Christian — board. Would I know how to behave properly? I do not know if I betrayed my anxiety; I am certain only that I was all eyes and ears, that nothing should escape me which might serve to guide me. This, after all, was a normal state for me to be in, so I suppose I looked natural, no matter how much I stared. I had been accustomed to consider my table manners irreproachable, but America was not Polotzk, as my father was ever saying; so I proceeded very cautiously with my spoons and forks. I was cunning enough to try to conceal my uncertainty: by being just a little bit slow, I did not get to any given spoon until the others at table had shown me which it was.

All went well, until a platter was passed with a kind of meat that was

strange to me. Some mischievous instinct told me that it was ham — forbidden food; and I, the liberal, the free, was afraid to touch it! I had a terrible moment of surprise, mortification, self-contempt; but I helped myself to a slice of ham nevertheless, and hung my head over my plate to hide my confusion. I was furious with myself for my weakness. I to be afraid of a pink piece of pig's flesh, who had defied at least two religions in defense of free thought! And I began to reduce my ham to invisible atoms, determined to eat more of it than anybody else.

Alas! I learned that to eat in defense of principles was not so easy as to talk. I ate, but only a newly abnegated Jew can understand with what squirming, what protesting of the inner man, what exquisite abhorrence of myself. That Spartan boy who suffered the stolen fox hidden in his bosom to consume his vitals, rather than be detected in the theft, showed no such miracle of self-control as did I, sitting there at my friend's tea-table, eating unjewish meat.

And to think that so ridiculous a thing as a scrap of meat should be the symbol and test of things so august! To think that in the mental life of a half-grown child should be reflected the struggles and triumphs of ages! Over and over again I discover that I am a wonderful thing, being human; that I am the image of the universe, being myself; that I am the repository of all the wisdom in the world, being alive and sane at the beginning of this twentieth century. The heir of the ages am I, and all that has been is in me, and shall continue to be in my immortal self.

III

The stretch of weeks from June to September, when the schools were closed, would have been hard to fill in,

had it not been for the public library. At first I made myself a calendar of the vacation months, and every morning I tore off a leaf, and comforted myself with the decreasing number of vacation days. But after I discovered the public library I was not impatient for the reopening of school.

The library did not open till one o'clock in the afternoon, and each reader was allowed to take out only one book at a time. Long before one o'clock I was to be seen on the library steps, waiting for the door of Paradise to open. I spent hours in the reading room, pleased with the atmosphere of books, with the order and quiet of the place, so unlike anything on Arlington Street. The sense of these things permeated my consciousness even when I was absorbed in a book, just as the rustle of pages turned and the tiptoe tread of the librarian reached my ear, without distracting my attention. Anything so wonderful as a library had never been in my life. It was even better than school in some ways. One could read and read, and learn and learn, as fast as one knew how, without being obliged to stop for stupid little girls and inattentive little boys to catch up with the lesson. When I went home from the library I had a book under my arm; and I would finish it before the library opened next day, no matter till what hours of the night I burned my little lamp.

What books did I read so diligently? Pretty nearly everything that came to my hand. I daresay the librarian helped me select my books, but, curiously enough, I do not remember. Something must have directed me, for I read a great many of the books that are written for children. Of these I remember with the greatest delight Louisa Alcott's stories. A less attractive series of books was of the Sunday-school type. In volume after volume,

a very naughty little girl by the name of Lulu was always going into tempers, that her father might have opportunity to lecture her and point to her angelic little sister, Gracie, as an example of what she should be; after which they all felt better and prayed. Next to Louisa Alcott's books in my esteem were boys' books of adventure, many of them by Horatio Alger; and I read all, I suppose, of the Rollo books, by Jacob Abbott.

But that was not all. I read every kind of printed rubbish that came into the house, by design or accident. A weekly story-paper of a worse than worthless character, which circulated widely in our neighborhood because subscribers were rewarded with a premium of a diamond ring, warranted I don't know how many karat, occupied me for hours. The stories in this paper resembled, in breathlessness of plot, abundance of horrors, and improbability of characters, the things I used to read in Vitebsk. The text was illustrated by frequent pictures, in which the villain generally had his hands on the heroine's throat, while the hero was bursting in through a graceful drape to the rescue of his beloved. If a package came into the house wrapped in a stained old newspaper, I laboriously smoothed out the paper and read it through. I enjoyed it all, and found fault with nothing that I read. And, as in the case of the Vitebsk readings, I cannot find that I suffered any harm. Of course, reading so many better books, there came a time when the diamond-ring story-paper disgusted me; but in the beginning my appetite for print was so enormous that I could let nothing pass through my hands unread, while my taste was so crude that nothing printed could offend me.

Summer days are long, and the evenings, we know, are as long as the lamp-wick. So, with all my reading,

I had time to play; and, with all my studiousness, I had the will to play. My favorite playmates were boys. It was but mild fun to play theatre in Bessie Finklestein's back yard, even if I had leading parts, which I made impressive by recitations in Russian, no word of which was intelligible to my audience. It was far better sport to play hide-and-seek with the boys, for I enjoyed the use of my limbs — what there was of them. I was so often reproached and teased for being little, that it gave me great satisfaction to beat a five-foot boy to the goal.

Once, a great, hulking colored boy, who was the torment of the neighborhood, treated me roughly while I was playing on the street. My father, determined to teach the rascal a lesson for once, had him arrested and brought to court. The boy was locked up over night, and he emerged from his brief imprisonment with a respect for the rights and persons of his neighbors. But the moral of this incident lies not herein. What interested me more than my revenge on a bully was what I saw of the way in which justice was actually administered in the United States. Here we were gathered in the little courtroom, bearded Arlington Street against wool-headed Arlington Street; accused and accuser, witnesses, sympathizers, sightseers, and all. Nobody cringed, nobody was bullied, nobody lied who did n't want to. We were all free, and all treated equally, just as it said in the Constitution! The evil-doer was actually punished, and not the victim, as might very easily happen in a similar case in Russia. 'Liberty and justice for all.' Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue!

There was one occasion in the week when I was ever willing to put away my book, no matter how entrancing were its pages. That was on Saturday night, when Bessie Finklestein called

for me; and Bessie and I, with arms entwined, called for Sadie Rabinovitch; and Bessie and Sadie and I, still further entwined, called for Annie Reilly; and Bessie, etc., etc., inextricably wound up, marched up Broadway, and took possession of all we saw, heard, guessed, or desired, from end to end of that main thoroughfare of Chelsea.

Parading all abreast, as many as we were, only breaking ranks to let people pass; leaving the imprints of our noses and fingers on plate-glass windows ablaze with electric lights and alluring with display; inspecting tons of cheap candy, to find a few pennies' worth of the most enduring kind, the same to be sucked and chewed by the company, turn and turn about, as we continued our promenade, — loitering wherever a crowd gathered, or running for a block or so to cheer on the fire-engine or policeambulance; getting into everybody's way, and just keeping clear of serious mischief, — we were only girls, — we enjoyed ourselves as only children can whose fathers keep a basement grocery store, whose mothers do their own washing, and whose sisters operate a machine for five dollars a week. Had we been boys, I suppose Bessie and Sadie and the rest of us would have been 'chinky' and have popped into to tease 'Chinky' chased by the 'coj doorsteps, and ha Being what we v selves a 'set,' and as people who p way could not fai For we were at t Broadway on Sat of giggles for us. hours, too; for Ar strict domestic p in the nursery, th were as likely to b

as in their cots at any time this side of one o'clock in the morning.

There was an element in my enjoyment that was yielded neither by the sights, the adventures, nor the chewing candy. I had a keen feeling for the sociability of the crowd. All plebeian Chelsea was abroad, and a bourgeois population is nowhere unneighborly. Women shapeless with bundles, their hats awry over thin, eager faces, gathered in knots on the edge of the curb, boasting of their bargains. Little girls in curl-papers and little boys in brimless hats clung to their skirts, whining for pennies, only to be silenced by absent-minded cuffs. A few disconsolate fathers strayed behind these family groups, the rest being distributed between the barber-shops and the corner lamp-posts. I understood these people, being one of them, and I liked them, and I found it all delightfully sociable.

Saturday night is the workman's wife's night, but that does not entirely prevent my lady from going abroad, if only to leave an order at the florist's. So it happened that Bellingham Hill and Washington Avenue, the aristocratic sections of Chelsea, mingled with Arlington Street on Broadway, to the further enhancement of my enjoyment of the occasion. For I always loved a mixed crowd. I loved the contrasts, the high lights and deep shadows, and the gradations that connect the two, and make all life one. I also saw many, many things that I was not aware of seeing at the time. I only found out afterwards what treasures my brain had stored up, when, coming to the puzzling places in life, light and meaning would suddenly burst on me, the hidden fruit of some experience that had not impressed me at the time.

How many times, I wonder, did I brush past my destiny on Broadway, foolishly staring after it, instead of go-

ing home to pray? I wonder, did a stranger collide with me, and put me patiently out of his way, wondering why such a mite was not at home and abed at ten o'clock in the evening, and never dreaming that one day he might have to reckon with me? Did some one smile down on my childish glee, I wonder, unwarned of a day when we should weep together? I wonder — I wonder.

A million threads of life and love and sorrow was the common street; and whether we would or not, we entangled ourselves in a common maze, without paying the homage of a second glance to those who would some day master us; too dull to pick that face from out the crowd which one day would bend over us in love or pity or remorse. What company of skipping, laughing little girls is to be reproached for careless hours, when men and women on every side stepped heedlessly into the traps of fate? Small sin it was to annoy my neighbor by getting in his way, as I stared over my shoulder, if a grown man knew no better than to drop a word in passing that might turn the course of another's life, as a boulder rolled down from the mountain-side deflects the current of a brook.

IV

So went the life in Chelsea, for the space of a year or so. Then my father, finding a discrepancy between his assets and liabilities, on the wrong side of the ledger, once more struck tent, collected his flock, and set out in search of richer pastures.

There was a charming simplicity about these proceedings. Here to-day, apparently rooted; there to-morrow, and just as much at home. Another basement grocery, with a freshly-painted sign over the door; the broom in the corner, the loaf on the table —

these things made home for us. There were rather more Negroes on Wheeler Street, in the lower South End of Boston, than there had been on Arlington Street, which promised more numerous outstanding accounts; but they were a neighborly folk, and they took us strangers in — sometimes very badly. Then there was the school three blocks away, where 'America' was sung to the same tune as in Chelsea. It was impossible not to feel at home.

And presently, lest anything be lacking to our domestic bliss, there was a new baby in a borrowed crib; and little Dora had only a few more turns to take with her battered doll-carriage, before a life-size vehicle with a more animated dolly was turned over to her constant care.

The Wheeler Street neighborhood is not a place where a refined young lady would care to find herself alone, even in the cheery daylight. If she came at all, she would be attended by a trusty escort. She would not get too close to people on the doorsteps, and would shrink away in disgust and fear from a blear-eyed creature careering down the sidewalk on many-jointed legs. The delicate damsel would hasten home to wash and cleanse and perfume herself, till the foul contact of Wheeler Street was utterly eradicated, and her wonted purity restored.

And I do not blame her. I only wish that she would bring a little soap and water and perfumery into Wheeler Street next time she comes; for some people there may be smothering in filth which they abhor as much as she, but from which they cannot, like her, run away.

I found no fault with Wheeler Street when I was fourteen years old. On the contrary, I pronounced it good. We had never lived so near the car tracks before, and I delighted in the moon-like splendor of the arc lamp just

in front of the saloon on the corner. The space illumined by this lamp and enlivened by the passage of many thirsty souls was the favorite playground for Wheeler Street youth.

On Wheeler Street there were no real homes. There were miserable flats of three or four rooms, or fewer, in which families that did not practice race-suicide cooked, washed, and ate; slept from two to four in a bed, in windowless bedrooms; quarreled in the gray morning, and made up in the smoky evening; tormented each other, supported each other, saved each other, drove each other out of the house. But there was no common life in any form that means life. There was no room for it, for one thing. Beds and cribs took up most of the floor-space, disorderly packed the interspaces. The centre table in the 'parlor' was not loaded with books. It held, invariably, a photograph album and an ornamental lamp with a paper shade; and the lamp was usually out of order. So there was as little motive for a common life as there was room.

The yard was only big enough for the perennial rubbish-heap. The narrow sidewalk was crowded. What were the people to do with themselves? There were the saloons, the missions, the libraries, the cheap amusement places, and the neighborhood houses. People selected their resorts according to their tastes. The children, let it be thankfully recorded, flocked mostly to the clubs: the little girls to sew, cook, dance, and play games; the little boys to hammer and paste, mend chairs, debate, and govern a toy republic. All these, of course, are forms of baptism by soap and water.

Our neighborhood went in search of salvation to Morgan Memorial Hall, Barnard Memorial, Morgan Chapel, and some other clean places that lighted a candle in their window. My bro-

ther, my sister Dora, and I were introduced to some of the clubs by our young neighbors, and we were glad to go. For our home also gave us little besides meals in the kitchen and beds in the dark. What with the six of us, and the store, and the baby, and sometimes a 'greener' or two from Polotzk, whom we lodged as a matter of course, till he found a permanent home — what with such a company, and the size of our tenement, we needed to get out almost as much as our neighbors' children. I say almost; for our parlor we managed to keep pretty clear, and the lamp on our centre table was always in order, and its light fell often on an open book. Still, it was part of the life of Wheeler Street to belong to clubs, so we belonged.

I did n't care for sewing or cooking, so I joined a dancing club; and even here I was a failure. I had been a very good dancer in Russia, but here I found all the steps different, and I did not have the courage to go out in the middle of the slippery floor and mince it and toe it in front of the teacher. When I retired to a corner and tried to play dominoes, I became suddenly shy of my partner; and I never could win a game of checkers, although formerly I used to beat my father at it. I tried to be friends with a little girl I had known in Chelsea, but she met my advances coldly. She lived on Appleton Street, which was too aristocratic to mix with Wheeler Street. Geraldine was studying Elocution, and she wore a scarlet cape and hood, and she was going on the Stage by and by. I acknowledged that her sense of superiority was well-founded, and retired further into my corner, for the first time conscious of my shabbiness and lowliness.

I looked on at the dancing until I could endure it no longer. Overcome by a sense of isolation and unfitness, I slipped out of the room, avoiding the

teacher's eye, and went home to write melancholy poetry.

What had come over me? Why was I, the confident, the ambitious, suddenly gown so shy and meek? Why did I, a very tomboy yesterday, suddenly find my playmates stupid, and hide-and-seek a bore? I did not know why. I only knew that I was lonely, and troubled, and sore; and I went home to write sad poetry.

I shall never forget the pattern of the red carpet in our parlor, — we had achieved a carpet since Chelsea days, — because I lay for hours face down on the floor, writing poetry on a screechy slate. When I had perfected my verses, and copied them fair on the famous blue-lined note-paper, and saw that I had made a very pathetic poem indeed, I felt better. And this happened over and over again. I gave up the dancing club, I ceased to know the rowdy little boys, and I wrote melancholy poetry oftener, and felt better. The centre table became my study. I read much, and mooned between chapters, and wrote long letters to Miss Dillingham.

For some time I wrote to her almost daily. That was when I found in my heart such depths of woe as I could not pack into rhyme. And finally there came a day when I could utter my trouble in neither verse nor prose, and I implored Miss Dillingham to come to me and hear my sorrowful revelations.

But I did not want her to come to the house. In the house there was no privacy; I could not talk. Would she meet me on Boston Common at such and such a time?

Would she? She was a devoted friend, and a wise woman. She met me on Boston Common. It was a gray autumn day — was it not actually drizzling? — and I was cold, sitting on the bench; but I was thrilled through and through with the sense of the mag-

nitude of my troubles, and of the romantic nature of the rendezvous.

Who that was even half awake when he was growing up does not know what all these symptoms betokened? Miss Dillingham understood, and she wisely gave me no inkling of her diagnosis. She let me talk and kept a grave face. She did not belittle my troubles, — I made specific charges against my home, members of my family, and life in general, — she did not say that I would get over them; that every growing girl suffers from the blues; that I was, in brief, a little goose stretching my wings for flight. She told me rather that it would be noble to bear my sorrows bravely, to soothe those who irritated me, to live each day with all my might. She reminded me of great men and women who have suffered, and who overcame their troubles by living and working. And she sent me home amazingly comforted, my pettiness and self-consciousness routed by the quiet influence of her gray eyes searching mine.

This, or something like this, had to be repeated many times, as anybody will know who was present at the slow birth of his manhood. From now on, for some years, of course, I must weep and laugh out of season, stand on tip-toe to pluck the stars in heaven, love and hate immoderately, propound theories of the destiny of man, and not know what was going on in my own heart.

In the intervals of harkening to my growing pains I was, of course, still a little girl. As a little girl, in many ways immature for my age, I finished my course in the grammar school, and was graduated with honors, four years after my landing in Boston.

Wheeler Street recognizes five great events in a girl's life, namely, christening, confirmation, graduation, marriage, and burial. These occasions all

require full dress for the heroine, and full dress is forthcoming, no matter if the family goes into debt for it. There was not a girl who came to school in rags all the year round who did not burst forth in sudden glory on Graduation Day. Fine muslin frocks, lace-trimmed petticoats, patent-leather shoes, perishable hats, gloves, parasols, fans — every girl had them. A mother who had scrubbed floors for years to keep her girl in school was not going to have her shamed in the end for want of a pretty dress. So she cut off the children's supply of butter, and worked nights, and borrowed, and fell into arrears with the rent; and on Graduation Day she felt magnificently rewarded, seeing her Mamie as fine as any girl in the school. And in order to preserve for posterity this triumphant spectacle, she took Mamie, after the exercises were at an end, to be photographed, with her diploma in one hand, a bouquet in the other, and the gloves, fan, parasol, and patent-leather shoes disposed in full sight around a fancy table. Truly, the follies of the poor are worth studying.

It did not strike me as folly, but as the fulfillment of the portent of my natal star, when I saw myself, on Graduation Day, arrayed like unto a princess. Frills, lace, patent-leather shoes — I had everything. I even had a sash with silk fringes.

Did I speak of folly? Listen, and I will tell you quite another tale. Perhaps when you have heard it you will not be too hasty to run and teach The Poor. Perhaps you will admit that The Poor may have something to teach you.

Before we had been two years in America, my sister Frieda was engaged to be married. This was under the old dispensation: Frieda came to America too late to avail herself of the gifts of an American girlhood. Had she been

two years younger she might have dodged her circumstances, evaded her Old World fate. She would have gone to school, and imbibed American ideas. She might have clung to her girlhood longer, instead of marrying at seventeen. I am so fond of the American way, that it has always seemed to me a pitiful accident that my sister should have come so near, and missed by so little, the fulfillment of my country's promise to women. A long girlhood, a free choice in marriage, and a brimful womanhood are the precious rights of an American woman.

My father was too recently from the Old World to be entirely free from the influence of its social traditions. He had put Frieda to work out of necessity. The necessity was hardly lifted when she had an offer of marriage, but my father would not stand in the way of what he considered her welfare. Let her escape from the workshop, if she had a chance, while the roses were still in her cheeks. If she remained for ten years more bent over the needle, what would she gain? Not even her personal comfort; for Frieda never called her earnings her own, but spent everything on the family, denying herself all but necessities. The young man who sued for her was a good workman, earning fair wages, of irreproachable character and refined manners. My father had known him for years.

So Frieda was to be released from the workshop. The act was really in the nature of a sacrifice on my father's part, for he was still in the woods financially, and would sorely miss Frieda's wages. The greater the pity, therefore, that there was no one to counsel him to give America more time with my sister. She attended the night school; she was fond of reading. In books, in a slowly ripening experience, she might have found a better answer to the rid-

dle of a girl's life than a premature marriage.

At the time, my sister's engagement pleased me very well. Our confidences were not interrupted, and I understood that she was happy. I was very fond of Moses Rifkin myself. He was the nicest young man of my acquaintance, not at all like other workmen. He was very kind to us children, bringing us presents and taking us out for excursions. He had a sense of humor and he was going to marry our Frieda. How could I help being pleased?

The marriage was not to take place for some time, and in the interval Frieda remained in the shop. She continued to bring home all her wages. If she was going to desert the family, she would not let them feel it sooner than she must.

Then all of a sudden she turned spendthrift. She appropriated I do not know what fabulous sums, to spend as she pleased, for once. She attended bargain sales, and brought away such finery as had never graced our flat before. Home from work in the evening, after a hurried supper, she shut herself up in the parlor, and cut and snipped and measured and basted and stitched, as if there was nothing else in the world to do. It was early summer, and the air had a wooing touch, even on Wheeler Street. Moses Rifkin came, and I suppose that he also had a wooing touch. But Frieda only smiled and shook her head; and as her mouth was full of pins, it was physically impossible for Moses to argue. She remained all evening in a white disorder of tucked breadths, curled ruffles, dismembered sleeves, and swirls of fresh lace; her needle glancing in the lamp-light, and poor Moses picking up her spools.

Her trousseau, was it not? No, not her trousseau. It was my graduation dress on which she was so intent. And

when it was finished, and was pronounced a most beautiful dress, and she ought to have been satisfied, Frieda went to the shops once more and bought the sash with the silk fringe.

The improvidence of the poor is a most distressing spectacle to all right-minded students of sociology. But please spare me your homily this time. It does not apply. The poor are the poor in spirit. Those who are rich in spiritual endowment will never be found bankrupt.

V

Graduation Day was nothing less than a triumph for me. It was not only that I had two pieces to speak, one of them an original composition; it was more because I was known in my school district as the 'smartest' girl in the class, and all eyes were turned on the prodigy, and I was aware of it. I was aware of everything. That is why I am able to tell you everything now.

The assembly hall was crowded to bursting, but my friends had no trouble to find seats. They were ushered up to the platform, which was reserved for guests of honor. I was very proud to see my friends treated with such distinction. My parents were there, and Frieda, of course, and Miss Dillingham, and some others of my Chelsea teachers. A dozen or so of my humbler friends and acquaintances were scattered among the crowd on the floor.

When I stepped up on the stage to read my composition I was seized with stage fright. The floor under my feet and the air around were oppressively present to my senses, while my own hand I could not have located. I did not know where my body began or ended, I was so conscious of my gloves, my shoes, my flowing sash. My won-

derful dress, in which I had taken so much satisfaction, gave me the most trouble. I was suddenly paralyzed by a conviction that it was too short, and it seemed to me that I was standing on absurdly long legs. And ten thousand people were looking up at me! It was horrible!

I suppose I no more than cleared my throat before I began to read, but to me it seemed that I stood petrified for an age, an awful silence booming in my ears. My voice, when at last I began, sounded far away. I thought that nobody could hear me. But I kept on, mechanically; for I had rehearsed many times. And as I read, I gradually forgot myself, forgot the place and the occasion. The people looking up at me heard the story of a beautiful little boy, my cousin, whom I had loved very dearly, and who died in far-distant Russia some years after I came to America. My composition was not a masterpiece; it was merely good for a girl of fifteen. But I had written that I still loved the little cousin, and I made a thousand strangers feel it. And before the applause there was a moment of stillness in the great hall.

After the singing and reading by the class, there were the customary addresses by distinguished guests. We girls were reminded that we were going to be women, and happiness was promised to those of us who would aim to be noble women. A great many trite and obvious things, a great deal of the rhetoric appropriate to the occasion, compliments, applause, general satisfaction — so went the programme. Much of the rhetoric, many of the fine sentiments did not penetrate to the thoughts of us for whom they were intended, because we were in such a flutter about our ruffles and ribbons, and could hardly refrain from openly prinking. But we applauded very heartily every speaker and every would-be

speaker, understanding that by a consensus of opinion on the platform, we were very fine young ladies, and much was to be expected of us.

One of the last speakers was introduced as a member of the School Board. He began like all the rest of them, but he ended differently. Abandoning generalities, he went on to tell the story of a particular school-girl, a pupil in a Boston school, whose phenomenal career might serve as an illustration of what the American system of free education and the European immigrant could make of each other. He had not got very far when I realized, to my great surprise and no small delight, that he was telling my story. I saw my friends on the platform beaming behind the speaker, and I heard my name whispered in the audience. I had been so much of a celebrity, in a small local way, that identification of the speaker's heroine was inevitable. My classmates, of course, guessed the name, and they turned to look at me, and nudged me, and all but pointed at me, their new muslins rustling and silk ribbons whispering.

One or two of those nearest me forgot etiquette so far as to whisper to me.

'Mary Antin,' they said, as the speaker sat down, amid a burst of enthusiastic applause, 'Mary Antin, why don't you get up and thank him?'

I was dazed with all that had happened. Bursting with pride I was, but I was moved, too, by nobler feelings. I realized, in a vague, far-off way, what it meant to my father and mother to be sitting there and seeing me held up as a paragon, my history made the theme of an eloquent discourse; what it meant to my father to see his ambitious hopes thus gloriously fulfilled, his judgment of me verified; what it meant to Frieda to hear me all but named with such honor. With all these

things choking my heart to overflowing, my wits forsook me, if I had any at all that day. The audience was stirring and whispering so that I could hear, 'Who is it?' 'Is that so?' And again the girls prompted me:—

'Mary Antin, get up. Get up and thank him, Mary.'

And I rose where I sat, and in a voice that sounded thin as a fly's after the oratorical bass of the last speaker, I began,—

'I want to thank you —'

That is as far as I got. Mr. Snow, the principal, waved his hand to silence me; and then, and only then, did I realize the enormity of what I had done.

My eulogist had had the good taste not to mention names, and I had been brazenly forward, deliberately calling attention to myself, when there was no need. Oh, it was sickening! I hated myself, I hated with all my heart all the girls who had prompted me to such immodest conduct. I wished the ground would yawn and snap me up. I was ashamed to look up at my friends on the platform. What was Miss Dillingham thinking of me? Oh, what a fool I had been! I had ruined my own triumph. I had disgraced myself, and my friends, and poor Mr. Snow, and the Winthrop School. The monster vanity had sucked out my wits, and left me a staring idiot.

It is easy to say that I was making a mountain out of a molehill, a catastrophe out of a mere breach of good manners. It is easy to say that. But I know that I suffered agonies of shame. After the exercises, when the crowd pressed in all directions in search of friends, I tried in vain to get out of the hall. I was mobbed, I was lionized. Everybody wanted to shake hands with the prodigy of the day, and they knew which it was. I had made sure of that; I had exhibited myself. The

people smiled on me, flattered me, passed me on from one to another. I smirked back, but I did not know what I said. I was wild to be clear of the building. I thought everybody mocked me. My roses had turned to ashes, and all through my own brazen conduct.

I would have given my diploma to have Miss Dillingham know how the thing had happened, but I could not bring myself to speak first. If she would ask me— But nobody asked. Nobody looked away from me. Everybody congratulated me, and my father, and mother, and my remotest relations. But still the sting of shame smarted; I could not be consoled. I had made a fool of myself; Mr. Snow had publicly put me down.

Ah, so that was it! Vanity was the vital spot again. It was wounded vanity that writhed and squirmed. It was not because I had been bold, but because I had been pronounced bold, that I suffered so monstrously. If Mr. Snow, with an eloquent gesture, had not silenced me, I might have made my little speech — good heavens! what *did* I mean to say? — and probably called it another feather in my bonnet. But he had stopped me promptly, disgusted with my forwardness, and he had shown before all those hundreds what he thought of me. Therein lay the sting.

With all my talent for self-analysis, it took me a long time to realize the essential pettiness of my trouble. For years — actually for years — after that eventful day of mingled triumph and disgrace, I could not think of the unhappy incident without inward squirming. I remember distinctly how the little scene would suddenly flash upon me at night, as I lay awake in bed, and I would turn over impatiently, as if to shake off a nightmare; and this so long after the occurrence that

I was myself amazed at the persistence of the nightmare. I had never been reproached by any one for my conduct on Graduation Day. Why could I not forgive myself? I studied the matter deeply — it wearies me to remember how deeply — till at last I understood that it was wounded vanity that hurt so, and no nobler remorse. Then, and only then, was the ghost laid. If it ever

tried to get up again, after that, I only had to call it names to see it scurry back to its grave and pull the sod down after it.

[The next chapters of Mary Antin's autobiography will be published in the March number of *The Atlantic*, under the title 'A Kingdom in the Slums.' — THE EDITORS.]

MR. THAYER'S LIFE OF CAVOUR¹

BY GEORGE MACAULAY TREVELYAN

THE Italian tree brings forth fruits of the strangest variety of worth at different seasons and on different branches. At this moment it is well that Mr. Thayer's book should appear, to remind the world that Italy produced the most wise and beneficent of all the European statesmen of the nineteenth century, if not of all time.

Mr. Thayer's book is a work of the kind of talent required for the purpose, and the purpose fulfilled is great. In spite of some particularly good memoirs and monographs in English, French, and Italian, in spite of an unusually good and complete edition of letters and documents published a generation ago by Chiala, there has hitherto been no book worthy to be called 'The Life of Cavour.' Mr. Thayer's is *The Life of Cavour*, and is therefore a treasure-house of wisdom for all who are interested, whether as statesmen or as citi-

zens, in the working of the institutions of free countries, or in the strife to win freedom for countries not yet free. For in both these great departments of human activity Cavour was supreme, faultless in all his aims, and successful in the means he invented to gain them in the face of apparently hopeless odds.

Germany is a greater country than Italy, but Cavour was greater than Bismarck, almost in proportion to the inferiority of the material with which he had to work. He had no short cut to his ends, such as was afforded to Bismarck by the Prussian army. And whereas Italy suffers to-day just in so far as she has failed to understand or refused to imitate the spirit of Cavour's statesmanship, Germany's ills derive from too close an imitation of the great man who made her, — his tariffs, his junkerism, his dislike of the power of Parliament, and his belief in the army as the proper factor to dominate in national life. Bismarck used a maximum and Cavour a minimum of force.

¹ *The Life and Times of Cavour*. By WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER. With illustrations and maps. Two volumes. Boston & New York: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1911.

Cavour thought force bad in itself, and Bismarck thought it good in itself.

As a nation-maker, therefore, Cavour stands with William the Silent and George Washington. Each of these men fought through the agony of a war of liberation, yet never yielded for a moment to the militarist or despotic ideals so liable to be bred in time of crisis; each loved free institutions with his whole heart; each could have said (as one of them did say), 'I was always on the side of the people'; yet each avoided the special faults of the demagogue as completely as Wellington or Peel; each planted justice and mercy amid the chaos of wrath and revolution; each kept an heroic equanimity of temper toward all their supporters, even toward the foolish and the false who bade fair to ruin their work; finally, each died leaving as his handiwork a nation whose every merit is symbolized in the life of the man who made it, whose every defect is due to the tradition which he started being too lofty for imitation. If Americans can boast that America is more true to the traditions of Washington than Italy is true to the traditions of Cavour, they may be sure that their country is reaping the benefit in due proportion. Measures and policies and constitutions must change with changing time, but the spirit that inspires a just policy is the same in the eighteenth, the nineteenth, and the twentieth centuries.

Mr. Thayer's labors have stretched over more years than those which sufficed Cavour, as minister of Piedmont, to make Italy. By the references in his footnotes he puts us in a position to judge the broad sweep of his learning and the careful accuracy of his judgments on matters of bare fact. No history is 'safe,' but this book is as safe as possible for those seeking the

real facts of Cavour's career. It is very reliable, as I can testify, with regard to those incidents of which I have made a special study for my own purposes.

Passing on from the facts to his interpretation of them, his political judgment is remarkably sound. That is to say, I agree with him, — and what more can a reviewer say? I have no quarrel with him, except on a few points of taste, emphasis, and proportion. His admiration for Cavour is based on all the right things; and, fervid though it is, is not a whit exaggerated. Only it has occasionally caused him to waste more breath on the commination of Cavour's opponents than is consonant with the dignity of history or the spirit of Cavour himself. Mr. Thayer lives so much in the time of which he writes, that he has called back into too vigorous a life some old quarrels of which the corpses might have been viewed under their decent covering of dust. *Requiescant in pace!* I am, however, bound to admit that these old quarrels are not the least amusing, though I think they are the least truly artistic part of the book. But in all its parts the book seems to me equally sound and illuminating as a political history.

So much for the matter of the book. But there is another question of vital importance to be asked about every history that appeals, as this does, to a public beyond the scholars. Besides the matter, what about the style? Is the book readable? If not, it will find few readers in the present, and in the future will 'suffer not thinking on.' Fortunately Mr. Thayer's *Cavour*, although crammed with facts and arguments, names of men and places, is highly readable. It is alive with Mr. Thayer's own lively mind. His is not always a perfect style, but it is the opposite of a dull one, for he has let his

personality loose upon his pages. They have consequently considerable literary qualities and some literary defects. But the defects are not those of dullness, 'which alone finds no healing physician.' They are rather the defects of a too impassioned actuality, occasionally falling to the level of the better sort of journalese. I confess I find fault, in a history meant and destined to live, with phrases like 'give a tip to' for 'give a hint to'; 'coddled wrong notions'; 'let-well-alone, don't-disturb-British-interests standards.' Nor do I see why, when Mazzini writes something particularly violent, he should be described as 'shrieking' or 'screaming' it.

Perhaps my objections to such phrases in permanent literature only arise out of the misfortune of my birth on the wrong side of the Atlantic. Therefore on these matters let Mr. Thayer be judged not by me, but by the *orbis terrarum*, by the readers of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

For they must read this book. It is an important addition to American history. History in America, as elsewhere, has recently been accused, with much justice, of ceasing to educate the people, and of producing nothing more than monographs for scholars to read as best they may. This is not Mr. Thayer's style, or purpose, or achievement. His standard of scholarship is as high as any in any university of the world, but his book is of the open air, of the great world of politics and affairs and people.

I will institute no comparisons, but I will illustrate my meaning by saying that Mr. Thayer's *Cavour* is of the same class and type as Mr. James Ford Rhodes's great work on the American Civil War, which has won him so high a reputation on both sides of the Atlantic.

Mr. Thayer begins with a detailed

picture of Cavour's boyhood and youth in the unregenerate Piedmont of the restored *ancien régime* after Waterloo. He depicts the proud, lonely struggle of a young liberal aristocrat in the trammels of a class and a Court outraged by his rebellious views, the 'cadet' of a family uncongenial to him, at least as regards politics. The intellectual influences which formed his life-long opinions are fully set forth. The most important influence on him was that of English liberal thought and practice in the era of the Reform Bill. Indeed his enemies in Italy used afterwards to call him 'Milord Risorgimento.'

But one of the formative influences of his youth is startlingly 'un-English': his devotion to Rousseau is suggestive of the fundamental radicalism of Cavour's soul. He would stop at no application of principle for reasons of convention, or of conservatism for its own sake, but only for reasons of justice and wisdom. Mr. Thayer says on this subject: —

'Cavour's genius was positive, but it was none the less capable of powerful emotions and unquenchable enthusiasms. He, too, came under the spell of Jean Jacques Rousseau, the magician who, having fired the generation of 1789, was inspiring the Romantics of 1830. "From the time when I read Rousseau's books for myself," he writes to Uncle Sellon in 1833, "I have felt the liveliest admiration for him. He is, to my thinking, the man who has striven most to uplift the dignity of the past centuries. His eloquent voice more than anything else contributed to fix me in the path of progress and of social emancipation. *Emile*, above all, has always pleased me by the justness of its ideas and the force of its logic."

'*Whatever the lion eats, turns to lion.*
Two men more unlike than Cavour

and Rousseau in their practical efficiency and in their moral sense it would be hard to name: and yet Cavour drew the best from Rousseau and converted it into force for doing his own work, just as he took their best from Bentham and Adam Smith.'

I would commend that phrase which I have put into italics. It bears quoting.

The liberation of the Italian Peninsula from a number of obscurantist despotisms dependent on foreign soldiers, had been attempted in 1848 before Cavour came to power, and had failed after a few months of apparent success. A dozen years later the forward movement was resumed under Cavour, Victor Emanuel, and Garibaldi, and was carried to swift fruition, mainly owing to the fact that the other states of Italy, from the Alps to Sicily, were able to rely on Piedmont, the little Alpine state in the northwest corner, next to the French frontier.

The liberation of Italy was the extension of the orderly, free, parliamentary government of Piedmont over the whole Peninsula, chiefly in 1859-60. But if Piedmont had not in the fifties obtained that orderly, free, parliamentary government, the process of expansion could not have taken place. Italy would probably have failed to win freedom, as Russia has hitherto failed, for want of a nucleus of ordered liberty already in being, whence freedom may spread over the whole.

Now, it was Cavour who gave Piedmont its ordered parliamentary government during his great peace ministry between 1852 and 1858. Then in 1859-60, as head of a war ministry, — as 'minister of revolution,' if we may create such a post, — he used the small state, which owed its prosperity to him, as the means of freeing the rest of Italy.

This double record, as peace minister

on the one hand, and as foreign minister and conductor of war on the other, is almost unparalleled in history. The first Pitt made no reforms at home, and the second failed abroad. Gladstone muddled his foreign and colonial policy, whether we judge him by Liberal or by Conservative standards. Peel's one great merit in foreign affairs was that he kept out of them. Lincoln himself did not live to reconstruct in peace the country he saved in war; though, but for Booth's crime, he would probably have equaled the double record of Cavour. Bismarck, many of us think, failed as a peace minister because he succeeded in wrong objects; nor would Cavour have undertaken a struggle with the Church on ground where he could not hope to win.

With Cavour as Minister of Piedmont, the two parts of his policy, the internal and external, were one. Both alike were directed to make Italy. The reform of Piedmontese customs duties and ecclesiastical laws, the instruction of his Piedmontese colleagues in the Chamber and the Cabinet in the arts of free government, were the patient laying of a train of war and revolution which was to free the rest of Italy when the hour had struck.

Much of Mr. Thayer's first volume deals with this phase of Cavour's career, — his ministry in Piedmont between 1852 and 1858. It is not his smallest claim to greatness, although it is the least exciting period of his leadership. Mr. Thayer shows the deplorable condition of Piedmont after the great reverse of 1848-49: the factious, untrained, though well-meaning deputies of the Chamber at Turin, taking their first perilous steps in the new art of free government; the rapid changes of ministry; the economic and moral chaos of the little state, suddenly plunged out of the obscurantism of the *ancien régime* into the

full light of an unaccustomed liberty. Cavour, whose lonely youth had been spent in study of administrative, parliamentary, and economic science in England and elsewhere, took his compatriots by the hand and led them into the path of good parliamentary government and economic prosperity. For half a dozen years, solely owing to Cavour, Piedmont was the best governed state in the world. The feat was the more wonderful, because Cavour had no authority except his own power of persuading the Chamber by his speeches and by the good results of his measures. He was personally unpopular with King, aristocracy, and people. But gradually all three came by experience to realize that they could not do without him. And when he died, having made Italy, 'members of every party wept' in the Chamber and in the streets.

Cavour's dealing with the economic problem of Piedmont had two main sides — expenditure on necessary public works, and free trade. His economic views are interesting on both sides of the Atlantic at the present day. Mr. Thayer writes: —

'Long before, he had perceived that in the great task laid upon the nineteenth century — the diffusion of liberty — economic and industrial reform must be the basis of the new political structure: having now the opportunity to apply his principles, he seized it. Piedmont's grievous debts called for instant remedy. Cavour's first plan was to stimulate her commerce by relieving it of the burden of differential duties, navigation acts, and high or prohibitive tariffs. In quick succession he negotiated commercial treaties with France, Belgium, England, Holland, Switzerland, and the German Customs Union. But he found it easier to make terms with them than to persuade the Subalpine Parliament to rat-

ify his treaties: for he had to combat at home not only the general ignorance of economics, but also the convictions of men bred in protectionist doctrines, and the greed of beneficiaries of special privileges that dated from feudal times. The feudal system, only recently abolished by law, still survived in many usages.

'Economic reform involved, therefore, more than a change of percentages: it involved the wrenching away of associations, instincts, traditions, which the unthinking supposed were necessary to their own existence. Nevertheless, Cavour fought his battle without flinching.

'Whoever reads his speeches on the commercial treaties and on tariff reform will be struck first of all by their educational quality. Well aware that he was addressing a public little versed in political economy, he took pains to lay down the theory on which his measures rested, to explain its reasonableness and justice, to show how illogical it was to set up Liberty as the guiding principle in law and government and conscience, while denying its application to trade. Nor did he fail to point out how protection, the most insidious modern form of privilege, rendered honest government difficult and equal government impossible; and how industrial selfishness, which did not scruple to beg for special favors from the lawmakers, would go on to demand those favors as a right, nor hesitate at last to keep them by corruption.'

While Cavour built up the economic, administrative, and moral strength of Piedmont, and raised the little state of five millions to be the beacon-light of freedom to all the enslaved provinces of the Peninsula, he never for a moment allowed himself to be the dupe of the notion that Piedmont alone could expel the Austrians from Italy. That idea had perished, for all wise

patriots, on the field of Novara. Cavour determined to win the active alliance of France, as the *sine qua non* of military success. And he knew that the only way to obtain French help was through the Emperor Napoleon III. He knew that Mazzini was so utterly wrong in supposing that Napoleon prevented France from coming to the aid of Italy, that on the contrary in the Emperor's power alone lay the hope of overcoming French opinion, predominantly hostile to Italian aspirations. And he understood admirably the position and character of Napoleon, and played upon him with the touch of a perfect musician.

Mr. Thayer's account of the strange Orsini affair, and of what followed it, forms an interesting psychological study in Napoleon, Cavour, and Victor Emanuel. The psychological and diplomatic victory remained with the Italians, who turned Orsini's attempt to murder the Emperor, which had seemed to ruin Italy's hopes of help from France, into the means of predisposing Napoleon's mind toward Cavour's projects.

The strangest adventure of Cavour's adventurous career was his secret visit to the Emperor Napoleon at Plombières, the watering place in the Vosges, in July, 1858, when the alliance between the two 'conspirators' was drawn up.

'Napoleon's presence crowded the town with his retinue and with fashionable visitors. Every hotel was full and Cavour was beginning to think he might have to pass the night in the open, when a pitying landlady found quarters for him in a ramshackle old house. After midnight he was roused by General Bévillé, who, having just learned of his arrival, begged Cavour to go and take his bed. But Cavour declined, and on the following morning, by the Emperor's arrangement,

moved into a decent apartment at a pharmacist's. Whether or not he slept after Bévillé left him, we do not know. As on the eve of the Congress of Paris, he felt so intensely the tremendous possibilities almost within grasp that he distrusted his powers. "The drama approaches its solution," he wrote La Marmora. "Pray heaven so to inspire me that I shall not behave like a blockhead in this supreme moment."

He did not 'behave like a blockhead.' On that long summer day, the alliance that was destined to effect the liberation of Italy was arranged in detail, before 'the little Piedmontese returned to his rooms over the apothecary's shop.'

The long diplomatic struggle of the following months is clearly and fully told by Mr. Thayer. How Napoleon, surrounded by men and women hostile to Italy, began to shrink back from his secret undertaking at Plombières; how Cavour, with infinite effort, manoeuvred him into the field at last, by goading Austria to declare war in April, 1859. The danger that Austria would not declare war and that the French alliance would come to nothing was at one moment so great that Cavour very nearly despaired of all his long-laid plans for Italian redemption. There were two or three moments in his life when the passion beneath the crust of his calm and equable temper burst out and betrayed the Italian side — or shall we say the human side? — of his great nature. One of these was when he thought Napoleon was about to desert him.

'Having seen,' writes Mr. Thayer, 'even amid his agitation, the step to take, he had taken it resolutely. Now a nervous revulsion swept over him. Giving orders that nobody be admitted, he locked himself in his room. Farini and Audinot, two of his trusted followers, were turned away, and fearing the

worst, they hurried to Castelli and begged him to interfere. Cavour had many disciples who would gladly have laid down their lives for him, but there was not one for whom he had so much affection as for Michelangelo Castelli.

"I got up and without asking more I ran to the Cavour palace," writes Castelli. "First to meet me was his butler, Martino Tosco, who said with emotion: 'The Count is in his room, alone; he has already burned many papers, and he forbade us to allow any one to enter, but for Heaven's sake go in at whatever cost.' Having entered the chamber, I found him surrounded by heaps of papers which he had torn up, and in the fireplace many others were burning. He looked at me fixedly and did not speak. Then with entire calm I said: 'I know that nobody was to enter here; but on that very account I have come.' I felt a wrench at my heart, the danger was evident, and with great effort I added: 'Must I believe that Count Cavour intends to desert the field before the battle — that he intends to abandon us all?' And then, overcome by emotion, I burst into sobs. Cavour rose, embraced me convulsively, and, after having paced up and down the room almost beside himself, stopping in front of me, he pronounced slowly these words: 'Do not be uneasy, we will face everything, and always all of us together.'"

'Castelli felt that the danger point was passed, and, leaving Cavour, he hastened to reassure their anxious friends. If ever loyal devotion had its full reward, it was on that day when not cowardice but a terrific nervous tumult threatened to engulf Cavour's reason.'

The Austrian ultimatum soon came to restore Cavour's pleasure in life. In the campaign that followed, when the

French and Italians together drove the Austrians out of Lombardy, the Italian regular army of 1859 appeared to better advantage than in 1848 or in 1866. The reason was very largely that Cavour was at the head of the administration, and his insatiable appetite for work and organization enabled him to keep the master's eye on the preparation and working of supply and commissariat.

From the beginning of the war, in April, 1859, down to Cavour's death in June, 1861, the two years of the making of Italy, the story becomes too rapid and too complicated for any attempt at epitome. The reader can follow in Mr. Thayer's narrative the turns of craft and fortune by which Cavour used Napoleon's apparent desertion of the Italian cause at Villafranca as the means of obtaining a more complete union of all Italy than Napoleon had promised at Plombières or ever intended to allow. Cavour made up for the loss of further aid from France by enlisting the help of England under Lord John Russell, and of the Italian democratic parties under Garibaldi.

Mr. Thayer's treatment of the difficult theme of 1860 seems to me admirable in its seizure of all the important points. Full justice is done to the importance of Garibaldi's expedition, and Cavour's relations to Garibaldi are fully and correctly analyzed. The narrative of the expedition of the Thousand, as viewed from an angle appropriate to the biographer, not of Garibaldi, but of Cavour, is vigorously told.

'Worship of Garibaldi,' writes Mr. Thayer, 'was, indeed, the spell that bound that strange multitude [the Thousand] together. Like Scottish clansmen, they would follow their chief blindly: but their devotion, instead of being hereditary, sprang from their own choice. Out of all the world

they had chosen Garibaldi, as the lover chooses his mate, to idolize and adore. It is as impossible to conjure back to the printed page the sound of that deep, thrilling voice, as to paint the expression on his face, which men called leonine and women called beautiful. Garibaldi was in fact neither commanding of stature, nor handsome according to the higher types of beauty. He was rather a glorified sea-captain or woodsman, whose features suggested an uncomplex nature, with a hint of shrewdness, perhaps of suspicion, in his near-set grey eyes, which he seldom opened wide. His auburn-brown hair, his deep-tawny beard and abundant moustache, added dignity to the well-shaped head. But his contemporaries saw much more than this — they saw in him the embodiment of their ideals of heroism, of love of country, of chivalry, a Theseus in the flesh, a Roland or a Lancelot. He had that last gift of seeming to be one of themselves, and yet far above them. Historically, he was the final flower of that generous era whose seed-time was the French Revolution and whose harvest was the liberation of the peoples, and the redemption of Italy. Despite its excesses and its follies, its emotions too often merely hysterical, and its enthusiasms too often ineffectual, that era, above all others, brought hope and a vision of perfectibility on earth to heart-sick humanity.

“Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very Heaven.”

For my part I find Mr. Thayer right in almost all his judgments, and certainly entitled to the advantage of the doubt if ever I differ from him, on account of the wider range of his knowledge over the whole field of the *Risorgimento*. But I do venture to regret the amount of space which he has devoted to slaying the slain, to denounc-

ing so often and so bitterly, however justly, the follies of Cavour's enemies, particularly of Mazzini and Garibaldi. More restraint of language would have been more in keeping with Cavour's genius, and really more effective. The terribly painful incident of Garibaldi's injustice to Cavour in the session of 1861 does not demand a whole chapter to itself. Garibaldi deserves a little, at least, of the reverence shown to Noah by two of his sons on a certain occasion. The truth ought to be told, and told as completely in Cavour's favor as Mr. Thayer tells it, but there was no need thus to prolong the agony with such apparent gusto. A just revenge for Cavour's wrongs on this occasion is carried so far as almost to beget sympathy for him who did the wrong. At this time of day to attack Garibaldi for wearing a dress which has successfully imposed itself on history, is like laughing at George Fox for objecting to buttons; it is to misunderstand the uniqueness of the man, and to lay one's self rather than Garibaldi open to the charge of want of humor.

Mr. Thayer also quarrels with Garibaldi for 'slipping in by a small side door' into the Assembly, instead of coming in by the main entrance, — a preference in which Mr. Thayer detects a desire for ostentation. When one has just come back from liberating Sicily and Naples, one has a right to come in at a side door if one likes, though certainly not to make the cruel and foolish speech which Garibaldi then proceeded to make. Cavour was so far above Garibaldi in intellect and in political judgment that to defend him so elaborately is positively injurious to him, as if implying that there was any question in the matter at all. And if there are still any people so blind as not to see Cavour's immeasurable superiority of wisdom, they will

not be conciliated by Mr. Thayer's treatment of the subject.

But I see that I am myself falling into the sin of which I accuse Mr. Thayer, — want of proportion and dwelling on faults. It is the only serious fault I find in the book, and even if I am right about it, it is not a fault of opinion or fact, but of treatment. The concluding chapters are worthy to bring this valuable work to an end. The account of Cavour's death is most touching, and the summary in the conclusion most adequate.

'Again and again,' says Mr. Thayer, 'it is this naturalness — the simplicity of real greatness — that impresses us. In imagination we join him on his daily walk under the porticoes of Via di Po; we hear his rapid comments; we see him rub his hands together in sign of satisfaction, or to mark a witty sally; we catch his friendly greetings, by word or nod, to half the passers-by: and we ask ourselves whether this little man is indeed the statesman who has turned European Diplomacy from its channels in London, Paris, and Vienna, to wait at Turin upon his word. His play of irony, his frolic spirits — which

rarely failed, except in the last overburdened months, to enliven even his hours of business — bridged the gulf between him as prime minister and the humblest who had dealings with him. To strangers, his smile seemed baffling, but his intimates learned to foretell by the quivering of his lips what reply to expect. He had a very rich capacity for friendship. Perhaps generosity was his dominant moral trait — the generosity which impelled him to ask forgiveness of Farini for a petulant word, and saved him from becoming embittered by misunderstandings among his family and by false accusations from political opponents.'

'To Italians, Cavour will stand for all time as the builder of their state. Many quarried: he took the blocks, of every size and shape and quality, and made United Italy out of them.'

'It is because Cavour, by the rare blending of Reason and disciplined Emotion, guided to victory the most marvelous and difficult struggle for freedom recorded in modern times, that his name will be cherished by generations yet unborn and by races yet uncivilized.'

DEATH AND THE LORD

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

DEATH touched the Winter's arm, and spoke: —

‘Faith, you are pleasing in my sight.

A thousand of this beggar-folk

Knocked at my Iron Gate last night.’ —

‘I starved the fools that paid for fire,

I froze the fools that paid for meat.

I have my human helpers, Sire.’ —

Nodding, quoth Death, ‘The trick was neat.

‘The old,’ quoth Death, ‘the white of hair,

That lived their span and seek the grave —

What prize are those? But these were fair,

And all were young, and most were brave.

‘I saw them stiffen in the gloom,

Waiting, wide-eyed, the tardy dawn.

The huddled dozen in the room —

How should they know that one was gone?

‘They lay all silent, black and grim —

But once a woman's wail I heard,

Praying a cursing prayer to Him,

That Saviour whom I once half feared.

‘Poor Jesus Christ! A gift to me

Upon a hill they nailed him high.

Yet I have seen since, mistily,

His Face, and wondered, *Did He die?*

‘That was the only Face that e’er

Woke aught in me but scorn of men.

Fools, fools, mankind! Who will not bear

That Face against my hosts again!

THE MYSTIC TURNED RADICAL

'By all the stinging tears that flow
 Because of me, by all the grace
 That might have been on earth, I know
 I could be bondsman to that Face.'

Death plucked the Winter's sleeve, and spoke: —
 'Christ is not here. Your work is light.
 A thousand of this beggar-folk
 Send whirling to my Gate to-night.'

THE MYSTIC TURNED RADICAL

BY RANDOLPH S. BOURNE

THE mystical temperament is little enough popular in this work-a-day modern world of ours. The mystic, we feel, comes to us discounted from the start; he should in all decency make constant apologies for his existence. In a practical age of machinery he is an anomaly, an anachronism. He must meet the direct challenge of the scientist, who guards every approach to the doors of truth and holds the keys of its citadel. Any thinker who gets into the fold by another way is a thief and a robber.

The mystic must answer that most heinous of all charges, — of being unscientific. By tradition he is even hostile to science. For his main interest is in wonder, and science by explaining things attacks the very principle of his life. It not only diminishes his opportunities for wonder, but threatens to make him superfluous by ultimately explaining everything.

The scientist may say that there is no necessary connection between ex-

planation and that beautiful romance of thought we call wonder. The savage, who can explain nothing, is the very creature who has no wonder at all. Everything is equally natural to him. Only a mind that has acquaintance with laws of behavior can be surprised at events.

The wonder of the scientist, however, although it be of a more robust, tough-minded variety, is none the less wonder. A growing acquaintance with the world, an increasing at-homeness in it, is not necessarily incompatible with an ever-increasing marvel both at the beautiful fitness of things and the limitless field of ignorance and mystery beyond. So the modern mystic must break with his own tradition if he is to make an appeal to this generation, and must recognize that the antithesis between mystic and scientific is not an eternally valid one.

It is just through realization of this fact that Maeterlinck, the best of modern mystics, makes his extraordinary

appeal. For, as he tells us, the valid mystery does not begin at the threshold of knowledge but only after we have exhausted our resources of knowing. His frank and genuine acceptance of science thus works out a *modus vivendi* between the seen and the unseen. It allows many of us who have given our allegiance to science to hail him gladly as a prophet who supplements the work of the wise men of scientific research, without doing violence to our own consciences. For the world is, in spite of its scientific clamor, still far from ready really to surrender itself to prosaicism. It is still haunted with the dreams of the ages — dreams of short roads to truth, visions of finding the Northwest passage to the treasures of the Unseen. Only we must go as far as possible along the traveled routes of science.

Maeterlinck is thus not anti-scientific or pseudo-scientific, but rather sub-scientific. He speaks of delicately felt and subtle influences and aspects of reality that lie beneath the surface of our lives, of forces and shadows that cannot be measured quantitatively or turned into philosophical categories. Or we may say that he is post-scientific. As science plods along, opening up the dark wilderness, he goes with the exploring party, throwing a search-light before them; flickering enough and exasperatingly uncertain at times, but sufficiently constant to light up the way, point out a path, and give us confidence that the terrors before us are not so formidable as we have feared. His influence on our time is so great because we believe that he is a seer, a man with knowledge of things hidden from our eyes. We go to him as to a spiritual clairvoyant, — to have him tell us where to find the things our souls have lost.

But the modern mystic must not only recognize the scientific aspect of

the age, — he must feel the social ideal that directs the spiritual energies of the time. It is the glory of Maeterlinck's mysticism that it has not lingered in the depths of the soul, but has passed out to illuminate our thinking in regard to the social life about. The growth of this duality of vision has been with him a long evolution. His early world was a shadowy, intangible thing. As we read the early essays, we seem to be constantly hovering on the verge of an idea, just as when we read the plays we seem to be hovering on the verge of a passion. This long brooding away from the world, however, was fruitful and momentous. The intense gaze inward trained the eye, so that when the mists cleared away and revealed the palpitating social world about him, his insight into its meaning was as much more keen and true than our own as had been his sense of the meaning of the individual soul. The light he turns outward to reveal the meaning of social progress is all the whiter for having burned so long within.

In the essay on 'Our Social Duty,' the clearest and the consummate expression of this new outward look, there are no contaminating fringes of vague thought; all is clear white light. With the instinct of the true radical, the poet has gone to the root of the social attitude. Our duty as members of society is to be radical, he tells us. And not only that, but an excess of radicalism is essential to the equilibrium of life. Society so habitually thinks on a plane lower than is reasonable that it behooves us to think and to hope on an even higher plane than seems to be reasonable. This is the overpoweringly urgent philosophy of radicalism. It is the beautiful courage of such words that makes them so vital an inspiration.

It is the sin of the age that nobody

dares to be anything to too great a degree. We may admire extremists in principle, but we take the best of care not to imitate them ourselves. Who in America would even be likely to express himself as has Maeterlinck in this essay? Who of us would dare follow the counsel? Of course we can plead extenuation. In Europe the best minds are thinking in terms of revolution still, while in America our radicalism is still simply amateurish and incompetent.

To many of us, then, this call of Maeterlinck's to the highest of radicalisms will seem irrelevant; this new social note which appears so strongly in all his later work will seem a deterioration from the nobler mysticism of his earlier days. But rather should it be viewed as the fruit of matured insight. There has been no decay, no surrender. It is the same mysticism, but with the direction of the vision altered. This essay is the expression of the clearest vision that has yet penetrated our social confusion, the sanest and highest ideal that has been set before progressive minds. It may be that its utter fearlessness, its almost ascetic detachment from the matter-of-fact things of political life, its clear cold light of

conviction and penetration, may repel some whose hearts have been warmed by Maeterlinck's subtle revelations of the spiritual life. They may reproach him because it has no direct bearings on the immediate practical social life; it furnishes no weapon of reform, no tool with which to rush out and overthrow some vested abuse. But to the traveler lost in the wood the one thing needful is a pole-star to show him his direction. The star is unapproachable, serene, cold, and lofty. But although he cannot touch it, or utilize it directly to extend his comfort and progress, it is the most useful of all things to him. It fills his heart with a great hope; it coördinates his aimless wanderings and gropings, and gives meaning and purpose to his course.

So a generation lost in a chaos of social change can find in these later words of Maeterlinck a pole-star and a guide. They do for the social life of man what the earlier essays did for the individual. They endow it with values and significances that will give steadfastness and resource to his vision as he looks out on the great world of human progress, and purpose and meaning to his activity as he looks ahead into the dim world of the future.

MY LAW AND THINE

BY KATHERINE MAYO

THE Maclises' old Dutch house, like every other house in old Dutch Paramaribo, stands plumb on the street. At its rear, hidden between high walls, runs their garden; and in that garden the fruits of Eden forever ripen on the bough. Oranges, star-apples, and *pommes de cythère*, *avocados*, mangoes, and *papaïas* great and small, maintain an endless parallel of fruit and flower. Their trunks are studded with orchids and vanilla. Beneath their spreading shelter a host of delicate bedded plants burn out a brilliant life at the forced speed of the Equator. And among the whole, planting, weeding, pruning, and gathering, once delved the faithful Sirpal.

Sirpal was a Calcutta man, tall, grizzled, gaunt, and silent. Long ago, in his own calamitous country, word had come of a land where hands so lacked to till the plenteous fields that the lords of that land would pay to bring them thither, offering, too, not only food but wage to boot.

'Yes,' said the sahib having the keeping of these matters, 'it is true. But this Surinam lies very far beyond the seas. The vessel may be nigh two hundred days upon the voyage. And if you sail with her you are no more a free man. In that land you will at once be put under a master. Our great Queen still holds her shield above you always; she keeps her vigilant officer there to protect you, even as she keeps me here to help you now. But for seven years you must serve a master as he bids. In return, he must give you good housing,

good care when you are sick, and a shilling a day in minimum wage. When the seven years are ended, you will be brought back to India without a price. Or, if you choose to remain in the land, you may then remain a free man. And the Queen of that country will give you in freehold a piece of good farming ground, in size according to the number of your children, and money and tools to the value of the ticket that would have brought you home.'

At this time a dearth prevailed in India. Sirpal was hungry and like to starve. So he chose. On the ship they handled him well; they gave him clothes to cover his shivering body from the ocean winds; and they gave him food in plenty, in accordance with his ways. So when he and three hundred and odd men, more or less like him, walked down the gang-plank at Paramaribo, the long voyage done, they were fat and sleek and hearty as they had never been before. Ten days or so they camped at the Government Immigration depot, by the broad, brown river, dozing in the clean and decent sleeping sheds, squatting under the palms, or gossiping in circles on the grass while their wrestlers or jugglers amused them by the hour. Their women — too few by far to wive them all — idled comfortably in groups. The children frisked at will. And always the strange liberality of food continued.

Then the lots were apportioned. Sirpal fell to Plantation Marienburg, than which no better fate could be. For a year he remained fat, because, lest

in his racial passion for saving he starved himself to uselessness, his rations were supervised. After that he understood that to earn high wage he must be strong. So he starved only in moderation, and saved so much that when, at the end of the seventh year, he bargained to himself a wife, he could hang her neck with rows of golden sovereigns beneath its deep-carved silver torque.

The wedding was already eight months gone. Now Sirpal lived on his own ground, down Bigi Combé way near the little white mosque. His gourd-wreathed thatch stood in the midst of his own lettuce and okra, tomatoes and beans, and each morning at dawn he rose with eagerness to till his rich, black earth and to gather such harvest as was ripe to coin. Two hours later, as he stalked, spade on shoulder, to the day's work in Maclise Sahib's garden, the witch-eyed Ramia followed on his heels as far as the market cross-road, bearing the produce in the basket on her head.

Market done, Ramia went on to her man, to lay the coppers before him and to sit at his side during the nooning hours. And whenever Nora Maclise, strolling in the garden, came upon those two, squatted silent in the shadow of the bread-fruit tree, she marveled afresh.

Sirpal, gaunt and haggard as an old gray wolf, pondered upon space, unseeing, with deep-sunk, smouldering eyes. His body rose bare from his dingy rags. His bones wore hard upon his dark, tense skin. His thighs, lean as the thighs of a grasshopper, bristled like a tarantula's with blue-black hair. His face, benign enough at Nora's word, remained an inscrutable mask — legacy of centuries of a mode of thought, locked and sealed from the occidental mind. Groping always for the key and always baffled, Nora still surmised an habitual contemplation of unmaterial

things, and a potentiality of passionate action on the spur of almost abstract ideas.

As a radiant small butterfly to a grim old idol was Ramia to her man. Slender and lithe, with soft, smooth, rounded limbs, she moved in slow and easy grace. Her lovely face lay between the folds of her veil like a flower in its calyx. Her delicate mouth melted from perfect curve to perfect curve of subtle enchantment. Her great eyes held the wisdom, the coquetry, and the weariness of ages. Their slow side glance gleamed beneath the long black lashes like night asleep and aflame. But no one saw save the humming birds and the lizards — and sometimes Nora, who wondered.

Now and again a third joined the noonday pair beneath the bread-fruit tree — old Moti from the neighboring garden. Moti came to smoke and to talk the talk of men. Sirpal received him without cheer, grimly. Yet after the pipe had passed, his tongue was loosened and the hour studded with raw scraps of utterance, rough of sound as a macaw's mutterings. Rarely, very rarely, old Moti tossed a word to little Ramia; Sirpal never. So she sat apart and played with pebbles or watched the leaves dance and the soft clouds voyage on the blue.

Once Nora gave her a string of Venetian beads. The gift made an epoch. On the instant she thrust it in her breast. But every day thereafter, while the two ancients talked, Ramia drew out her beads and fondled their smoothness or held them up to the sun to watch the life in their hearts.

Sometimes she dressed like the toucans, in shining colors. More often she went fully clad in the coarse cottons of common wear. But, whatever her garb, her arms and wrists, her ankles and toes, bore always much weight of graven silver, her forehead was banded with

the heavy metal, curiously wrought, and the perfect oval of her face gleamed between great bell-shaped silver earrings, whose tinkling balls proclaimed each motion of her head. This was Sirpal's wealth, and it exceedingly became her. But if her beauty gave him joy, or if her youth warmed him, no sign appeared in his impassive mien, and Ramia still sat through all the noon-day hours, as silent, as lovely, and as unheeded as the great, fringed passion-flowers that swung above her head.

'Look at that beastly *foeloe-weweri*!'

Maclise was drinking early coffee in the garden when his eye lighted on the vicious growth of the parasite vine. 'It's roping up those lime trees like a nest of snakes! The work is getting ahead of Sirpal. Call me another coolie.'

So Khadenen came.

Khadenen was young. He was lively and able, and fell to with a will. Therefore Maclise liked him. He was gentle and kind, so that garden pets, which ordinarily hate a coolie only one degree less than a negro, endured him. Therefore Nora liked him, too. He was comely; in addition to which he had eyes not blind but seeing. Therefore Ramia liked him, and, as she fingered her beads, her own eyes began to follow Khadenen instead of the leaves and the clouds in the blue.

Ramia's eyes, age-old in wisdom, infinite in ignorance, had no soul. But they said in their beauty that which is most unsafe to say. And the coolie women are few in the land — too few by far to wive the men.

Now sometimes Khadenen sang at his work, snatches of raucous chanting. And when he sang, from his perch in the boughs, Ramia forgot to finger her beads, and her gaze widened and grew fixed.

'That gives the impression of stanzas of old verse,' said Nora, listening. 'I wish I understood the words.'

'If you did,' remarked Maclise, 'I should have to silence the songster. But that old verse belongs to that old people, and none of us ever really understands either one.'

Then Long Dry Time came. Work slackened in the garden until old Sirpal sufficed, and Khadenen went his way. The place seemed somehow to miss him, but not as it missed Ramia, when, after a while, no Ramia appeared. Weeks passed, but Ramia came no more.

'She is gone on a visit,' said Sirpal, with unbroken calm.

It chanced in this season, late one glorious afternoon, that Nora set out alone for a stroll in the *cultuur-tuin* — the Government Experimental Garden. The great, unpeopled place was full of bird-songs and sweet jungle-breezes. Its lengths of wild bush-land, broken by fields of curious cultivations, brimmed with life and beauty, and its clear white paths of shell made pleasant walking.

At the bamboo clump, in whose heart the wind sings the song of ships' cordage, Nora had meant to turn; but here the impulse came to cross the Garden to the farther side and take the long way home. The hour was too late, her better judgment knew, but the lure of the night was strong. The rosy lotus-flowers in the trenches sprang from dark waters that mirrored a rosy sky. Great scarlet lilies fell from the trees upon her path. The carabao, resting in their pens, lifted slow eyes of wonder on the passing of a friend without a friend's caress. The slender black-and-scarlet butterflies that haunt the last rays of the sun balanced indolently in the air. But by the sisal-hemp plantation the sky was already dead. The towering blossom-spires stood forth like silver mourning-candelabra against a shield of steel. And the big, dim moths came forth.

Then the curious thick odors of the dusk, imperceptible under the sun and lost at night, arose and swarmed until the air turned faint and sick — odors of mould, of decay, of death steeping in the mire. By the great silk-cotton tree night fell, and that uncanny jungle-bird that is not seen by day appeared in the path, as is its spectral wont, running before the belated wayfarer. Running and flying, a soundless shadow, always but a pebble-toss ahead, it still led on into the brightening moonlight.

Then the last stretch, along the wild bush-land, where the bank of the drainage trench that flanks the other side is thickly stayed with trees. The path runs almost a tunnel, between its leafy, over-arching walls. Within, dim night prevailed, broken by moonbeams where the tree-tops thin, and threaded by the paleness of white flowers.

Nora moved quietly, watching the exquisite shadows of fern and leaf and vine playing in the silver spaces, watching the fire-flies dancing in the dark. Good wood-scents filled the air. It was very still; so still that the stir of little creatures in the leaves rose audible, and the murmur of a sleepy bird, resettling on its bough, seemed uttered in the ear. Once a palm-frond, caught in the bight of a swinging liana, eased away with a silky rustle. Once a fish splashed in the trench. All the sweet night breathed a unity of life inexpressibly close and intimate, and Nora drank in with awed delight the palpable sense of brotherhood.

Of a sudden, in the stillness ahead, grew a faint vague hint of foreign sound — of a soft scurrying, more persistent than the breeze in the foliage — of an unshod runner close and closer — of shell that gritted and flew beneath a flying tread — of heavy, gasping breath. Then a cloud of draperies all awirl, and something fell at Nora's

feet, clasping her knees with two tense arms. In that fierce stricture the whole body shook with the hammering of the heart. Yet on the instant the grip gave way and the figure sank lax to earth with a shuddering whisper of despair.

'Oh-h! I had thought it was a man!'

Stepping back into a patch of moonlight, Nora dragged the woman after her, and bent above her as she lay with hidden face — a coolie, young.

'What is wrong?'

'I can — run — no more. He — will kill me — now.'

The words came in dry gasps, choked by the frantic heart.

'Where is he?'

'There. — Close behind. — There!'

Nora raised her head and looked. A rod away in the path, clear in the moonlight, attempting no concealment, stood a tall, motionless silhouette, — an East-Indian, — and, in the flicker of a moonbeam a sinister gleam flashed from his cutlass hand.

'Is he mad?' asked Nora. 'Did he come at you from the Asylum way?'

'No, not mad. Oh!' with a strangling groan of horror, 'I had hoped you were a man. He will chop me now.'

Every natural white man's instinct rose strong in Nora's breast. This was a call of the race, and her spirit jumped to meet it.

'He will *not* chop you,' she said, with the certainty of conviction. 'Get up.'

The woman stood, and the light fell upon her face, lovely as an houri's beneath its silver crown.

'Ramia!' cried Nora.

'Memsahib!' gasped Ramia.

A rushing sense of personal outrage came with the recognition. Who dared to trouble one's own little garden girl! The wrath bred by the thought left no place for fear.

'You will come straight home with

me,' said Nora, seizing the soft, dark arm.

But at this, new agony intervened. 'No! Oh no, no! I cannot. I dare not go home with the Memsahib!'

In each word terror mounted. There was no time to question or to urge.

'Well, then, where do your friends live whom you are visiting now?' Nora spoke low.

'In the free grounds beyond this trench.'

'Where is the bridge?'

'Down here a little. I was — running for it. But — he came too fast.'

Nora turned toward the figure in the moonlight.

'This woman is *mine*, hear you, *mine!*' she called, in the clear, sharp master-tongue, caring little that more should be understood than her own quality.

Then she faced about and, with a hand on the girl's shoulder, started deliberately for the bridge. Neither spoke on the way. Ramia, spent and trembling, struggled to regain her breath. Nora's mind was busy with the issue of the hour.

'I will stand on this side while you cross,' she said, as the other set foot on the narrow plank that led to safety. 'And I will wait here till you call from the other side that you are with your friends. To-morrow Sirpal shall fetch you home.'

For a time faint cracklings told whither the woman vanished. Then silence of original night, and at last a bird-like cry of rescue.

Relieved and glad, Nora turned away, to her own homing. And now the personal aspect sprang into prominence. As far ahead as eye could pierce, no human shape was visible, yet the would-be murderer might still lurk close in the dark. As she pushed along, the question whether he crouched within instant arm-reach, or crept hard be-

hind, his breath on her shoulder, or hung in the shadows before, waxed keen and ugly. From the violence of the sane she knew her white skin saved her. But if the man were mad, a run-away? Each toad, each little snake that rustled in the leaves suggested a stir of shell by stealthy feet, and again and again Nora whirled on her heel, preferring to meet eye to eye the being stealing up with cutlass swung.

'Yet those there be who say this life is dull,' said Maclise that night, and filled another pipe.

Next morning they sent for Sirpal. He came at once, rubbing the garden earth from his long, lean arms.

Without remark or sign of feeling he heard the story through, ending with Maclise's, —

'And now you may quit work and go find Ramia. You should take better care of her than this.'

'The Sahib is good,' replied Sirpal. 'May he live forever in prosperity. The Memsahib is very kind. And of a certainty I will care for Ramia.' Then with his lowest salaam, he was gone — back to the garden and his banana transplanting.

On the morrow he appeared at the usual hour, wrapt in the usual calm, with assurance of Ramia's safety. But that afternoon a dark thing happened. Nora was strolling by the water-side when, of a sudden, an unknown coolie-woman glided close, thrusting into her hands something cool and smooth — a string of Venetian beads — Ramia's beads.

'What does this mean?' asked Nora sharply.

'How should I know?' replied the stranger. 'But the words are these: "I who send this send my all, having naught else. Soon and very soon I die and am no more. But first the Memsahib must know my gratitude."'

'Where is Ramia?' Nora's mind was

swept with black alarm. She would have forced the woman to clearer speech, but already she was gone, vanished utterly into the coolie crowd on the river-edge.

On the morrow's morn no Sirpal appeared, and all that day the garden missed him. That night word came that Moti stood in the courtyard begging speech of the Master. Maclise stepped out upon the *stoep*. The old man salaamed to earth before him, frail as a wraith in the pale moonlight. Then, standing erect, he spoke slowly, with the mien of one charged with solemn duty.

'I am the messenger of Sirpal the gardener, who is now, by his own act and furtherance, imprisoned in the prison of the Queen, and shall not come forth again. Sirpal says, —

“May the Sahib live forever. May his goodness be greatly recompensed. I, Sirpal his servant, bless him. But I shall serve him no more. The matter stands thus:—

“In the day that I took Ramia to wife, in the presence of all the company, I performed the rite that is fitting. I passed my cutlass edge across her throat. This is the sign established

by the law and custom of my kind. Its meaning is that if the woman give him cause, her husband shall with his own hand take her life in penalty. Ramia betrayed me—going to the young man Khadenen. Therefore my duty was upon me, lest shame be brought upon our law and lesser men make mock of greater matters. But I was slow to my duty and blameworthy, for my mind was fixed on contemplation and I thought not of the woman. Then, in the open market, an accursed one taunted me. That night I sought her. But the hour was not yet, for the Memsahib, from whose hand I might not take her, came between. Last night I took her. With my sharp cutlass I chopped her—chopped her duly in many pieces, and laid them on the trench bank that they might be seen of all men. Then I came forth and sought the police and gave myself to them; that the law of their land may be obeyed on me even as I have obeyed the law that is mine. May the Sahib live forever and ever. Tomorrow young radishes will be ripe in his garden. Salaam, salaam, and thrice salaam. In all things I am satisfied.”

THE PRINCIPAL GIRL

BY J. C. SNAITH

XIV

IN WHICH MARY QUALIFIES FOR THE RÔLE OF THE BAD GIRL OF THE FAMILY

Now who do you suppose it was, my lords and gentlemen, who pulled that blessed bell-wire? No, not the ex-lessee of the H-ym-rk-t Theayter. Miss Mary, helping Cook to peel the potatoes in the basement, made herself acquainted with that fact when she pulled the window curtains aside and looked up through the area. Cockades and things were before the door of No. 10 Bedford Gardens; a raking pair of chestnuts, and a smart rubber-tired vehicle with armorial bearings upon the panels.

The Bad Girl of the Family, peering through the kitchen curtains, with a half-peeled potato in one hand, and a bone-hafted knife from Sheffield in the other, saw Jeames de la Pluche Esquire (who, in that charming but absurd fur cape, reminded her not a little of Harry Merino as the Cat in the moral drama of *Dick Whittington*) leap down from his perch with marked agility, whisk open the door, and offer first aid to something very distinguished in the way of great ladyhood.

Blond and bland was the lady, and very *grande dame*, as you could tell by her Carriage. Looked through her folders and saw Number 10 over the fanlight; and as this she did, one of those terrible flashes of feminine intuition overtook Mary that this must surely be Mother.

Yes, Mother, undoubtedly. Had not Philip himself the same ample look of nourishment, the same air of deliberation as of one a little slow in the uptake, the same faint far-off suggestion of a finely-grown vegetable? And to the quick eye of the feminine observer, through the kitchen curtains, there were certain things pertaining to Mother, which, up to this present, son had not developed.

The clang of the front-door bell reverberated through the basement.

'Drat it, Miss Mary,' said Cook. 'And me not dressed yet! Would you mind letting in her Sir Squire?'

'Why of course,' said Miss Mary.

'But had n't you better leave your knife and your pertater, Miss Mary?'

'Oh, Sir Squire won't mind those, Hannah; they'll amuse him,' said the Bad Girl of the Family, who was half-way up the kitchen stairs already.

The Apparition on the doorstep, in her new ermine tippet, was shocked not a little, deep down in the secret recesses of her nature; but, of course, was far too well found in the ways of the world to give the feelings publication. But if one is so ill-advised as to visit in Bohemian circles in the afternoon of the Sabbath Day, one must be prepared for all contingencies. Still, a half-peeled potato, a sack-cloth apron, and a bone-hafted kitchen knife made in Sheffield, is a rather informal reception of a real peeress from Grosvenor Square, on the part of Bedford Gardens.

'Mrs. Cathcart at home?' inquired

Grosvenor Square, No. 88, the corner house, very bland and splendid.

'Oh, yes — won't you come in?' said the Bad Girl, winningly.

Impressive entrance of the Governing Classes into an ill-lit but fairly spacious interior, which had a bust of Edmund Kean over the hat-stand, and John Kemble as Richard II, by — not after — Maclise, over the dining-room door.

'Lady Shelmerdine,' said the bland and splendid one, as Mary pushed the front door to with her foot because her hands were occupied.

'Of Potterhanworth,' said the Bad Girl in tones warm and velvety.

'Oh yes,' said the Governing Classes, pained perhaps a little.

'Philip's mother — so delighted — hope you don't object to potatoes — it's Jane's afternoon out.'

But no further communication was forthcoming from the Governing Classes, all the way up the solid length of stair-carpet to Grandmamma's withdrawing-room.

Mary preceded No. 88 Grosvenor Square, sacking-cloth apron, potato, bone-hafted knife made in Sheffield and all, into the stately presence of the Cap-with-Real-Lace-which-had-been worn-by-Siddons.

'Lady Shelmerdine of Potterhanworth, Granny.'

The Bad Girl turned and fled; very nearly impaled herself on the bone-hafted knife by counting fourteen stairs instead of thirteen; and continued her course headlong until she fell howling into the arms of Cook.

But in Edmund Kean's goddaughter's withdrawing-room, it was no laughing matter, my lords and gentlemen, we feel bound to tell you that. And we are forced to agree, though very reluctantly, with what Grandmamma said privately to the Bad Girl, afterwards, which was, that she would

be none the worse for a good whipping.

'Mrs. Cathcart, I presume?' said No. 88 Grosvenor Square, very bland and splendid, although the tones had no need to be so icy, they had n't really.

'You have the advantage of me,' said the-Lady-Macbeth-to-John-Philip-Kemble, offering her venerable hand at the angle of 1851, the Exhibition year. 'Ah, yes, Lady Shelmerdine, — delighted to make your acquaintance.'

What of the Braided Morning-Coat, you ask, while all this was toward? Perspiring freely in every pore and leaning up against the chimney-piece, and looking rather gray about the gills.

Should it make a bolt, or should it stay and grapple with the music? The pusillanimity of the former course, desperately tempting no doubt to a weak resolution, would involve death and damnation; but the heroism of the latter required all that could be mustered by the playing fields of Eton and Christ Church. But while the unhappy inhabitant of the Braided Morning-Coat was surrendered to this problem, the stern, uncompromising eye of Mother decided the question.

'Phil-ipp!'

'Ma-ter!' And then, of course, the Twin Brethren called out the reserves. 'Mrs. Cathcart — my mother.'

The bow of Grosvenor Square, No. 88, the corner house, was aloof, decidedly; the bow of Lady-Macbeth-to-John-Philip-Kemble was so full of conscious power and accumulated dignity that it was really quite gracious.

'Pray be seated, Lady Shelmerdine.'

Beautiful elocution on the part of the goddaughter of Edmund Kean.

Lady Shelmerdine seated herself like an elderly peeress, and opened fire with her tortoise-shell folders. The Real-Lace-that-had-been-worn-by-Siddons touched the electric button at its elbow.

Entrance of the Bad Girl of the Family, without her apron this time,

and divested also of her potato and the bone-hafted knife from Sheffield.

'Mary, child, my spectacles.'

The Bad Girl delved desperately in the inmost recesses of the chiffonier, found Grandmamma's spectacles, and prepared to withdraw in something of a hurry. But she was detained.

'Has Jane returned, child?'

'Yes, Granny.'

'Ask her to have the goodness to bring some tea for Lady Shelmerdine.'

'Oh, not for me, thank you.'

'You are *quite* sure?'

No. 88 Grosvenor Square was quite, quite sure.

Exit the Bad Girl of the Family, without daring to look once in the direction of the Braided Morning-Coat that was still leaning up forlornly against the chimney-piece.

'Mrs. Cathcart,' said the Governing Classes, getting the first gun into action, 'I have done myself the honor of calling upon you—'

'The honor, madam, is entirely mine,' Edmund Kean's goddaughter assured her.

'—because of a most unfortunate state of affairs which has just been brought to my notice.'

The goddaughter of Edmund Kean looked sympathetic, although it does not always do to judge by appearances, you know.

'My unfortunate son — Philip, perhaps you will be good enough to sit down, as it is most desirable that you should follow what I say with the closest attention — my unfortunate son, to the intense surprise of his father, Lord Shelmerdine, has made a proposal of marriage to your niece.'

Lady Macbeth suggested mildly that granddaughter might be more in accordance with the facts of the case.

'Granddaughter — I beg your pardon. One has no need to tell you, Mrs. Cathcart, who I am sure are a woman

of the world, that this act of my son's has caused some concern in his family.'

Lady Macbeth was sorry if that was the case.

'In point of fact, for some little time past my son has been engaged to Lady Adela Rocklaw—'

'Not quite that, you know, Mater,' murmured the unhappy Braided Morning-Coat.

'— To Lady Adela Rocklaw, a daughter of Lord Warlock, and his conduct will cause pain, although of course, madam, it has not yet become public property, and I sincerely hope it may not become so.'

'You ain't puttin' it quite fair, are you, Mater?' ventured the Braided Morning-Coat.

'Phil-ipp, please!' A wave of a she-proconsular hand. 'Allow me to deal with the facts. A most embarrassing situation, madam, for two families.'

'One moment, Lady Shelmerdine,' said Lady Macbeth. 'May I ask this question? Do I understand your son to be actually engaged to Lady Adela Rocklaw?'

'Yes, madam, you may take that to be the fact.'

'Mr. Shelmerdine,' said the Queen of Tragedy, 'I must ask you for an explanation.'

Braided Morning-Coat, notwithstanding that it was completely undone, unbuttoned itself nervously.

'The mater's a bit mixed, ma'am, and that's the truth. I never have been engaged to Lady Adela.'

'Perhaps, Phil-ipp, not officially.'

'No, Mater, and not unofficially, and' — Herculean effort — 'I don't mind sayin' I've no intention of —'

'Phil-ipp!'

'Lady Shelmerdine,' said the Queen of Tragedy, 'the situation is not altogether clear to my mind. Either your son is engaged to marry Lady Adela Rocklaw, or he is not.'

'He is morally engaged to her.'

'I am sorry I am unable to appreciate the distinction. Do I understand that your son is engaged to Lady Adela?'

'No, ma'am, I'm not,' said the Braided Morning-Coat, with honorable boldness.

'But, Phil-ipp!'

'It's the truth, Mater. Mrs. Cathcart asks a plain question and there's a plain answer. And, after all, I'm the chap—'

'Quite so, Mr. Shelmerdine,' said Lady Macbeth, looking almost as wise as the Lord Chief Justice of England, as he sits in the Court of Appeal. 'This is your affair. You have a right to know your own mind; moreover, you have a right to express it.'

The Braided Morning-Coat felt the stronger for this well-timed assistance. It was easy to see from which side of the family Miss Mary had inherited her strong good sense. A masterful old thing, but she really was helpin' a lame dog over a stile, was n't she?

Blonder and blander grew the Colthurst of Suffolk. It really looked as though it might be a pretty set-to.

'Perhaps, Philip, if you looked into your club for an hour.'

The Green Chartreuse, the horrid coward, wanted to quit the stricken field prematurely. But if he had, as sure as Fate, Mother would have won quite easily; but he did not. Mr. Philip stayed and stuck to his guns like a Briton, and Grandma at least thought none the worse of him for it. The Lady-Macbeth-to-John-Philip-Kemble had an opinion of her own on pretty nearly every subject; and the order of which the Braided Morning-Coat would one day be an ornament, had in her judgment to carry a pretty serious penalty; but the old thing, in her shrewd old heart, an imperious old thing, too, who had kept pretty good company for

eighty-four years or so, was not altogether inclined to accept all the world and his wife at their surface valuation.

'The Family, madam,' said the Colthurst of Suffolk, 'cannot for a moment countenance an alliance between my unfortunate son and your granddaughter, who, one is given to understand, is at present engaged in a pantomime. I am, however, empowered by Lord Shelmerdine to offer reparation, if such is required.'

These were not the actual words used by Mother. Her style was easier, a little less florid, a trifle more conversational; but, after all, it is not so much what is said, as the manner in which it is said, and the foregoing may be taken more or less as the gist of what was conveyed by the Governing Classes.

Grandmamma did n't look pleased; at least, not very. The Florid Person was evidently taking herself rather seriously. Let her Beware, that was all, quoth Conscious Strength, amid the inner convolutions of the Cap-of-Real-Lace-that-had-been-worn-by-Siddons.

'It appears to me, Lady Shelmerdine,' said the goddaughter of Edmund Kean, 'that this is perhaps a matter for your son and my granddaughter, and that no really useful purpose will be served by third and fourth parties discussing it—except perhaps in a spirit purely academic.'

In a spirit purely academic! Well done, Peggy, whispered the delighted shade of John Philip Kemble, hovering somewhere in the cornice high up towards the ceiling, immediately above the bust of himself.

'Mrs. Cathcart, as a woman of the world, and as one who is in the position to appreciate the feelings of a mother, I am sure I shall not appeal to you in vain.'

When in doubt, saith the Diplomatist's Handbook, *suaviter in modo* is a card you should always play. But how

often had Grandmamma seen it in the course of her eighty-four summers, do you suppose?

It was here that the Braided Morning-Coat felt it was up to it to say something, and forthwith proceeded to do so.

'I agree with you, ma'am,' said he. 'It's just a matter for Mary and me. She won't say Yes and I won't take No, and there we are at present. But I'm goin' to ask her again, because I love her and all that, and I know I'm not worthy of her — but I'm goin' to try to be, and I'm goin' to see about Parliament at once.'

The silence was ominous.

'That appears to be a perfectly manly and straightforward course to take, Mr. Shelmerdine,' said Grandmamma, breaking it rather grimly.

Please observe that she did n't tell Mother that she declined to sanction the match. So, in the circumstances, perhaps it is hardly right to blame Mother for making quite a number of errors.

Of course, error the first was to come when Mr. Philip was present *in propria persona*. But that, we are afraid, was due to the aboriginal defect of a parent in underrating the importance of its offspring. What she ought really to have done was, not to have come as an important unit of the Governing Classes, but to have crept in by stealth as it were, as the poor human mother, humbly to have craved assistance; and to have kept her foot on the soft pedal throughout the whole of the concerto.

Alas! the manner of Mother's coming had been otherwise. And the longer she remained and the more she said, the more she ought to have left unsaid, had she been really as wise as she thought she was — and you can really have no idea how wise the spouse of a great Proconsul can think herself when she is thinking imperially. And this

does not apply merely to Grosvenor Square and its environs.

'Lord Shelmerdine empowers me to offer all reasonable reparation.'

Granny was interested to hear that, in spite of the fact that the whole matter was so purely academic.

'If there is any special form the young lady — I have n't the pleasure of the name of your niece, Madam — would desire the reparation to assume, Lord Shelmerdine's solicitor will be happy to call upon her to-morrow.'

'Oh, but, Mater — I say —'

Slight display of *fortiter*, in order to cope with this unfilial interruption.

'It is your father's wish, Philip.'

The ears of Granny had seemed to cock a little at the mention of Lord Shelmerdine's solicitor.

'Forgive me, Madam, if I appear dense,' said the most perfect elocution.

Underplay a bit, Peggy, my dear, like Fanny does in genuine light comedy, said the Distinguished Shade, smiling benevolently down from the cornice. But this was Kean's goddaughter, which perhaps the Shade had forgotten.

'You are talkin' rot, are n't you, Mater?' said the Braided Morning-Coat in vibrant tones.

'It is your father's wish, Phil-ipp. He desires that no injustice — If thought desirable, reparation may assume a pecuniary —'

'You are talkin' rot, though, Mater, ain't you?'

Incredible hardihood certainly on the part of the Braided Morning-Coat. But eminently honorable to that chequered garment, we believe the world to be entitled to think.

Lady Macbeth was not looking very genial just at present. A very masterful old thing in her way, and had always been so. And really, Mother was a little crude in places, was n't she?

Still, we are bound to do Mother the justice to say that she was not aware

of the fact. Indeed, to her it seemed that the higher diplomacy was really doing very well indeed. Everything so pleasant so agreeable; iron hand in velvet glove, but used so lightly that Bohemian Circles were hardly conscious of its presence. Mother was getting on famous in her own opinion, and she ought to have known.

Matrimony quite out of the question, of course, between the granddaughter of Lady Macbeth and eldest son of the House. The Governing Classes hoped that that had been made quite clear to the wife of the Thane of Cawdor. The wife of the Thane appeared to think it had been.

'Of a pecuniary character, I think you said,' said the goddaughter of Edmund Kean.

'Yes, pecuniary; Lord Shelmerdine had no reason to think that Phil-ipp had been so unwise as to enter into a formal engagement, but it was his desire to be quite fair, even generous.'

Steady, Cavalry! whispered the Dis-tinguished Shade in the ear of Peggy.

'Or even generous, Madam! One would be happy to have an idea of the shape Lord Shelmerdine's generosity might assume.'

The unhappy Braided Morning-Coat regretted exceedingly that it could not disclaim responsibility for both parents.

'But, Mater — !'

'No, do not interrupt, dear Phil-ipp. This is all so important and so delicate. Lord Shelmerdine thinks that five hundred pounds — and I am empowered —'

And then it was that Mother found trouble.

Trouble came to Mother quite unexpected, like a bolt from the blue — or like a shot out of a cannon, according to the subsequent version of an eyewitness.

It would hardly be kind to describe the scene in detail. Lady Mac-

beth, in spite of her eighty-four summers, made rather short work of Mother. Not that Mother, you know, was overborne by Christian meekness altogether. Assured Social Position, knowing itself to be absolutely right, and acting all for the best, does not always offer the other cheek with the facility that comes of constant practice.

Please do not misunderstand us. It was hardly a scene. The combined genius of Mr. G-lsw-rthy and Mrs. Humphry Ward could not have observed the proprieties with a chaster rigidity; it was all *very grande dame*; but one being the Lady-Macbeth-to-John-Philip-Kemble, and the other a leading Constitutional hostess who had moved quite lately to Grosvenor Square, — well —

Far from Mother's intention to offer an insult to the granddaughter of Lady Macbeth. But Miss-Footlight-of-the-Frivolity had quite recently received the sum of ten thousand pounds from the people of young Lord Footle, which sum was of course excessive, as dear Justice Brusher had said to Mother last evening between the soup and the savory.

'Madam, I hold no opinion of Justice Brusher; Miss Footlight I don't know, and Lord Footle I don't desire to know; but it is impossible for my granddaughter, a member of an old theatrical family, to pocket this insult.'

And Grandmamma rang the bell with tremendous dignity.

Jane, the parlor-maid, it was, who appeared this time, looking all the prettier for her afternoon out.

'Jane,' said the acknowledged Queen of Tragedy, 'pray conduct Lady Shelmerdine to her carriage — and in the future I shall not receive her.'

Poor old Mother!

'Phil-ipp, accompany me.'

Philip accompanied Mother down the stairs, past the bust of Kean in

the front hall, down the nine steps of Number Ten Bedford Gardens and handed her into her carriage.

'We dine at eight this evening, Philip. Your father will expect you.'

'Impossible, Mater. Dinin' at the Old Players' Club.'

To give the Governing Classes their due, they certainly made exit in pretty good style from Bohemia. As for Mr. Philip, he returned to the front hall to retrieve his hat and his coat with the astrachan collar and other belongings, and wondered if it would be wise to say good-bye to Grandmamma, and decided that perhaps he had better not risk it. But, before he could get into his infamous garment, the Bad Girl of the Family descended upon him from the basement — we are not quite sure how she managed to do it, but simple little feats in elementary acrobatics are always possible to a pantomime performer — and haled the young man by main force into what she called her Private Piggery, which in reality was a small back parlor of sorts in an indescribable state of confusion.

Having brought the froward young man to this undesirable bourn, the Bad Girl turned up the electric light and then broke down badly. She laughed herself into a state of tears and general collapse.

The heir to the barony was not feeling so very amused just now, though.

'My opinion you were listening, you cat.'

'Granny — the dreadful old spitfire!'

'Tactless of the mater, I'll admit. Quite well meant, though, Polly.'

'How dare you call me Polly, after all that has happened!'

And the youngest of the old theatrical family whisked away her tears with a rather smart lace-broidered handkerchief, and looked almost as fierce as the Cat in the moral drama of *Dick Whittington*.

'Howlin' blunder, I'll admit; but you are n't crabbed about it, are you, old girl?'

'Please don't admit anything, Mr. Shelmerdine — and how dare you call me "old girl," after what has happened? Don't let me have to ring for Jane and not receive you in future —'

'So you *were* listening, you cat!'

'Would n't you have been — Phil-ipp?'

'It's a horrid mix-up, though, is n't it? Look here, old girl, I really think the best thing that we can do is to go and get married to-morrow mornin' before the Registrar.'

Cinderella seemed to think, however, that such a proposal was outside the field of practical politics.

'I know, old girl, that a Church is considered a bit more respectable; but I thought that the Registrar would be quicker and easier.'

'You are rather taking it for granted, aren't you, Philip, that I'm going to marry you, when you know I'm not.'

'Well, I do think, Polly, after all that has happened — !'

But somehow Polly did n't quite see it in that way. She could n't think of such a thing without Granny's consent. And even if Granny did give her consent — which, of course, she never would — his people would never give theirs, would they? so even that would not make their prospects any rosier.

Decidedly he must pluck this peach, and he must pluck it immediately. But how, — that was the problem, when the Fates had loaded the dice.

XV

IN WHICH WE SIT AT THE FEET OF GAMALIEL

On the morrow, — or about mid-night that same day, to be precise, —

when Arminius Wingrove came into the Club after attending an important *première*, the great man was engaged in conversation by Mr. Philip while they dallied with deviled kidneys and other comestibles.

'Minnie,' said the vain young fellow, 'everybody says you are the cleverest chap in London, so I want your advice.'

Rather cool perhaps to demand advice of the cleverest chap in London in this point-blank manner; but Arminius, who kept a generous heart beneath his waistcoat of white piqué, showed no displeasure.

'If you mean about the girl you are making a fool of yourself over,' said the great man, '*don't* is the advice I shall have to give you.'

'Oh, but I've got beyond that already, Minnie,' said the vain young fellow, with a rather grand simplicity.

'Have you though?' said Arminius, pensive-like.

'Yes, I'm goin' to marry her if she'll have me; but the trouble is, she won't.'

'Won't she, though,' said Arminius.

'No, she won't, Minnie, and that's all about it, until her old grandmother gives her consent, and her old grandmother simply won't hear of it.'

'Who is her old grandmother?' inquired Arminius, 'and why won't she?'

'Her grandmother is Mrs. Cathcart who played Lady Macbeth with Kean, and she's taken a prejudice against me because I'm the son of a peer.'

The manner of Arminius seemed to imply that old Mrs. Cathcart had been guilty of a very unfeminine proceeding. But being a disciple of Talleyrand, the great man did not clothe his thoughts with words.

'And to make matters worse, Minnie, there was a simply frightful turn-up between her grandmother and my mater yesterday afternoon.'

With the flair of a playwright whom Hannibal had himself approved, Arminius Wingrove asked for further information.

'Simply gorgeous, Minnie, for a chap who had n't to be in it. Would n't have missed it for worlds — except that I kind of was n't in a position to enjoy it, was I? But it has n't half crabbed the piece! Tragedy Queen ordered Mater out of the house, and says she shan't receive her in future. So it's all up with my people, and I'm afraid it's all up with hers; and the girl is n't going to marry me without the consent of all parties.'

The statement of the vain young fellow seemed both florid and ingenuous to Arminius Wingrove, who had hardly been so much amused by anything since the revival of *The Importance of Being Earnest*.

'And so you don't think she'll marry you, do you, my son?'

'Why, what reason have you to think she will, Minnie?' said the heir to the barony in a voice of tense emotion.

'Because there's not half a reason why she should n't, my son.'

'But she is simply devoted to — her old grandmother.'

'The old lady has all her faculties, I presume?'

'My mater thinks so, anyway.'

'Well, then, there's not half a reason why the girl should n't marry you.'

The reasoning of Arminius Wingrove was not altogether clear to the heir to the barony, who, to be sure, was somewhat slow in the uptake.

'Do you suppose, young feller, that any girl's grandmother would stand in the way of forty thousand a year and a peerage?'

The young man shook his head.

'You are mistaken, Minnie. She's not that sort of girl at all; and she's not that sort of grandmother. It is the

confounded peerage that has crabbed the piece.'

Polite incredulity on the part of the audience.

'Minnie, old boy, everybody says you are the cleverest chap in London, but you don't know Mary Caspar.'

Arminius Wingrove knew something about Woman though.

'Young Shelmerdine,' said the Great Man, 'what the dooce do you want to go foolin' around the stage door at all for? A chap like you ought to marry Adela Rocklaw. Make things unpleasant at home. No longer be welcomed in the best houses. Bored to tears about the second week of the honeymoon. Opportunities squandered. Much better have stayed in the Second and gone racing quietly than to have come into money and to have broken out in this way. Now take the advice of a friend; and let us see you at the Church of Paul or of Peter at an early date awaiting the arrival of old Warlock's seventh and most charming daughter, and I will have my hat ironed, and I shall be proud to accompany you down the nave of the cathedral.'

It was not often that this man of the world was moved in this way; but he had just staged a rattling good comedy, and deviled kidneys and Welsh rare-bits and tankards of strong ale are a stimulating diet when you sit listening to the chimes at midnight. It is a disconcerting psychological fact, though, that no young man has ever heeded the voice of wisdom in these circumstances.

'It is awful good of you, Minnie, to take the trouble to advise me, but I'm goin' to marry Mary Caspar if flesh and blood can manage it.'

'Then it's a walk over for flesh and blood, you silly young fool,' said Arminius Wingrove, with rather brutal frankness.

XVI

IN WHICH THE MOUNTAIN COMES TO
MAHOMET

Mr. Philip found that an imperious mandate from Grosvenor Square had been laid beside his silver cigar-box when he returned to the Albany at a quarter past two in the morning.

DEAR PHILIP [it ran], Your father desires to see you most particularly upon important business at ten o'clock to-morrow morning.

Your loving Mother,
AGATHA H. A. SHELMERDINE.

'She means this mornin', and I shan't be up if I don't go to bed soon,' said the heir to the barony, sitting down before the remains of the fire to consider the situation in all its bearings.

The melancholy consequence was that not all the King's horses and not all the King's men, including the young man's body-servant, were able to wake him until something after eleven, in spite of the fact that a special messenger had been round from the Home Department.

If, however, Mahomet declines to move, it is time for the Mountain to be up and doing. Therefore, just as Mr. Philip, enveloped in a sky-blue dressing-gown, was pouring out his coffee with an uncertain hand, something rather portentous was ushered into the presence of the young prodigal.

The white eyebrows of the great Proconsul were a triumph of brushwork; the set of the tie was stern uncommonly; indeed the whole paternal aspect was enough to strike awe in the heart of the beholder.

The evidence that it did so, however, is not altogether conclusive.

The young waster, buttering his toast at a quarter past eleven, in a sky-blue dressing-gown, rose and offered his

hand in an easy and leisurely but withal in a manly and unaffected fashion.

'I was just comin' round, Father,' said the young man.

Father declined a cup of tea and a cigarette without any effervescence of gratitude.

'Take a pew, won't you,' said the young man, resuming business with the toast and butter.

Cool and off-handed young fellow, perhaps, thus to receive a great Proconsul; still his tone was not without deference, even if his air was casual.

Father took a pew.

'You don't look very comfy in that one. Take the one with the arms to it.'

'Do quite well, thanks,' said Father, in a deep bass voice.

A state of armed neutrality? — ye-es it did seem rather like it. Father did n't seem quite to know where to begin; Son knew better than to provide assistance.

'See in the paper that Van rather got across old Balsquith last night,' said Son, conversationally.

Father had heard the debate from the Peers' gallery.

Son wondered what would win the Coronation Vase — havin' forgotten that Father did n't go in for racin'.

'Philip,' said Father, in tones of deep emotion, 'it seems to me that you —' And Father paused.

— Are going to the Devil, as fast as you can, is really what your distinguished parent desires to say to you, but he is trying to say it without treading on your feelings, which is more consideration than you deserve, you blighter!

No business of his if I am, was the very unfilial rejoinder of the latter.

'Philip,' said Father, after a pause, 'your mother is very upset.'

Young fellow was sorry to hear it, very, but in February the weather was always so full of surprises.

Mother had not yet recovered, it appeared, from the most painful scene last Sunday afternoon with the grandmother of the Person. As the occurrence had been reported to the great Proconsul, the Person's venerable relative had not behaved as nicely as she might have done.

Son was awfully cut up about it, but he did n't quite agree. With all respect to Mother he could not help thinking that Miss Caspar's venerable relative had been in receipt of provocation.

White eyebrows erected themselves archwise.

'We won't go into That,' said Father. 'But there are the facts, my dear boy. Let them be looked in the face.'

'I wish, father, you would consent to meet Mary. She's an absolute nailer, you know.'

Father was so disconcerted by the behavior of Son that he began to clothe his thoughts with language. A singularly unfortunate entanglement; people would be shocked; family interests would suffer; such unions never turned out well — how could they? Besides, Warlock was so sensitive. In fact, with all the conviction of which he was capable, and a Proconsul is capable of a good deal, Father urged Son to pause and reflect.

Son had already done so.

Was it conceivable?

Oh, yes, quite, if Father did n't mind his saying so. He had a private income, and she was the nicest girl in London, — an opinion, he was sure, in which Father was bound to concur when he'd seen her.

But a —!!

Yes, but people were getting so much broader-minded, were n't they?

Father had heard that that was the case, but in his opinion excess of Breadth was an even more serious menace to the Empire — being a great

Proconsul, of course, Father always thought Imperially — than to err a little on the other side. Moreover, he felt the time was ripe to impart in strict confidence this pearl of wisdom to his offspring: i.e. that a comparatively recent creation should always be fastidious.

If you looked at things in that way, thought Mr. Philip.

How else could one look at things? the Proconsul inquired in tones of pained expostulation.

'This is the way I look at things, Father,' said Mr. Philip, 'if you don't mind my goin' into details.'

'Pray do so, my boy. I shall welcome them.'

'Well, this is my feelin' on the subject. You are sort of shot here, don't you know, without anybody askin' you whether you wanted to come. You are sort of dumped here, don't you know, and told to make the best of a pretty bad mix-up. Well, I don't mind telling you, Father, I've been gettin' rather fed up with the whole affair lately.'

An idle and selfish course of life leads invariably to that state of mind, said Father in effect, though his language was more polished. It was a great mistake ever to have left the Second.

Son had got just as fed up there, though. It seemed such a silly arrangement for grown men of five and twenty.

Father was pained at This.

'Fact is,' said the Green Chartreuse, who was a veritable Swaggering Companion this morning, 'a chap is bound to get fed up with Things unless he can find a real nice girl to take him on and give him an interest outside himself. And I reckon I've found her, although I have n't persuaded her yet; but, Father, if you'll be so kind as to go and talk to her grandmother, a real good sort, who has played Kean with Lady Macbeth, and put in a word for

me, I'm sure it would straighten things out a bit.'

Father was constrained to remark at this point that he was afraid the Eldest Son of the House was hopeless. It was truly unfortunate that he could not be brought to realize the gravity of the issue.

Mr. Philip seemed willing to concede that from one point of view it would be quite right to marry Adela. But suppose you were not built in that way?

Father, however, found not the least difficulty in making a rejoinder. 'Marry Adela, my dear boy, whatever way you are built in, and you will never regret it. You will have done your duty in a manner becoming to the sphere to which it has pleased Providence to call you. Your mother will be pleased; I propose to double your present income; Warlock is prepared to be generous in regard to Adela's settlement; I am sure High Cliffe will view the arrangement favorably; the little house in Grosvenor Street can be had on a short lease on reasonable terms; Mr. Vandeleur is inclined to think it would do no harm to the Party; most agreeable, accomplished, and charming girl; what could any young fellow — but why labor the point?'

Son rather agreed it might be taken as read. Still the fact remained that if you are not built in that way you are bound to be up against it.

The Proconsul had no pity for such weakness of fibre, such general infirmity of character. 'Do you suppose, my dear boy, that when I married your dear mother I had no qualms?'

It may have been that this important truth was wrung from the great Proconsul before he realized his danger. It was a period of considerable emotional stress just now, you must please remember.

'Do you suppose I did not realize that my life was not going to be alto-

gether a bed of roses at first? But I am proud to say I was ambitious, and I can look all the world in the face and say I have never regretted my action. Our life together has been exceedingly harmonious; your mother is a most estimable and a thoroughly good woman; and I should have been guilty of the greatest error of my career had I allowed my perfectly natural qualms to frustrate a union which has been so abundantly blessed by heaven.'

Seldom had the great Proconsul been moved so deeply.

'Let us beware, my dear boy, lest the weakening of fibre of the present generation does not undermine our Empire. It may be easier for you at first not to marry Adela Rocklaw; but it is a great mistake to suppose you will ever regret such a step if you have the courage to embrace it. As for this other step, I assure you, my dear boy, it is unthinkable.'

Having thus unburdened his mind, the Proconsul rose, and still in the fury of deep emotion swayed majestically forth from the Albany B 4.

(To be continued.)

EDUCATION DRAMATIZED

BY HARRIET FINLAY-JOHNSON

'GOING to school!' What are the mental pictures conjured up by these words? Four walls, desks, cupboards, books (not the cupboards of home by any means, and perhaps a different class of books), blackboards, drawing-models, easels, museum, kindergarten materials — these comprise the skeleton, the bare bones of 'school.' Much has been done to emancipate the twentieth-century child from the ancient drudgery of learning, but still, to a great extent, 'shades of the prison-house begin to close upon the growing boy' when he is old enough to go to school. The desks are made and designed carefully for the express purpose of being sat in. The boy will have to learn to sit still when he longs for movement. Others will dictate to him as to when he ought to move about, and he will move in common with num-

bers of other children — by rule — by drill. The books, the blackboards and all the other articles of furniture will soon represent to him merely so many pieces of apparatus by means of which he will study, in common with others, uniform lessons; or, perchance, have thin films of information laid over his mind in order that it may be skimmed off again by questioners and examiners. For, although we hear a very great deal in these days about 'self-expression' in school, yet those 'in authority over us' still appear to require the self-expression served up in the same old dishes of method, accompanied by the flavoring of time-tables, notes, schemes, marks, reports, and examinations which seasoned the mental food of those who went before us. The consequence is that the so-called self-expression is not an expression of what the child really

thinks and feels at all; to use our culinary figure again, it is really a kind of mental mock-turtle — an imitation and a sham.

Left to himself, what child would ever have invented a school or a system such as I have pictured? It was invented by grown-ups and is calculated to suit the requirements of adult students possessed of powers of self-repression, concentration, and voluntary attention, rather than the needs of children who by nature do not possess these powers. Enmeshed in such a system, the wise child, finding it does not 'pay' to be really original, obligingly forms the habit of thinking what he is expected to think, and he soon becomes quite an adept at finding out what is expected of him without being exactly told. Gradually he gives up the tiresome habit of thinking entirely for himself, which would leave him stranded far behind the other members of his class when it came to a display of results in the 'skimming' process to which I have already alluded.

The fact is, every one concerned, from the heads of educational bodies and universities, down to the youngest child in the kindergarten, is still, in spite of reforms, in bondage — slave to the tyranny of outward, visible, and immediate results.

But why, one may ask, is it so very necessary to strive after this self-expression? Is it the newest fad — the latest catch-word? It is necessary if we are really earnest in our desire that the child's mind shall grow and develop equally with its body. School should be the place in which a child's mind grows by being supplied with mental food and opportunities of exercise. But he must eat the food himself, and he alone can make the effort which constitutes exercise. In short, we desire that the child shall himself realize the forces that exist within him. If he is

really doing this he must needs express himself. Nature has implanted in individuals unlimited capacity for mental growth which needs to be realized by the individual. Such growth is assuredly stunted, arrested, or even killed, if it has no outlet. So strong is the capacity, however, that, if forcibly repressed at its legitimate outlet toward the light, it will find for itself an illegitimate outlet, in another direction. Hence we generally find that healthy-minded children will express themselves in what we term naughtiness, acts forbidden by their elders, rather than relinquish all realization of self. The child's true self has to be reckoned with. It will out — it is one of the forces of nature, for good or ill. Now, if Nature provides certain forces governed by certain laws of her own, I take it that it is 'good business,' if nothing higher, to utilize them to the full. If we try to attain our ends by thwarting Nature, we certainly waste our energy. To harness Niagara Falls for our own useful purposes is more rational than trying to stop or divert the Falls.

That is why we need self-expression. We want the child to educate himself, to learn for himself, just as he eats for himself; but we want to know that he really is doing so. We can only know this if he tells us either directly or indirectly about it. I say indirectly, because children, as all teachers and some parents know, are shy birds. It is not always wise to adopt the 'stand and deliver' attitude with them. One can generally glean more real knowledge of children from chance conversations overheard in the playground than from years of formal replies to questions asked by the teacher in school.

In my experiences as head teacher¹

¹ A book by the author recording her experiences, and entitled *The Dramatic Method of Teaching*, has recently been published by Ginn and Company, Boston.

of an elementary school in Sompting, Sussex, England, I realized the need of being able to hear, and join in with real, spontaneous conversations between scholars, and of being able to play with the children; but to the purpose. My scholars had inherited the bad old-school tradition, 'Talking in school is against the rules.' Children are wonderfully keen at summing up a situation, and they had come to recognize — generation after generation of them — that only a certain fictitious kind of conversation passed as current in school. My readers will recognize the brand for themselves, I am sure; it has come to be more or less generally recognized in England under the term 'chalk and talk.' The only way to get at the true ringing metal beneath this sham was to break away boldly from the whole of the old school-tradition — to create a new tradition entirely. That new tradition was to have, for its guiding principle, agreement with child-nature. It was to take account of childish instincts; nor was it to overdo any one instinct to the neglect of another. No less an authority than Mr. E. G. A. Holmes, late chief Inspector of Elementary Schools in England, has tabulated these instincts, which we have been utilizing for some twelve years, in his recent book on Education. They are: —

1. The Communicative instinct — to talk and listen.
2. The Dramatic instinct — to act, to make believe.
3. The Artistic instinct — to draw, paint, and model.
4. The Musical instinct — to sing, and dance.
5. The Inquisitive instinct — to know the why of things.
6. The Constructive instinct — to make and invent things.

The means whereby we endeavored to give full play to all of these instincts,

successfully formed our system and consequently our new school-tradition.

Space forbids me here to go further into the psychology of our subject. Just so much as I have written was, I think, necessary to the proper understanding of our philosophy of education. May I now take my readers for another day in school? What school? Well, a modern writer has named it, 'a school in Utopia.'

It is 8.30 A.M. School proper does not begin until 9 A.M.; but there is n't any 'school proper' in Utopia. Just as soon after breakfast as we can race there, will be the correct time for us. The scholars arrive before the teachers! How busy every one is! Every one is talking, yet there is no undue confusion, no appearance of contraband naughtiness. Nobody seems to have thought of naughtiness, because each one is busy over something he or she particularly wants to do. There is a group of girls busily decorating the room with flowers. They have a plan over it, discussed among themselves, and provided for during their last evening's ramble. To-day they are carrying out a scheme of primroses with young larch for greenery, and mossy beds for the primroses. Exceedingly pretty and very little like a school-room does the finished article look, for the fireplace has a pretty painted wood over-mantel in a delicate combination of two pale greens, and the walls are covered with lovely framed pictures of flowers in water-color — the handiwork of the scholars, but not in the least like the 'schooly' brush-work one sees. These are the unaided work of scholars who, observing real flowers from infancy, gradually improved their own expression of them with paint and brush. *A propos* of brush-work, a little London girl, visiting the school with her father, said, 'Oh, father, let *me* do painting like that!' Her father replied,

'But, my dear child, your school is noted for its brush-work.' 'Well, we don't paint like this,' persisted the embryo self-expressionist; 'teacher makes a blob here and another there, then we all do the same and teacher says it's a buttercup; but *it is n't*.' Which I think sufficiently voices the plea of the child for self-expression.

But now the decorative work in the schoolroom is completed and numbers of other scholars begin to arrive. You will notice that each one at once looks for something to do in the way of preparation. Every one seems full of joy and energy, and looks as if coming to school were quite to his taste. They all glance round the room to see what the elder girls have accomplished, for they are nothing if not observant; and they have learned to look for something new and pretty and in season, each day. Besides, they hope one day to be the happy decorators themselves.

And what are all these young people doing that will be of any use educationally — that will justify rates being spent on them? Referring to our table of instincts above, we see that they are exercising their Artistic instinct and their Communicative instinct; and we must remember that their mental, moral, and spiritual growth depends on the exercise of these instincts if the children are to develop all that is best in them.

Now the teachers arrive — and bang goes tradition number one! The old-school tradition said, 'Teachers admitted *first*, and when they ring the school-bell, children enter in due order.' The teachers held, as it were, permanent passes into the scholastic 'early doors.' There is no need of a school-bell in Utopia; but we ring one at the correct hour just to let folks know the time.

At the sound the moving mosaic of scholars sorts itself into classes; and,

without any orders being given, we perceive the most orderly of schools. Every eye is fixed on the face of the head teacher — who, for the convenience of seeing all the scholars, has mounted nimbly on a chair in one corner of the room. Immediately in front of her are the youngest scholars, who have a classroom of their own, and are merely assembled here for the benefit of a morning chat before being dismissed to their own classroom. This is the 'little 'uns' special time, and consequently the 'big 'uns' say nothing unless they have to come to the rescue in a tight place.

'Now, *I'm* ready,' says the head teacher. At once there appear from various safe places, where they have been stored, various specimens of flowers, weeds, leaves, grasses, shells, stones, and what not. Then each child tells in its own way exactly what it has found and observed for itself. We notice that when any difficulty of naming or accounting for phenomena arises, the little ones involuntarily turn to the older scholars, who put them on the right track if they can, but who avoid telling them anything that they can find out for themselves. There can be no mistake about the usefulness of this lesson, for very rarely has any one scholar brought exactly the same specimen as another. It is not dry talk either, for did you observe that twinkle and smile of real pleasure as the first celandine of the year was produced just now? And how quickly that nice-looking big girl at the back exclaimed, 'Miss Johnson, —

Telling tales about the sun,

When there's little warmth or none'!

Yes, they soon learn to love and quote Wordsworth. They know he must have hunted for the first celandine, just as they do.

All the specimens exhibited, prayers are said, registers marked, and the

younger scholars file off to their classroom. We will stay behind and watch what goes on in the big room, for I have a curious feeling as to what those soap-boxes and packing-cases on wheels are doing in school. Surely some naughty boys have dared to bring them within these sacred precincts for an illicit purpose. But, no. The door has scarcely closed upon the little ones, when the owners of the boxes (they are the makers and designers also) jump up, bring the boxes out of their corners and display them more prominently.

'Look, Miss Johnson, we've brought some ships,' says one. 'They don't want much rigging, because they are steamships, you see; and there's plenty of room to stow the cargo.'

'It is geography lesson now, so may we begin?' says another.

'But what about your play? Have you got it ready for us?' asks the head teacher.

'Yes, but we would like to look at a book that is on the library-shelf first, please,' answers the boy who is apparently the ringleader, and whom his companions address as Mike.

'All right, get the book, and be off to the other end of the playground where we cannot hear you,' says the teacher.

As we watch them manipulating their steamships when going out of the room, we see that the driver — or ought I to say captain? — sits on the edge of the box with one leg inside and one walking on the floor outside the wheel. With this leg he propels the ship. One of the more ingenious captains has fixed a small guiding wheel on the edge of his box, by means of which he steers his small front wheels. Am I digressing from my subject? I think not, for are we not watching some healthy, natural, untrammelled children displaying the results of the exercise of the Constructive instinct?

While the boys who are in the play

are preparing to show us a Geography Play, the scholars left behind busy themselves with their reading-books and note-books, communicating freely both with their companions and their teacher. There is no babel or confusion, because the remarks are made in low, conversational tones, and the children try to observe the rule that one person shall speak at a time. They are evidently honestly trying to prepare themselves for the better understanding of the play they are about to witness.

Before many minutes have elapsed, however, the players are back again, tapping on the school door for admission. Immediately we are all alert, — there is no need to call, 'Attention!' — and, quite informally, just as children play their own games on the street or in the garden, we are soon in the thick of a voyage to America, really emigrating in the soap-box ships.

It is true, we have but a very small space available — only twenty feet by six feet in front of the desks and a fairly wide space between desks and wall where the ships can turn. Various parts of the room are named and the space becomes the Atlantic Ocean. To make the voyage long, the ships sail round the space, out of the door, round the playground and back again. It would require a whole volume to record the play verbatim; although, as it is the children's and not my own, I may here say that it is quite well worth a volume to itself.

Text-books have been freely used, for of course the basis of the play must be correct as to facts, even if the setting and padding be original. Naturally a great deal of the setting must be left to the imagination. It is the old childish make-believe — the 'let's pretend.' But children do not play 'let's pretend' sitting still in desks, listening to a teacher who is lecturing

and questioning for hours on end, do they? That was my reason for letting you see the scholars in Utopia to-day. I wanted you to realize that, while a good many adults have forgotten all their school history, they generally have a very clear and lively recollection of the historical or other plays which they acted with their chums after school hours.

I think most people have recollections of the time in their lives when action seemed the keynote of their characters. Robert Louis Stevenson, who knew something about children and their instincts, says, 'We grown-up people can tell ourselves a story all the while sitting quietly by the fire. This is exactly what a child cannot do — or does not do — at least when he can do anything else. He works all with lay-figures and stage properties. When his story comes to the fighting he must rise, get something by way of a sword, or have a set-to with a piece of furniture until he is out of breath.' So that children see nothing incongruous in styling a projecting desk a cape, or the floor space an ocean. They are frankly delighted when they discover that the north end of the room is really the coldest end, because that makes it easy to call it the North Pole. And if they do not happen to have a packing-case on wheels ready to act as a boat, they will soon show their resourcefulness and imagination by merely turning a chair on its back or inverting a form to drag up and down the floor-ocean.

As a matter of fact it is better not to have real properties — certainly not ready-made ones. Children would far rather make their own accessories or use something else for a make-believe. Richard Jefferies in his book *Bevis* voices this when he says, 'He knew that the greatest pleasure is always obtained from inferior and incomplete in-

struments. Present a perfect yacht, a beautiful horse, a fine gun, or anything complete to a beginner, and the edge of his enjoyment is dulled with too speedy possession. The best way to learn to ride is on a rough pony.' And in the second chapter of that delightful book *Little Women*, by Louisa M. Alcott, — as dear to English girls as it is to Americans, — the heroines 'not rich enough to afford any great outlay for performances, put their wits to work, and — necessity being the mother of invention — made whatever they needed. "A gloomy wood" was represented by a few shrubs in pots, green baize on the floor, and a cave in the distance. This cave was made with a clothes-horse for a roof and bureaus for walls,' etc.

When the Utopian scholars wanted a cave or a hermit's cell, they merely crept under the teacher's high spindle-legged desk; when they needed a tent they utilized the space between the extended legs of an easel; when the play required red-hot irons, they red-chalked the old school-poker; when the exigencies of the case demanded a horse, they did not offer their 'kingdom for a horse,' but just got a companion to knuckle down whilst they mounted on his back, and, lo! a prancing war-horse! Not only does this benefit the scholars by exercising their constructive instincts and faculties, but also it makes for a very great economy in expenditure on school-apparatus. The boys are always anxious to bring such simple articles as an old wooden box on wheels; or the girls will volunteer to make costumes. The play is so interesting and makes so strong an appeal to the child mind, that the desired lessons can be inculcated without the use of a book for each child — particularly if there be an open library-shelf to which all can have access in school time; and thus the State may find its little bill for education considerably

lessened. Added to this advantage, we are, of course, developing the Dramatic Instinct — one of the most potent and active instincts of childhood.

At the risk of repeating myself I must again insist that, if we neglect any one channel of expression, we are not developing the whole man. If Nature implanted certain instincts, it is not ours to discriminate which, if any, we shall neglect, and help to stunt and kill. Children are born actors. They are constantly impersonating, or making their dolls impersonate, other people. They play at 'mothers and fathers'; or, with dolls for scholars, they play at being 'teacher.' Some people might say this is merely mimicry; but if one listens to the plays, one finds originality rather than mimicry. All who are interested in the education of children know how successful is the kindergarten game among little ones in presenting to their senses and understanding things which it would be otherwise impossible to teach them. In the play for older scholars we visualize facts in a similar way, extending and profiting by our experience with younger scholars.

And let none fear that allowing scholars to play or dramatize their lessons will have the effect of making them stage-struck, or too fond of theatre-going. If ready-made plays were put into the hands of children and rehearsed for public displays and entertainments, with proper dresses, scenery, and properties, this might be the result. But lessons dramatized in childish fashion by the children, with make-believe properties such as you have just seen in Utopia, have merely the effect one desires and aims at.

The geography lesson is ended. Every one looks as fresh and keen as at the start. In fact we cannot believe that nearly an hour has elapsed since the play began. And do the onlookers

know any more than they knew before about the voyage to America, and what happened when the ship arrived there? First of all there are very few, if any, onlookers. Every one seems to have been gradually incorporated into the play. A few boys were called upon to form a gang of men, coaling ship (real coal shoveled into the soap-box outside in the school porch, which now became Liverpool docks); others became porters, carrying passengers' luggage; one or two small-sized children represented the passengers; others put small sacks on board, supposed to be mails. Some of the older girls suggested that they should write real letters in envelopes and include those, — which was done. Then the scholars have been careful to listen to the running fire of dialogue kept up between captain, crew, and passengers. They have gathered that the ship had to anchor out in the Mersey while a small tender took the passengers aboard. The captain has pointed out Liverpool on his right and Birkenhead on his left, while he informed the passengers that Liverpool is one of the largest shipping ports in the world. A line of door-mats placed across the room had to be carefully navigated. He said it was the bar; and the pilot, whom the captain kept in his box until the bar was crossed, explained that it was a sandy bar and constantly changed its shape and position. Said he, 'We Mersey pilots have to study its changes very carefully, or else *we* should very soon get a change of situation.'

Another batch of children (girls this time, because they must have something to do, and 'girls can't be sailors, or pilots, or porters, you know') walked up and down the docks, pointing out another soap-box being unloaded. Its cargo was raw cotton (we happen to possess some specimens of that material in our school museum), and a little

dialogue was indulged in by the girls, to the effect that all this cotton was destined for the Lancashire cotton mills. Another ship was unloading meat — rare sport for a big boy to lift a limp small boy, wrapped up in girls' pinafores, out of the box and deposit him on the dock-side, while the girls exclaimed, 'Frozen mutton!' One of their number pretended to find names printed on the wrapper, 'Barnes, Downey & Co.,' and recognized in them the names of two former scholars who had gone abroad.

While all this was going on, the ship going to America had crossed the Mersey bar and sailed round the playground. Then the scholars in the room were told by the players, 'Now you are in Canada. Land ahead!' Several little girls waved their pinafores up and down, surrounding the ship. They explained that they were a heavy fog; while the captain, ordering a sharp look-out, explained that the fog was the result of cold currents from the Polar Sea, bringing icebergs (the scholars pretended the easel was an iceberg and all shivered as the ship passed it), meeting warm currents from the Gulf of Mexico. He gave quite a learned dissertation on the condensation of the water-vapor in the air, and by that time the ship was ready to call at St. John's.

The remainder of the journeyings of the passengers was treated in the same lively fashion, and then — time being up — the boys begged to be allowed to play 'settlers in Canada,' on the morrow. They said they could make up a lovely play. They knew where to find a small tree, which they would plant in a tub of mould and bring into the schoolroom to be felled for lumbering. And I venture to assert that few children learn more geography by such easy and pleasant means in so short a time. Besides, there is the

eagerness to 'go on to-morrow,' — the desire for more, — the willingness to utilize out-of-school hours for the preparation of another play! The question of 'home lessons' has often proved a vexed one. That is because a child's mind is *one*, and not readily divided into compartments. There should be unity between home and school. There is unity when the idea of a 'task,' is removed. A boy or girl — aye, and grown men and women, too — will do far more work when he or she works for pleasure or at a hobby.

But we have n't time to moralize much more in our Utopian school. There are sounds of revelry proceeding from the infant school. We must see what is afoot. The tiny tots are learning the elements of arithmetic; but there is no blackboard or chalk about. They themselves have papers, with a large number printed thereon, pinned on their breasts.

'Now, take partners for the dance!' says the teacher. 'What number makes the *right* pair of partners?'

'Ten,' answer the tinies.

Then at once, 9 walks up to 1 and says, 'Will you dance with me?' and leads his partner to the top of the room. 8 chooses 2, and 7 chooses 3, and so on until all are paired, each one picking out the number which, added to his or her own, will make up ten. If they are correct, they dance; but should they make an error, they stand out. This is a great indignity and seldom occurs, we observe. The dance is a sort of glorified country-dance, of the style of Sir Roger de Coverley.

But listen! A bell rings! Let us pop into the classroom whence the sound comes. What do we see? A shop, a real shop, with a bell on the door to announce the advent of customers, with little girls behind the counter (a desk, with yard-measure pinned thereon), with a cashier presiding over a

cash-box of cardboard coins; with real printed bill-heads (kindly provided by a renowned soap-manufacturer), with rolls of ribbon (paperhanger's trimmings from the wall-paper), with customers buying and receiving correct measurements and change. The teacher watches to see that there are no mistakes; but it is a real game. The children are not reciting a prepared dialogue. They talk spontaneously, as children do when they play out of school.

But we must not linger. Back in the big room there are interesting things happening. As we arrive there we again hear a bell ringing, and then a boy calls, 'Oyez! Oyez!' A crowd of French citizens surround him, while he tells them that he has been appointed to tell them that the English king demands that six of the principal citizens shall march out of Calais with bare heads and feet, ropes round their necks, and the keys of the town and castle in their hands. We immediately recognize that they are dramatizing the surrender of Calais. They have an affecting scene showing the six citizens volunteering, although a touch of humor is patent to us when we observe one of the citizens wearing a pair of French wooden sabots — probably to give a touch of local color! The girl representing the queen has copied her costume from correct pictures, and makes a very dignified speech. When the king has pardoned the citizens she orders that they 'be taken to my apartment. Take those halters from their necks — give them new clothes and a plentiful dinner!' The six file past her, making deep obeisance — the last one falling

in a dead faint as he attempts to stagger out. We quite enjoy the little play, it is so real and so impressive; and mind, not one of the actors is over fourteen years of age!

It is not necessary to show you more to-day. There is plenty more. But you must come again and again. Then you shall see quiet scholars drawing and doing needlework at their desks, while the strains of Chopin, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Grieg, and Beethoven fill the room with melody and harmony. 'And beauty born of murmuring sound' shall pass into each face. They always accompany such quiet lessons with good music, for they have a fine piano in Utopia. You shall hear real English folk-music. You shall see the folk-songs acted as well as hear them sung. You shall see nature-study dramatized. You shall hear original poetry — good verse too!

What is that you say? 'What about the 3 R's?' Why these scholars are taking the 3 R's in their stride, as it were. When they want information, they read for it. When they want to remember their parts, they write and transcribe them. When they need mathematics they actually measure, weigh, and calculate. You have seen them. How do they strike you? Are they not sane, healthy, promising little citizens? Do not their nice, natural manners impress you? And which 'day in school' did you most enjoy? Which made you feel most alive? Which accomplished most? Let these Utopian scholars preach the Gospel of Happiness for other children — let them have their share in leavening the whole lump.

KANDI SUBDIVISION

HELPING TO GOVERN INDIA

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

WE had all been in camp together at Kandi, earlier in the 'cold' season; our tents, as big as cottages, whitening the vast green shadow of the mango grove. The horses stamped contentedly beneath the boughs. A swarm of turbaned bare-footed servants gossiped and quarreled in their quarters, deftly performing their tasks, and going their crafty, inscrutable ways.

The glossy depths of the leaves were full of the contralto gurglings of golden orioles; now and then they flamed across a bar of sunlight. In the crown of one huge tree a heavy-winged vulture had her nest, while her mates soared and circled, a speck in the illimitable blue. Streaked squirrels frisked hither and yon, chattering sarcastic disapproval of rude British ways.

We were a goodly company: the Collector and the Assistant Collector, with Mem-Sahibs and a sister-in-law; the *silk-kuti* Mem-Sahib and her chunky baby; the Police Burra Sahib and the Police Chota Sahib; and least in years and stature, but first in sweet grace and favor with God and man, Theo, the Collector Mem-Sahib's baby, a sunny little angel of three.

Theo had a charming way of coming to my tent in the cool of the morning, calling me till she saw my eyes open, and then saying in her pretty Hindustani, —

'Johnston, *hamare sung kelo!*' which is to say, 'Come, play with me!'

She had picked up my name from her great big papa, the Collector Sahib.

In the dew-bespangled sunrise, while the air was caressingly cool, we went forth to ride along the river bank and beside fields of yellow mustard or dun stubble; then, on our return to the shadowed tents, a bath, breakfast, and the day's occupations; then again, in the swift dusk of evening, when furtive jackals rent the twilight stillness with wailing and demoniac laughter, or the silver bark of little foxes echoed over the mist-veiled rice-fields, white under the moon, we gathered in comfortable deck chairs in a great, dim aisle of the mango grove, while the tents shone orange in the lamp-light, to tell sad stories of the deaths of kings, or listen to the Police Chota Sahib, who had a pretty, sentimental tenor, singing 'The Long Indian Day.'

In those too brief, delicious days, we had turned our eyes, once in a while, toward the town of Kandi. From the deep green shadow of the mango tope, one could see its nearest buildings gleaming white in the outer sunlight, beyond a shimmering carpet of rice-stubble. One glanced for a moment at the sun-steeped houses, and then drew back with a sigh of deep content into the umbrageous quiet of the grove.

One dappled afternoon, the big Collector Sahib — big morally, big physically even from the standpoint of the Assistant Sahib, who, at the physical

examination in London, measured up five eleven and a half; big most of all in heart — thus addressed his junior officer, pointing toward the white buildings out in the heat: —

‘I expect to put you in charge over there, in January; the Deputy, Govinda Babu, has two months’ *chuti*; going to make a tour of his fathers-in-law!’

I heard, in pleasurable anticipation, and looked forth with new interest toward Kandi, glistening there in the sunshine.

Too soon our camp broke up, and faded creakingly through the twilight in a long train of native ox-carts down the twenty miles of dust-bedded road to the Bhagirathi River and Berhampore.

Then intervened the holidays. The Civil Station celebrated the Nativity by a tiger-shoot and a pig-stick, under the auspices of His Highness the Nawab Bahadur and half a dozen of his big, gray elephants; and I believe there was an exotic Christmas tree at the silk-kuti at *Babul bona*.

Thereafter, in the cool days beyond the turn of the year, I set forth, rejoicing now in the rank of Deputy Magistrate and Deputy Collector, the enhanced salary, and the power to consign my Aryan brothers to durance for six months, to rule over Kandi Subdivision, a kingdom of some quarter of a million souls.

Vivid in my memory is the fish-nosed boat which ferried us across the Bhagirathi River, — now shrunken to a blue ribbon in a wide valley of yellow sand, with rows of stakes set here and there for the nets of the fishermen. Most vividly do I remember the quaint crook-backed fiddle of a gray-haired musician, who perched on the bamboo platform of the boat, throwing parched peas down his throat with a quick little jerk of the wrist, and an unfailing aim that I watched with incredulous ad-

miration. The boat, the musician in his white drapery, the crook-backed fiddle, had the air of ancient Babylon. One stepped into a picture of ten thousand years ago.

The road to Kandi lay through a marshy tract of bheels and jheels, where lean fishermen cast their nets with a circular throw, gleaning a few poor little fishes for supper, or paddled in ladle-shaped canoes, hollowed from the bulbed butt of a fan palm.

Then, rounding the big mango tope with its pleasant memories of December, we drove into the town of Kandi and came to a halt at the little square Board-of-Works bungalow, destined for two months to be our headquarters. It was in a rather deserted-looking part of the town, with red-brick houses up the road a hundred yards away, and the native College, for the making of young Bengali babus, somewhat nearer on the other side, in a garden of coral-blossomed ashoka trees. The bungalow had one large room, opening on a front veranda, and four small ones; with camp-cots, deck-chairs, and blue cotton carpets, the two Poonaswamis and their aides soon made it presentable; and we settled down to rule a unit of the British Indian Empire.

The brand-new Deputy Magistrate plunged that same evening into the hundred activities of subdivisional life; first betaking himself in white-helmeted dignity to the Kutcherry, to take over charge of the court and treasury, opium room and jail, from the departing Govinda Babu, whose heart already glowed with glad anticipation of visits to his many fathers-in-law.

Govinda Babu, besides being Deputy Magistrate of the Subdivision, was Chairman of the municipality of Kandi, a kind of small lord mayor; so, in his uxorious absence, these cares also, and they were heavy ones, descended upon

the shoulders of the incoming Deputy Collector, who writes this history.

They were heavy ones, beginning with the dogs. Once and again have I been walking quietly and as inoffensively as the representative of the conquerors may, in the byways of some Bengali village, and have had my dignity as a Briton and a gentleman all scattered to the winds by a surly Nationalist of a buffalo bull, bearing down on me sniffingly, with sinister intent; then, to rub salt in the wounds of my honor, some Bengali babe, naked but for a key strung round his loins, has come shouting and brandishing a little stick, and has chased the buffalo bull away, its abject tail between its legs. But even worse are the hurts to dignity when one is set on by a pack of pariah dogs, — huge howling nondescripts that sniff and snap and snarl at magisterial legs. Mem-Sahib never knew much Bengali, counting her towels with her washerman in a Hindi all her own; but she did learn to cry out '*Maro kokkur!*' — 'Beat the dog!' — with terror-stricken vigor; whereat the little Bengalis, obedient even while unsympathetic to her fears, took sticks and drove the howling monsters off. If they had only barked, it would have been less uncomfortable, but their one note was a roaring, insolent howl.

Thus having suffered in honor, the Deputy Magistrate now got his opportunity for revenge. For one of the drove of big dogs that lolled and snoozed and scratched under the arches and along the streets of Kandi, went mad and, in a paroxysm of folly, bit a municipal policeman, one of a score of red-turbaned knaves under my immediate orders. Thereafter the said mad dog, realizing, I suppose, that it was all up with him, in true Eastern fashion ran amuck, biting and snapping at his colleagues till the whole bazar was a canine pandemonium.

The policeman came wailing to me, and exhibited his wound; Bengalis love to show their wounds. It was a mere scratch on the shin, but the man was half crazy with fright. So I sent him to the subdivisional surgeon, a Boidhyo, a man of the doctor caste, with a shrewd diagnosis and a healing touch, to be cauterized and comforted; and then, as Acting Chairman of the municipality of Kandi, I issued a *Hukum*, proclaiming a wholesale massacre of stray dogs, and binding, as I remember, the said municipality to pay a reward of eight annas for each dog so slaughtered.

In my inexperience, I made a slip. I should have included in the proclamation a clause directing that the dead dogs above-mentioned and therein aforesaid should be delivered to one of my subordinates conveniently far off, — say the bitten policeman, who would have enjoyed it, — for due enumeration. I forgot to do that, so they brought the dogs to me.

An ox-cart load of them in the daytime was bad enough; but it was abominable to be awakened after midnight, to take cognizance of slaughtered corpses and sign an invoice of dead dog. Even in death, those beastly pariahs had the better of me.

They were soon forgotten, however, in the sterner, depressing duties of the cholera epidemic, which came down upon Kandi Subdivision two months before its time. The deeper cause, I suppose, was bacterial infection. The predisposing condition was colic, due to the eating of new rice, which has some such effect as green crab-apples have in the department of the interior. So my people began to die like flies.

Certain of their ways made it terribly and needlessly hard to help them. The infection, bacillus, or whatever it be, is carried by subsoil water through the sandy loam of the Ganges Delta

and crops up suddenly here and there, to disappear only with the breaking of the greater rains. It seems largely a matter of pure water, but how is one to secure that for a people who first bathe in their artificial ponds, then wash their clothes in them, and lastly, when all other necessities are served, fill their brass water-jars and take them home to drink?

We arranged for the distribution of camphor dissolved in ether, the best thing to counteract the initial colic; and tried hard to keep at least one tank pure: a pretty temple pond dotted with the round green leaves of crimson water-lilies, whereon certain sharp-beaked water-hens with toes miraculously long skated about in search of beetles. I was urged to set a fence of authority about this pond, in part by my own wish for a trustworthy domestic supply, in part by a committee of *Bhadra-lok*, of the better sort, of Kandi, — partly Bengali gentlemen in turbans like pudding moulds, and tussore silk frock-coats.

So a second proclamation was issued, in high Bengali, similar to the Proclamation of the Dogs, the rhetorical flourishes being added by my head clerk, a wise, sympathetic fellow with an Aryan name and a Semitic nose; and I set four policemen to watch the pond day and night, bidding them arrest, and bring to me instantly, whoever presumed to put so much as an ungodly toe into the proclaimed water.

So my *pani-wala* with his skin water-cask drew water in peace, as did the people of the town. Yet I afterwards learned, by subterranean ways, that the very gentlemen in tussore silk frock-coats and fancy turbans, who had come with salaams and lamentable petitions, were bribing my rascally policemen to let them bathe their unhallowed carcasses in my, and their, drinking water. Such a thing, my masters, is ancient custom; such a

thing is the guile of mankind, lined with dire stupidity. I had those Bengali gentlemen up before me in full court, stood them in a row like malefactors, and from the height of the bench told them home truths in their suffering mother-tongue until they winced again. For the time they desisted, but I have a fancy that, when Govinda Babu came back with shining morning face, all went on as before.

A week's tour in the outlying regions of my kingdom relieved the strain of the dog and cholera days. It was a question of reviewing the government of the villages, of seeing that all went well in scores of mud-hut settlements amid clumps of greenery and bamboos scattered over an expanse of rice-fields rising gradually from the Bhagirathi to the Santal uplands on the west.

In those tours through the outlands, one's rascals of servants exercised upon the Bengali villagers the rights of purveyance and preëmption that got King John into such trouble: laying lawless hands on the very things, carts and firewood and straw, that are listed in the Charter; and, I fear, also pouncing on other things, such as eggs, and bamboo-flavored chickens, and egg-plants, which the Barons of Runnymede overlooked. This, in spite of all one's efforts to pay in honest cash; efforts frustrated in my case by the two Poonaswamis, first butler and first valet in my household, whom I had imported from Madras. Poonaswami the elder, whose gold-and-crimson turbans were a joy, cooked admirably; yet he once shocked me beyond words by asking for cook-money to buy the makings of a 'kerosene pudding,' averring that he had often served just that very dish to the Governor of Madras. Even had the Viceroy, or visiting royalties, feasted on kerosene, I flatly refused. Poonaswami pleaded, and finally brought, to convince me, the head

valet, Poonaswami the second, bearing a much-thumbed Tamil-English word-book, and pointing in triumph to the word 'Curaçao'!

It was a heartening sight in the approaching twilight to see the servants and orderlies, aided by impressed village watchmen, clearing a fair space for the camp, under shady mango trees. They scraped the sandy soil clean, laid on it a thick layer of sweet-smelling rice-straw, and spread on this blue-and-white cotton carpets. In the centre, they laid the butt of the big tent-pole, shook out the skirts of the tent, and then hauled away, unfurling the tent within a tent, a square home of canvas with a pyramid roof and an air-space a yard wide between the inner and the outer tent. This, with the ample shade of the glossy mango boughs, keeps one from roasting in camp in the 'cold' season: cold enough, that is, for peaches to hold something of their flavor, but too hot, even at Christmas, for strawberries, save on the mountain-tops about Mussurie.

The morning after we made camp, at the village of Belgaon, — which is the 'settlement of the Bel trees,' — I had my office-table set up under the trees, and summoned the weighty men of the village to give an account of their doings and their people. They came, reverend seniors, elected by the householders of those reed-thatched mud-houses, to form the Council of Five, signified by their title of *Panchayet*. Very good men they were, with much native mother-wit, palpably well-chosen and thorough masters of their duties — the settling of village disputes concerning lands, the division of the fruits of harvest between communal tillers, the levying of village rates, the payment of the watchmen, — those indigo-coated, white-turbaned *chowkidars* with their pikes, who had snored the night through over the ashes

of my camp-fires, as the jackals flitted among the ropes, and night-owls hooted in the branches.

I had the indigo-coated chowkidars up before me, in an abashed row, and made them testify as to the peace of the village; then I looked over their wage-books to make sure that each of them got his five rupees a month regularly, lest they might fall into thieving. When I had duly verified these things, going over one grubby booklet after another, making out the crabbed entries in village Bengali, and cross-questioning the illiterate chowkidars, to check the written figures, I came to the conclusion that the village accounts were honestly and effectively kept, and that the Bengali village was a model of good local government. Its structure is, indeed, by all odds the oldest thing we have in India: older, by ages, than the British Raj, older than the Mogul invaders whom 'John Company' superseded, older than the era of Persian and Arab raiders, older than Chandragupta or Ashoka, older than the venerable laws of Manu, son of the Sun.

Impressed at finding myself in the living presence of this fragment of an elder world, I relieved the tension between two ages by having the chowkidars drawn up in line, and putting them through marching and pike exercises, to the ecstatic admiration of naked little Bengalis of both sexes, who had mysteriously found their way to the Sahib's camp, and were peeping like big-eyed brown fairies from behind the smooth boles of the mango trees.

Then I read petitions about all kinds of little local ills; gorgeously-worded petitions, in which I was addressed as Dharmavatar, and Garibparwar: Incarnation of Righteousness, and Umbrella of the Poor. One can do much to lift heavy burdens in this summary fashion, and, on the whole, I

think I got at the truth. It was borne in upon me, and often verified thereafter, that the life of these humble Indian villages is, on the whole, very happy, despite darkling superstitions and lean days and a climate exasperatingly hard. We of the British Raj shield these poor folk from battle, murder, sudden death, if not always from plague, pestilence, famine; we guard them against rapacious, lazy overlings, who have preyed on them from generation to generation, and who pay us in angry discontent for thus interfering with their prey. These villagers and their like have learned by experience that they can trust implicitly in our law and even-handed justice. No small thing, this, to do for nigh three hundred millions of the poorest, most defenseless folk on earth.

Sometimes, while I was touring the outlands, the village had a school to be examined and reported on, with a view to 'grants in aid.' A spectacled busybody of a Brahman pundit led out to the Deputy Magistrate's shadowed camp his brood of youngsters, gay with flowered muslins and tinsel caps for so great an occasion. On a clean-swept strip of sand under the boughs, they sate them in a row — little brown frogs of chaps with big, dark eyes; each with his palm-leaf writing-strips on his lap, whereon to my deep edification he penned, or rather drew with a pointed reed dipped in ink, the curved Bengali letters, chanting their names the while like a young crow: — 'Kaw, khaw, gaw, ghaw, ngaw.' As a crowning glory, the fussy little pundit declared that one of his children of the dusk knew real English words. After vernacular promptings *sotto voce*, a small hopeful, in green and rose-colored muslin, and with a grave little brown face under a gold-tinsel cap, arose, and with immeasurable, severe dignity piped the words: 'Uni-vair-sal gravy-

tation!' and then suddenly collapsed, shutting up like a pocket-knife under the strain of violent mental effort, while the fussy, pompous little pundit beamed with wreathed smiles.

It was very taking to see these little brown mites demonstrating Euclid at the blackboard, in a fluent Bengali that left the Deputy Collector halting behind; and odd too, until one remembered that the ancestors of these brown morocco babies had discovered not only geometry, but trigonometry and algebra also; giving this last to the Arabs what time the wily Moslems purloined from India the 'Arabic' numerals, — really conventionalized initials of the Sanskrit numerals, though foisted by the Arabs as their own on a confiding world.

Fain would the Deputy Magistrate have lingered in the outlands, camping in the scented, melodious shadow of mango topes, by palm-fringed pools adorned with blue or crimson water-lilies; making fatherly inquest into the practical working of this elder world amid vast brown expanses of rice-stubble; admiring hugely the reed-thatched huts with trailing melons growing over them, the hairy green hands of the leaves and the yellow trumpet-flowers strewn with dewy seed-pearls in the white of the dawn; but the duties of the station at Kandi called him back, happily to find the cholera abated, the stream of dog diminished to a trickle.

But there was much to do every day at the Kutcherri, an agglomeration of white-washed brick, of no defined form or style. There were, first, the criminal trials for the day, though the petty pilferings and thumpings of these guileless folk little deserved the high, serious name of crime. One case I remember, where there was some question of selling rice-liquor without due excise license. A witness for the prosecuting

Abkari department, which is to say, Excise, filled me with hopeless wonder at his splendid, disinterested invincibility. With rolling eye, he told me of a small room, a yard or so square, indicating its precise dimensions on the rail of the witness-stand before him; then he related how wild revelers, thirsting for rice-wine, came pouring in, — ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty of them, gathering in that tiny cubicle to make merry and carouse. By his telling, never was such furious dissipation, such unbridled delinquency; fifty men — or was it sixty? — singing and dancing and wassailing in a square yard of space.

You cannot indict such a shock-headed, wild-eyed fellow for perjury; it would be too ridiculous. There is one way, I have been told, to get the truth out of the most depraved Bengali: to fill his palm with Ganges water, and then bid him testify. But I have a notion that this fellow, were he immersed in Ganges to the lips, or in subterranean Phlegethon for that matter, would still gurgle out his sublime phantasies.

Then there was the governmental dispensing of *gunja*, or hashish, a kind of withered aster, and of blocks of opium; a duty which rejoiced not the heart of the Deputy Collector. The British Indian Government does not sell these things; it receives them in bond from the growers, and distributes them, with a whacking excise duty added to the cost, to licensed dealers, who peddle out to their clients the fuel of dreams.

The opium came in blocks as big as bricks, weighing a Bengali seer, or two pounds; the duty on each brick being, as I remember it, some twenty-eight rupees at three to the dollar. The Deputy Collector confesses to having sold enough of this acrid stuff to demoralize a city, supposing the traffic to be as

noxious as its critics aver. He wishes, therefore, to say thereon these two things: first, that the British Raj has three courses open to it: to forbid all growing of the rose-red opium poppy, which might be over-tyrannous; or to allow its cultivation free of all restriction; or to lay such a tax on it as shall bring in a good revenue, and at the same time greatly discourage, while not absolutely prohibiting, its use. This last is the course followed by the British Raj. Secondly, the Deputy Collector deposes that, so far as his limited observation went, opium was used chiefly by hopeless invalids, sufferers from cancer, or leprosy, or the disfiguring maladies of the East; this would seem to be the reason why pictures of Indian opium-dens show such ghastly wrecks of humanity. Opium is not the cause of their miserable state, but its palliative. The natives of India are, on the whole, admirably temperate, as they are wonderfully free from serious crime.

As for revenue from opium, and the reprobation that goes with it, the government of India is in a quandary. It must tax something, or go bankrupt out of hand. The Permanent Settlement of a century ago pledged the government of Bengal never, on any plea, to increase the tax, or government rent, at that time laid on land; and in spite of every need this promise has been sacredly kept. So rupees must be raised elsewhere; and not very creditable taxes, like this on opium which hurts no one but the users of it, or the far more onerous tax on salt, are the best expedients that have so far been hit upon, to fill the big hole in Bengal's revenues.

As for the other departments of his small kingdom, the Deputy Collector has the honor to invite you to study them in company with no less a man than the Commissioner of Central

Bengal, a very great personage indeed in the hierarchy of Covenanted-Walas. Of these latter, nine hundred govern and, as I believe, govern admirably well, an empire of three hundred million souls. Some two hundred and fifty of them at that time made up the Civil Service of the still undivided Province of Lower Bengal, with Behar and Orissa thereto joined.

To understand the might, majesty, and dominion of my Commissioner, I shall try to lead you up to his pyramidal eminence by graded steps. Begin with just such a little kingdom as my own Kandi Subdivision, some three or four hundred square miles, inhabited by a quarter of a million lowly souls. Four or five such subdivisions make up a District, under such a collector and district magistrate as little Theo's big and big-hearted papa, who had a million or a million and a quarter subdued, toiling subjects. And eight or ten such districts make up a Division, in this case dominated, from his dizzy height, by my august guest, who came, as I have hinted, on a tour of inspection to the Subdivision of Kandi; much as the humble Deputy Collector, in his turn, went on tours of inspection through the little villages.

As I have begun with statistics, let me grasp my courage in both hands and, at grave risk of unpopularity, try to carry the matter through. Some half-dozen divisions make up the Province of Lower Bengal, under a Lieutenant-Governor risen from the ranks of Covenanted-Walas, and in his day proud to rule just such a realm as Kandi Subdivision. Bombay and Madras rejoice in lordly governors sent fresh from home, as they are old provinces; but the four or five provinces remaining — which, with the senior three already enumerated, make up British India — are ruled by lieutenant-governors who rise from the Cove-

nanted ranks. Thus any man of the nine hundred may some day be the head of a realm as populous as France or Italy, and with peasants as thrifty and as poor. Over all these lieutenant-governors hovers the superb Viceroy, absolute as Jove himself, save when the Secretary of State for India berates him by cable.

Besides these directly-governed provinces, there is a huge native India of six hundred thousand square miles, ruled by Hindu or Mahometan or Buddhist princes: the splendid feudal chivalry of Rajputana, noblest among the races of the world; or ancient Hindu lines like the Maharajas of Mysore, — once serfs of the conquering Moslem but set on their thrones again by the English, — with their reverence for what is old and their genius for conservation; or fragments broken from the crumbling Mogul empire, such as Hyderabad is still, and such as Bengal was when Clive fought at Plassey; or new-sprung princelings of the plundering Mahratta clans, like the Maharaja Gaekwar of Baroda, or Holkar of Indore.

I am inspired to this statistical precision by the earnest desire to define, with nice accuracy, the terrace of the hierarchical pyramid to which pertained my stately visitor the Commissioner: a huge, tired gentleman, who had given a long life, and a great life, to India, and had but the dregs of it left. He was one of the bricks in the altar of sacrifice.

The Commissioner Sahib camped in the great mango tope, whence we went forth together to review my dominions. We talked, he as master, I as learner, of such things as lie close to the hearts of all Covenanted-Walas: ryots and crops, assessments and tenures, criminal and civil law; and always his thought was keenest, his heart most tender, for the fate and weal of the lowly, the real

beneficiaries of England's quiet rule. Save for the spell of cholera, which had been very destructive, I had a good account to render of my people.

We had a session with the books of the court: so many thefts, with so many convictions; assaults, simple or aggravated; lurking house-trespass; a graver crime or two, and one accidental shooting by a shock-headed young French planter with a bow neck-tie, seriously complicated by his foolish flight. We got his matter straightened out, however, after a few days. Accounts, too, we went over together: land-taxes, excise-levies, sales of opium, gunja, stamps, fees of one kind and another, making up the receipts; while on the side of disbursements stood the salary of the Umbrella of the Poor and the pay of his subordinates, payments for government buildings and the like, and, finally, remittances of hard-earned balances to the District Treasury.

The kind old man slowly, rather absently, but with entire faithfulness, went over these accounts and signed the books. Then we went together to the jail, of which the writer of these things was governor. I was not inordinately vain over that mud jail with its thatched shed, nor yet was I cast down. For a magnificent new prison with huge

walls of brick was being built a hundred yards away, in response to the importunities of Govinda Babu. But I liked my little mud jail best; and so, I think, did my five prisoners. Indeed, we all held it in such affection that, after my tame desperadoes had been reviewed, I patted the low clay wall, and said to the Commissioner, —

‘It is very considerate of the prisoners not to kick the wall down and walk away!’

By the way, naked toes may have had something to do with their forbearance, yet my obligation to them remained.

Well, when we had examined all these things and found them to be very good, pending dinner in camp the great man returned to my office to report on what he had seen to that even greater man, the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. He wrote a line or two about this and that, spoke of crops and taxes, and then bethought him to add, in conclusion, a word or two about the jail. But words come not easily to tired souls and out-worn years; so, finally, smiling to himself, he wrote, with softly creaking quill: —

‘It is very considerate — of the prisoners — not to kick down the wall — and walk away.’

WHICH CLASS?

BY MARY C. ROBINSON

THE Teachers' Convention is always in session. The sun never sets on its deliberations. It has been ever thus in this land of public schools. Whether you pull an old newspaper of *ante-bellum* days out of the red chest in the garret or open the morning's issue, wet from the press, — column to column with the latest murder and the oldest joke, is an account of the meeting of a body of educators, somewhere, everywhere, in this broad land.

My way of life, from my youth up, has carried me annually, semi-annually, or even oftener, into such meetings, and I have been unable to escape observing that certain words of wisdom are uttered at each convention with the regularity and emphasis of a standard advertisement. They come from the mouths of different educators, great guns or small guns, indigenous or imported, in nearly the same form and to exactly the same purport. One of these oracular sayings is this: 'The spirit of the class exactly reflects the spirit of the teaching.'

We teachers are told, not once but a hundred times, that a wise observer need only study briefly the class before us, — nay, some artless speakers say that the observer need only listen outside the door, — in order to learn, without a glance at the teacher, whether she (the feminine pronoun in the educational world does duty for both sexes) is alert, enthusiastic, conscientious, hard-working, well-informed, and in vigorous health, or a dragged out, ignorant, soulless, and thoroughly un-

pedagogic specimen of the profession.

At the tender age of sixteen when I began my pedagogic career, I accepted without question this doctrine and everything else that was thundered at me *ex cathedra*. After ten years of teaching I believed no word of it; after ten years more I am moved to inquire, 'Which class?'

For my work calls me either to teach or to superintend six different classes daily, and I find that each has an individuality of its own. Gladly would I believe that some of these individualities are reflections of my own; but the unction is so flattering that my common sense refuses to lay it to my soul. That same common sense — a quality which exists in embryo even in public-school teachers — also forbids me to imagine that other less delightful classes reflect the image of my own *ego*. Doubtless my faults are many, and apparent to the most superficial beholder, but reason quails at regarding them as exactly those faults which I discern in the happy-go-lucky band of young barbarians occasionally given me to train, who cannot be taught to speak the truth and already know how to shoot straight.

Consider with me the various classes which are exposed to the contagion of my spirit during a typical day in my school. My first duty is to supervise a room containing one hundred and ten young men and women between the ages of fourteen and nineteen, during a period of forty-two minutes. (The missing three minutes are devoted to

getting somewhere from somewhere else.) The entire one hundred and ten are solely and strenuously occupied in studying throughout this time. Whether I watch them severely from the desk or patrol the room with eagle gaze, nothing more disorderly happens than the whispered query of an industrious student, who thrusts a French book under my eyes and asks deprecatingly, 'Could you tell me whether *va* is a noun or a preposition?' or that of another, no deprecator he, who demands offhand, 'Please tell me the date when the Pentekosiomedimni were established, and how long they lasted.'

Of course I am too old and too wise a bird to suppose that all this quiet means absolutely what it appears to mean on the surface. I, too, have sat in study-rooms in the days of long ago, and am familiar with various underground railroads for notes, and with other subways for matters of immediate and non-educational importance; but for all that, the atmosphere of the room is overwhelmingly one of intense and even greedy intake of knowledge. I may write on the blackboard, review my own lessons for the day, or guess one of Mr. Bellamy's charades, without disturbing it in the least. Would not a visitor, who believed that the spirit of a class mirrored that of its teacher, be sure that my spirit was that of the unmitigated grind? That nothing but the pursuit of knowledge in and for itself would satisfy me?

An explanation not so agreeable to my intellectual vanity, but in strict accord with the facts, is that the industrious among these boys and girls — both the seekers after rank and the seekers after education — consider the first period the very best time in the day to study, while the lazy and idle study at no other time, but concentrate all their mental application in a frenzy of intellectual effort during

this (almost) three-quarters of an hour. All of the latter doubtless absorb something: the quick, enough to 'get through' on; the untalented, a strange mixture of French, 'literature,' and mathematics, — choice extracts from which, when quoted in the daily papers as examples of what the pupils learn in our public schools, horrify the general public.

Now follow me into my next class. This is 'College English' and no drowsy land of enchantment. Before me, in a pleasant, well-ventilated room, sit twenty-eight boys of about eighteen, most of them bright, all strung on wires, hardly one studious, and yet all determined to enter college at the end of the year. That is the only consideration which tames their hearts of fire. So far as I can observe, they have no desire to know anything correctly, not the slightest bend toward literature, and a determination, unitedly and severally, to be as trying as possible; but this, bear in mind, without the least personal malice toward their teacher. It is not etiquette in this class to show the slightest interest in the lesson. It is unwritten law of the strictest not to answer a question that some one else has failed on. The united ambition seems to be to learn as little as possible, to elude the teacher as much as possible, and yet ultimately to 'pass.' Judge how highly I appreciate the ability of these boys when I say that I have no doubt they will be as successful in the last of these purposes as they eminently are in the other two.

But, after all, elude they never so wisely, the teacher sits in the seat of the mighty. Moreover, she is an old war-horse and knows a few tricks of her own. If the first boy can't answer her question she puts a different and equally obnoxious one to the next boy. Once upon a day she essayed to write on the blackboard. Festive sounds of combat

assailed her ears. Flying chalk hurtled through the air and rattled against every hard surface. When she turned suddenly all was silent, except that Buster Coombs, who giggles easily and who doubtless had had nothing to do with the disturbance, was nearly bursting with merriment, and little Gehigan, who doubtless was chief offender, was preternaturally solemn, but with his collar unfastened behind and scraping the back of his earnest and attentive head. Thereafter members of the class, selected by her who must be obeyed (when the worst comes to the worst), write on the blackboard when such work is necessary. How they hate it! The victim in question is regarded as the butt of ridicule. He is facetiously supposed to be that contemptible creature, the teacher's pet. Hard is his lot, but inevitable.

Yet I would not have you suppose that the rascallions are without good points. They have more than one, the most endearing of which is that they show off well. I would rather receive a visitor in this class than in almost any other. Listening at the door is a different matter, and ought to be ruled out of the game. But let a visitor enter openly and above board, especially one who looks like a college professor in disguise, — and see the change. My twenty-eight boisterous young barbarians are transformed instantly into twenty-eight polished young gentlemen, serious-minded, deeply interested in literature. From stray nooks and corners of their resourceful minds they draw forth bright questions and anecdotes which they bring forward engagingly to cover their ignorance of the lesson in hand; and I, knowing only too well the depths of that ignorance, shamelessly give them their head, follow their lead, politely ignore anything that they have been told to learn and doubtless have not learned,

and allow them to exploit themselves so successfully that at the close of the period the visitor invariably congratulates me on the privilege of training such delightful students. The boys, be it said, are dead-game sports. As they file out quietly, in regular order, as if they had never heard of crowding or pushing or punching, they overhear the conversation, but give me no look of partnership in crime. They are too old hands for that.

When, for the discipline of my soul, I ask myself if this class reflects my personality; if I, therefore, have taught them to be shallow, shifty, and unscrupulous, but preternaturally bright, reason and conscience entirely acquit me of that particular responsibility; but they add that I, on the other hand, reflect the class, and might, if I associated with them exclusively, before long become quite as bad as they. What upside-down pedagogics!

I pick up my books and go to my next class. Here are twenty-five boys and girls, whose object seems to be to learn as much as they can and enjoy the process. Though somewhat deficient in originality, they possess all other class-room virtues. Polite, interested, appreciative, and always prepared with exactly what they have been told to learn, these pupils are so restful that if all teaching were like teaching them our profession would be overcrowded and our salaries, by the law of supply and demand, would shrink to nothing at all. Does this class reflect its teacher's personality? I wish I thought so; but the aforesaid reason and conscience answer unpromisingly, "It does not; tractable you may be; without originality you are; but restful, never!"

After the fifteen minutes of recess comes the pendant and complement of my class of the second period, namely, twenty-four girls in 'College English,'

and one boy. Rather, one might say, a potential boy, for Cuthbert Vanderbeek is seldom objectively present. Three mornings a week, on an average, he brings a note from his mother requesting that he be dismissed at recess; the other two he either has a severe pain in his stomach which necessitates his going home even earlier, or else he has forgotten to feed the horse or to look after the furnace. His mother, meanwhile, haunts at eventide the residence of the principal, in sad explanation of her son's delinquencies, or else, perchance, in search of advice and encouragement. The days when he dismisses himself she cheerfully lies for him, telling in what distress he came home, or enlarging upon the urgent needs of the horse or the furnace, — though it may be well known to all concerned that Cuthbert did not go home till noon, but spent the time in question in the park, smoking cigarettes. It is believed by his instructors that the horse is a mythical animal, and as for the furnace — who can imagine Cuthbert in the act of handling a coal-shovel? But let that pass. Mrs. Vanderbeek's strongest argument used to be to raise her handkerchief to her sad eyes and say pathetically, 'If Cuthbert only had a father it might be different!' Imagine the principal's surprise, one evening, when a man who announced himself as Mr. Vanderbeek, father of Cuthbert, called, accompanied by a quite different Mrs. Vanderbeek. He, too, regretted the absence of paternal authority quite as much as the boy's mother, but he said, 'The court gave her the control of him, so what can I do?' So the matter of Cuthbert's attendance stands.

Besides the potential Cuthbert the twenty-four are the dearest little damsels in the world. They study and learn their lessons, and have a pretty little wit of their own. But one serious

fault mars their personality as a class: they do not like to recite before visitors. Indeed, some of them, in the presence of a stranger, — be it the meekest of parents or the most terrified of candidates for a position, — refuse to say anything at all, but simply slump into their seats in unhappy little heaps; the rest become monosyllabic or reply in so soft a voice that it is practically non-existent. Did they learn this traditional womanly grace from their teacher? Or is it their every-day intelligence and general loveliness that reflects her? If you knew me you would smile derisively at either question.

The class that occupies my time and attention during the fifth period is composed of hopeless cases, considered grammatically. Time was when I cherished the hope of teaching them not to say, or at least not to write, '*He done*' and '*He seen.*' I no longer cherish that hope. Each day, in the intervals of Byron or Shelley, Holmes or Emerson, we consider the subject of grammatical agreement, and once a week we have a regular set-to at it; but these boys and girls remain unconvinced both in theory and in practice. A few weeks ago they conceived the bright idea that if '*done*' is not to be used with a singular subject, it must therefore need a plural one, and to prove their point brought me a Physics text-book which contained the phrase, '*Things done in this way.*' With troubled countenances they listened to my explanation, and evidently still cling to the idea that I am trying to sneak out of something that I ought to admit, for did not the book say, '*Things done*'?

These young folks, as you see, are argumentative and persistent; but they are also stylish in the extreme. It is difficult to rate their mental powers with justice, because the judgment is involuntarily influenced by their attire. I do not know which to admire

most, the hose, the shoes, and the cravats of the boys, or the frightfully up-to-date costumes of the girls, which have more than once made me speechless. Nay, in recent days the exiguity of some of these latter has caused the descendant of the Puritans to cast down her eyes in very shame!

Not even the most cocksure of educators would claim for a moment that these boys and girls reflect in outward semblance the spirit of their teacher; for my clothes are what they are and are worn mean-spiritedly. As to their attitude of mind, I do not know, but I fear the worst!

Now we come to the last hour of the session, — the period of hunger and weariness. A little disorder, or at least lassitude, might be pardonable, might it not? But who are these who come thronging into my room with the step and bearing of young gods and goddesses? In truth, they are mentally and physically of the elect. Led by two six-footers who plant themselves absurdly in the front

seats to be nearest the firing line, they begin the fray. The gray old fortresses and bastions of Latin grammar give way to the assault as if they were walls of butter. All is zest and eagerness. Nothing but absolute perfection satisfies the critical taste and abounding vitality of this class. Scarcely a day passes that I do not disgrace myself by a false quantity or a doubtful rule in syntax, but half-a-dozen at once of the conquering band good-naturedly set me right again, and in the pleasant excitement of the *mêlée* overlook my mistake. Do they reflect my spirit? About as much as a group of young race-horses reflect that of an old work-worn hack. I can barely keep them in sight as they prance up the hill of knowledge.

Next week comes the State Teachers' Convention. When some eminent and sententious educator says, as he is sure to do, 'The spirit of the class always reflects that of the teacher,' I shall not quarrel with him if he will only allow me to choose which class to be judged by.

THE BAPTIZING OF THE BABY

BY ELIZABETH TAYLOR

THE Baby arrived in a howling nor'easter. The *fjelds* were white with driving snow, the sea was white with the spindrift of gale-lashed waves, when the little procession filed into the parsonage courtyard. There were a father, five godfathers, two godmothers, and a few non-official friends. No baby was visible, but a muffled gurgle betrayed her presence. One of the god-

fathers, a fine young Viking of a lad, had a woman's dress-skirt buttoned around his neck and hanging down in front. Within its warm folds was the Baby.

The Baby's age was but four weeks, and this her first journey into the outside world. Custom has decreed that a Faroe Island baby must not pass its parents' threshold until it goes to the

Pastor to be received into the Church, and so made secure from the Powers of Darkness. Having once left its home, it cannot return with the sacred rite unperformed.

Imagine, then, the dismay that fell upon the Baby's escorts when they learned that the Pastor had gone to the Capital, several days before, on important church business. *To Thorshavn!* Only seven miles away, by sea, to be sure, but, with that gale, it might as well be seventy. What to do now? The Baby could not be taken back unbaptized. And there was the baptismal feast all arranged: sweet soup, hung mutton, potatoes, coffee, little cakes, with card-playing in the afternoon, and rice-porridge and sandwiches in the evening. The Baby's mother was putting the sweet soup over the fire when they left that morning. Five miles by fjord they had come; then, as the gale increased, and they neared the open sea, they had 'set up' on land, and trudged the remaining three miles through deep snow.

'Oh well,' sighed the father, 'we may as well "take it with quiet." The women-folk are too weary, anyhow, to go through those drifts again. We had better send one man home to explain matters, while the rest of us visit our friends. The storm may lessen at any time, so we can go to Thorshavn and bring home the Pastor.'

But — *the Baby* — And here the 'Pastorinde' was called upon to advise. Yes the Pastorinde *did* know of a newly-arrived baby in the village, and she doubted not that its mother would kindly permit the stranger-baby to share and share alike with her own.

I, too, was 'weather-fast.' From Thorshavn I had come, twelve days before, to 'hold Jule' at the parsonage, intending to return two days after Christmas. Then came this long storm. No going to Thorshavn by sea; but in

a roundabout way, by fjord and fjeld, it might be done in a case of necessity, like this church-meeting that the Pastor must attend.

The foreman of the eight-man boat, however, flatly refused to take *me*. 'The Herr Pastor,' he explained patiently, 'has strong legs. He can jump and stand fast in surf, climb cliffs, and go through deep snow. But it is no journey for woman-folk in high winter-time.'

So I was left behind when the Pastor went to Thorshavn.

One must start before daylight these short winter days to enable the boats to return before dark. For eight days I had been living as much packed up as possible, sleeping lightly, waking in the blackness of morning at the sound of voices in the kitchen below. Groping to the head of the stairway, I could hear the decision of the foreman: 'Not possible to-day, Fru Pastorinde. There is *ribbingur i sjónum* (dangerous sea) outside.' — And back I would creep shivering, sure of one day more in the parsonage.

'What is the Baby's name to be?' I asked one of the godfathers, as we chanced to meet the next day. An embarrassed silence was followed by an abrupt change of subject, and I felt that I had made a *faux pas*. Later, I was told that a baby's name must never be asked, never be told before baptism. I knew, already, some bits of baby-lore. For instance, if a child cries while it is being baptized, it will have a good voice and sing well at the ballad dances. The water must never be allowed to run down into the baby's eyes, or it will have 'second sight.' This is not a happy gift, and I notice that the godmother holding the child, *tilts* it at the right moment so that the water flows back over the forehead. I know, too, that the man who carries a baby-boy to and from the church

goes as fast as possible, so that the boy will be strong at the oar, sure-footed on the fjelds. This, you observe, for the *boy* baby. No such trouble is taken for a mere girl. But, for both alike, there is this precaution: never leave a child alone before it is baptized. Until then it falls easily into the power of evil spirits, and is in danger of being carried away by Hulderfolk. These underground creatures are not 'the little people,' or the Brownies. In size and appearance they resemble human beings. They have boats and go to the fishery; they have cows, sheep (that are always gray), dogs (large black hounds that often have a light on the end of their tails); but one thing the Hulderfolk lack and that is *souls*. If, however, they can take away a Faroe baby and substitute one of their own, and it is baptized, then that child will have a soul.

I know a peasant woman whose daughter died in childbirth not long ago, leaving her baby to her mother's care. The father of the baby was fishing in Iceland, and the old woman lived alone in her little cottage. I went to see her, and during my visit, she wished to show me some articles in another part of the house. Wherever we went she took the cradle with her. I understood the reason and said to her, —

'But, Sanna, living by yourself as you do, are you not obliged sometimes to leave the baby alone?'

'Yes, Fróken,' she replied sadly, 'several times I have had to leave him just for a few minutes. But I put the Psalm-book under his pillow, I mark him with the sign of the Cross, and *I run my best!*'

Another story I have heard lately is about a Hulderchild on Videró. A peasant and his wife had a baby-boy, a good happy healthy child, that never cried or made trouble. One day the mother had to leave him alone a little

while. When she returned she found the baby crying and fretting. Its face seemed changed, somehow, and yet she could not say that it was *not* their child. From that time it cried night and day until the parents were worn out, and they took it to the Pastor to ask his advice. Now the Pastor 'knew more than his Paternoster,' as the saying is; that is, he had studied Black Art. He examined the child and said he feared it *was* a *bytte* (changeling). 'Now,' said he, 'go home and build a great brewing fire in the fire-place. In each of the four corners put a limpet-shell filled with milk. Then hide yourselves, so you can see and hear the child, but it will not know you are there. If it says or does anything that shows it is a Hulderchild, then you may hope to get your own baby back again.'

The parents followed carefully the Pastor's instructions, and, trembling with anxiety, awaited the result. As the fire roared and crackled, the child stirred uneasily and stopped crying. Then it raised itself on its elbow and watched the fire and the four limpet shells that were sizzling away in the corners. Then they heard the child laugh scornfully, and saw it point at the limpets. 'Huh!' it exclaimed, 'how can a child be expected to thrive in a house where they have such things for kettles! They should just see the great kettles — the great brewing-pots — in the house of my father, Buin!' The Hulderchild had betrayed itself! That night there was no crying, the parents slept in peace and woke to find their own good happy baby in the cradle.

What are the cradle-songs this Baby will hear in the cabin where she first saw the gray light of December? Verses from the old Kingos Psalm-book, ballads of the Long Serpent and King Olaf, of Queen Dagmar's death, the Whale Song, stories from the Iceland

Sagas and the Nibelungenlied. Little verses, too, Mother Goosey jingles, one that is sung in Norwegian to babies in all the Scandinavian lands:—

Row, row to the fishing ground,
How many fishes have you found?
One for Father,
One for Mother,
One for Sister,
One for Brother,
One for him that drew the nets,
One for my little Baby.

Here is a little Faroe verse:—

Down comes the Puffin to the sea,
With his head carried high.
'Little Gray-titlark, lend me thy boat?'
'Small is my boat, short are my legs—
But come thee on board';
And the oars rattle in the oarlocks.

When the Baby grows a little bigger, she will not be taught that 'the Bossy-cow says "Mo-o-o," the Pussy-cat says "Me-ow."' No, she will learn what the *birds* say:—

The Puffin says, '*Ur-r! UR-R! UR-R!*'
The Raven says, '*Kronk! KRONK! KRONK!*'
The Crow says, '*Kra! KRA! KRA!*'
The Eider-duck says, '*Ah-oo! AH-OO! AH-OO!*'
The Wheatear says, '*Tck! TCK! TCK! None so pretty as I!*'

and so on through a long list of the birds of fjeld and sea.

Summer and winter the birds will be the Baby's neighbors. From her father's cabin she can hear the eider-ducks cooing softly as they rise and fall just beyond the white crest of the breakers. Starlings bubble and chortle on the grassy house-roof; from the dark cliffs sounds the raven's clarion cry, and there are always sea-gulls near. With spring come all the sea-fowl to the bird-cliffs, and curlew, golden plover and Arctic jaegers, 'plaintive creatures that pity themselves on moorlands.' All through the long dark winter the wren and titlark sing cheerfully. The 'Mouse's Brother' the Baby will call the Faroe wren, and she will know one fact of which grave scientists are ig-

norant, that the 'Mouse's Brother' and the titlark sing a bird-translation of a verse from the old Kingos Psalm-book. She will know, too, how the eider-duck won her down, the story of the naughty shag and the Apostle Peter, why the cormorant has no tongue, and that the great black-backed gull once struck our Lord upon the Cross and thenceforth bore a blood-red spot on his bill. Well can the Baby say in the words of the Kalevala, 'The birds of Heaven, the waves of the sea, have spoken and sung to me; the music of many waters has been my master.'

Few will the Baby's pleasures be. She will never have a Christmas tree, nor hang up her stocking, nor have other presents than a pair of mittens or a woolen kerchief for her head. The day before Christmas she will help her mother to scrub everything that can be scrubbed, indoors and out, working far into 'Jóla-Natt,' so that all shall be sweet and clean for the birthday of our Lord. And next morning, in the sod-roofed church where never was a fire made, she will sit with her mother on the women's side, waiting meekly after service until the last man and the last boy have left their seats. She will dance lightly on the sea-rocks, her fair hair blowing in the wind, retreating as the big waves crash down, and singing something which sounds like '*Ala kan eje taka mej!*' ('The wave cannot catch me!') She sings it to the same little tune I sang as a child when dancing back and forth across the danger-line of Taffy's land, mocking the rushes of an agile Taffy.

From seven to fourteen years she will go to school two weeks out of every six (the schoolmaster must be shared between three hamlets), and when fourteen years old, she will be confirmed, if she has learned enough Danish to pass the examinations and to say the prayers and creed. On that morning of con-

firmation she will turn up her hair, and wear a dress skirt that will flap about her little heels. And that afternoon there will be chocolate and cakes in her father's cabin, with friends coming and going.

She will know suspense and fear and sickening dread when 'the boats are out,' and the great gales burst without warning. From every hamlet the sea has taken many; not one home has been spared. She cannot escape the common lot; of grief she shall have her share.

Three days of storm passed and the Baby was not thriving. She needed her mother, and a consultation was held, the old sea-dogs of the hamlet advising. The gale was surely lessening, and with nine picked men, eight to row and one to steer, it could and should be done. The passage was to be made to Thorshavn to bring the Pastor home. So off they went in the early morning.

I was in my room, upstairs, about eleven o'clock, when I noticed that the roar of the wind, and the creaking and groaning of the timbers overhead had ceased. I went to the window in time to see a great mass of snow gathered up from the ground and hurled against the house. In that short pause the wind had changed, and now blew from the west with redoubled fury. I hurried downstairs, and one glance at the Pastorinde's face confirmed my fears. She knew only too well where the returning boat was at that hour: far out, off the worst place on the coast, in fierce sea-currents, and in the full sweep of this new off-shore gale. The men were in peril. Many boats the Pastorinde had known to 'go away' in such a storm, after hours of desperate struggle to hold the boat in place and make some headway toward land. Then, as strength failed, there would be a slipping seaward, faster and faster, till men and boat

went under, overwhelmed by a mighty cross-sea — 'the drowning wave.'

Hour after hour went by; the Pastorinde paced the rooms, pale and silent. Under the shelter of walls and boat-houses were groups of men looking seaward. At last a shout, and men pointing; out in a smother of flying foam a dark spot had been seen, then lost, then seen again far away under the cliffs of distant Stromö. The boat was slowly making its way to a point due west, where it could blow in with the gale. All the men and boys who could stand on their legs were down in the surf to meet it, and with a rush the boat was borne up on land.

All was ready in the parsonage. The rug in the dining-room rolled up, hot coffee made, food on the table; and the Pastorinde was standing in the doorway as the men toiled feebly up, their clothes streaming with sea-water. *Nine* men only! Where was the *tenth* — where was the Pastor? And, all together, the tale was told. The Pastor, they had found, was *not* in Thorshavn; two days ago the Danish gun-boat had carried him off to Trangisvaag on some church affair, and nothing had been seen of him since. Higher and higher rose the voices, trembling with the irritation and unreasoning anger of utter exhaustion. The storm had struck them at the worst place; for four hours they had struggled just to hold their own, and were drifting seaward, when a short lull came, and with hope renewed they fought again and at last reached the sheltering cliffs of Stromö. Their eyes were wild and glassy, their hair matted, their hands swollen and bleeding from straining at the oars. The Pastorinde — wise woman — wasted no words of sympathy: she poured coffee, hot fragrant coffee with plenty of cream in it. The men drank and the talking quieted to grateful mumbles, and the cups were filled again, while

their clothes dripped sea-water and the floor was all afloat.

Two mornings later, before dawn, I heard a knock on my door, and the Pastorinde's voice calling, 'The storm has ceased and they are going to take the Baby to Thorshavn, to be baptized by the Thorshavn pastor. They will take you, too, if you can be ready in half an hour.'

We were ready, all the baptismal party, plus myself and the borrowed 'maternal font.' One of the men came for me with a lantern and I clutched his strong hand and slipped and slid over the icy rocks. Lights flared here and there, and land, sea, and sky were all one blackness; only a faint gray line showed where the sea was breaking. The surf was still high, covering the usual landing-place. One by one, we women were carried to a group of rocks that rose above the surf. Beyond, the boat was pitching and tossing, two men in the rowing-seats keeping the high sharp prow pointing toward the land. It was no easy matter to get on board, but we stood not upon the order of our going but jumped at once. At one moment I was on top of two godmothers, the next moment five godfathers scrambled over me to their places at the oars. Muffled shrieks arose and ejaculations: '*Ak Gud bevare os!*' '*Ak Herre Jesu!*' The boat swept out into the darkness, and we women-folk picked ourselves up and sorted ourselves out.

It was bitterly cold, and it rained — oh, how it rained! But we did n't care, we were going to Thorshavn at last, and there was a good sea. The change of wind, the down-pour, had flattened the broken surges. Only the great ground-swells swept landward, rank on rank, crashing along the coast. We mounted slowly to their summits and

glided down the outer slopes with the motion of a bird in flight. Gayly rose the talk in the boat, and there was a lighting of little pipes, one at a time, so that the rowing need not be hindered. Now a faint yellow gleam on the southern horizon beyond the down-dropping veils of mist, then, dimly seen, the snow-crowned heights of Naalsö rising eighteen hundred feet from the sea. The danger-point on Stromö passed, and then in the distance twinkling lights, and a breath from shore bearing the fragrance of peat-smoke. — 'So he bringeth them to their desired haven.'

Out on the fjord the Danish gun-boat rose and fell, and on the wet shore-rocks was a lonely figure gazing out to sea, like the pictures of Napoleon on Elba. It had a familiar look — it was — yes, it was the Pastor!

They laid hands on the Pastor, as though they expected him to vanish from their sight. The Baby would be baptized then and there. Scant time was given to the godmothers to change their shoes, skirts, and stockings, and to prink.

Clang! Clang! Clang! rang the church-bell in treble, staccato notes. There was a clattering of pattens in the stony lanes as children hurried to the Baptism. The Pastor, a dignified priestly figure in his long black robes and Elizabethan ruff, left the Thorshavn parsonage, passed through the side gate to the church-portal, and the bell-ringing died away.

I was down at the landing an hour later to say 'farvel' to the Pastor and the baptismal party. And, as the boat left shore I turned away to my little cabin-home with a sigh of relief. The Baby — *Karin Marin Malene Elsebet Jakobina Jakobson* — was baptized.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE EMBARRASSMENT OF FINALITY

'LIVE as if each moment were your last.' How often I used to come across such advice in the books that I read! At least it seemed often to me — too often. For while I accepted it as being probably good advice if one could follow it, yet follow it I could n't.

For one thing, I could never bring myself to feel this 'last'-ness of each moment. I tried and failed. I was good at make-believe, too, but this was out of all reason.

I still fail. The probability that each moment is really my last is, I suppose, growing theoretically greater as the clock ticks, yet I am no more able to realize it than I used to be. I no longer try to; and, what is more, I hope I never shall. I hope that when my last moment really comes, it may slip by unrecognized. If it does n't, I am sure I don't know what I shall do.

For I find that this sense of finality is not a spur, but an embarrassment. Only consider: suppose this moment, or let us say the next five minutes, is really my last — what shall I do? Bless me, I can't think! I really cannot hit upon anything important enough to do at such a time. Clearly, it ought to be important, something having about it this peculiar quality of finality. It should have finish, it should in some way be expressive of something — I wonder what? It should leave a good taste in one's mouth. If I consulted my own savage instincts I should probably pick up a child and kiss it; that would at all events leave a good taste. But, suppose there were no child

about, or suppose the child kicked because he was playing and did n't want to be interrupted — what a fiasco!

Moreover, one must consider the matter from the child's standpoint: he, of course, ought also to be acting as if each moment were *his* last. And in that case, ought he to spend it in being kissed by me? Not necessarily. At any rate, I should be selfish to assume this. Perhaps he ought to wash his hands, or tell his little sister that he is sorry he slapped her. Perhaps I ought to tell my little sister something of that sort — if it was n't slapping, it was probably something else. But no, five minutes are precious. If they are my last, she will forgive me anyway — *de mortuis*, etc.; it would be much more necessary to do this if I were sure of going on living and meeting her at meals; then, indeed —

Yet there must be something that one ought to do in these five minutes. There is enough that needs doing, — at least there would be if they were *not* my last. There is the dusting, and the marketing, and letter-writing, and sewing, and reading, and seeing one's friends. But under the peculiar circumstances, none of these things seems suitable. I give it up. The fact must be that very early in life — before I can remember — I formed a habit of going on living, and of expecting to go on, which became incorrigible. And the contrary assumption produces hopeless paralysis. As to these last five minutes that I have been trying to plan for, I think I will cut them out, and stop right here. It will do as well as anywhere. Though I still have a hankering to kiss that baby!

I might think the trouble entirely with myself, but that I have noticed indications of the same thing in others. Have you ever been met by an old friend at a railroad station where one can stop only a few moments? I have. She comes down for a glimpse of me; good of her, too! We have not met for years, and it will be years before we can meet again. It is almost like those fatal last moments of life. I stand on the car-platform and wave, and she dashes out of the crowd. 'Oh, there you are! Well—*how* are you? Come over here where we can talk.—Why,—you're looking well—yes, I am, too, only I've been having a horrid time with the dentist.' (Pause.) 'Are you having a pleasant journey?—Yes, of course, those vestibule trains are always hideously close. I've been in a hot car, too.—I thought I'd *never* get here, the cars were blocked—you know they're tearing up the streets again—they always are.' (Pause.) 'How's Alice?—That's nice.—And how's Egbert?—Yes, you wrote me about his eyes. What a good-looking hat you have! I hated to come down in this old thing, but my new one did n't come home—she promised, too—and I just *had* to see you.—*Do* look at those two over there! How *can* people do such things on a public platform, do you see? I'll move round so you can look.—Why, it is n't time yet, is it? Oh, dear! And we have n't really *begun* to talk. Well, stand on the step and then you won't get left.—Yes, I'll write. So glad to have seen you.—Going to be gone all winter?—Oh, yes, I remember, you wrote me. Well, good-bye, good-bye!'

The train pulls out a few feet, then pauses—one more precious moment for epochal conversation—we laugh. 'Why, I thought it had started—Well, give my love to Alice—and I hope Bert's eyes will be better—I

said, I hoped his *eyes*—*Egbert's eyes*—will be *better*—*will improve*.'

The train starts again. 'Good-bye once more!' I stand clutching the car door, holding my breath lest the train change its mind a second time. But it moves smoothly out, I give a last wave, and reënter my car, trying to erase the fatuous smile of farewell from my features, that I may not feel too foolish before my fellow passengers. I sink into my seat, feeling rather worn and frazzled. No more five-minute meetings for me if I can help it! Give me a leisurely letter, or my own thoughts and memories, until I can spend with my friend at least a half day. Then, perhaps, when we are not oppressed by the importance of the speeding moments, we may be able to talk together with the unconscious nonchalance that makes talk precious.

I have never heard a death-bed conversation, but I fancy it must be something like this, only worse, and my suspicions are so far corroborated by what I am able to glean from those who have witnessed such scenes—in hospitals, for instance. Friends come to visit the dying man; they sit down, hug one knee, make an embarrassed remark, drop that knee and pick up the other ankle. They rise, walk to the foot of the bed, then tiptoe back uneasily. Hang it, what is there to say! If he was n't dying there would be plenty, but that sort of talk does n't seem appropriate. What *is* appropriate—except hymns?

When my time comes, defend me from this! I shall not repine at going, but if my friends can't talk to me just as they always have, I shall be really exasperated. And if they offer me hymns—!

No—last minutes, or hours, for me might better be discounted at once—dropped out. I have a friend who thinks otherwise, at least about visits. She says that it makes no difference

how you behave on a visit, so long as you act prettily during the last day or two. People will remember that, and forget the rest. Perhaps; but I doubt it. I think we are much more apt to remember the middles of things, and their beginnings, than their endings. Almost all the great pieces of music have commonplace endings; well enough, of course, but what one remembers are bits here and there in the middle, or some wonderful beginning. If one is saying good-bye to a beloved spot, and goes for a last glimpse, does one really take that away to cherish? No, I venture to say, one forgets that, and remembers the place as one saw it on some other day, some time when one had no thought of finality, and was not consciously storing up its beauty to be kept against the time of famine.

One makes a last visit to a friend, and all one remembers about it is its painful 'last'-ness. The friend herself one recalls rather as one has known her in other, happy, thoughtless moments, which were neither last nor first, and therefore most rich because most unconscious.

Live as if each moment were my last? Not at all! I know better now. I choose to live as if each moment were my first, as if life had just come to me fresh. Or perhaps, better yet, to live as if each moment were, not last, for that gives up the future, nor first, for that would relinquish the past, but in the midst of things, enriched by memory, lighted by anticipation, aware of no trivialities, because acknowledging no finality.

COUSINS

COUSINS are not as simple as they seem. The very fact of being a cousin, or having a cousin, is complicated. The *laissez-faire* of cousinship is both eluding and deluding — cousins will

be cousins, even if you did not choose them. They can borrow money from you, visit you without being asked, tell people they belong to your family, contest your will, even fall in love with you — and a cousin once removed is twice as likely to. Never completely trust a cousin — never depend on his not doing any of these things. Never take him for granted. The 'cousinly kiss' may or may not mean what it seems. And cousins always do kiss — it's part of being cousins.

(Not that cousins need *necessarily* prove perilous. Once in a blue moon they invite you to Europe, or leave you money, but that almost always takes an aunt or an uncle.)

Of course, one is not supposed to marry one; but then, occasionally, one does. Oftener one does n't; oftenest one has a surreptitious *affaire*, calmly conscious of an innocent-minded and unsuspecting family, absorbed in their solitaire and knitting and novels, in the background. The mantle of cousinship may cover a multitude of indiscretions, even in the best regulated families.

'Who is with Lucy out in the Gloucester hammock so late?'

'Oh, it's only Tom!' And Father shuffles the cards, and Mother finishes the chapter, and Auntie knits and knits.

Meanwhile the Gloucester hammock is swayed by emotions little akin to those supposed to exist in the bosom of a family, and the dear old familiar harmless-looking cousinly kiss leaves Lucy wondering where is which and who is what. As we said at the beginning, cousins are not as simple as they seem. It's safer not to trust even first cousins. Perhaps it is just as well not to trust one's self *as* a first cousin — relatively speaking!

Oh, could I say half that I might say,
How sad are the lessons 't would give;
'T would keep you from loving for many a day,
And from cousins as long as you live!

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

BREWER, MAINE,
December 8, 1911

TO THE ATLANTIC, —
Greeting!

It seems but fair to return thanks for some of the especially good things in recent issues. Mr. Fosdick's article in this last, for example. How good it is to find some one who knows old Hugh Latimer — ('bishop of gold, and crozier of wood') — otherwise than through 'Choice Selections.' What an alive old man Latimer is even to-day, always rapping his nail on the head! Then there was that notable revelation by one of the Handicapped, full of the wisdom of suffering. A message from him again some time, please. And there was Ethel Puffer Howes's remarkable paper on 'The Great Refusal.' How R. W. Emerson and Dr. Harris and Dr. William James and John Fiske would have enjoyed that! They would certainly all have taken note of it. And then, too, there is Mrs. Comer's 'The Vanishing Lady.'

Yet probably but for Mrs. Comer's article I should not be writing to the editor. Mrs. Comer's work is always just sufficiently irritant to make one want to 'write to the editor.' She climbs high, whence she can look far, — but there is always a cloud on the top of her mountain; she misses the view. I find myself agreeing with nearly all her specific statements, and then challenging her conclusions. Can it be that, with all her knowledge, she lacks the wisdom these other three have shown so nobly: the wisdom of understanding, plus patience — faith? I always come away from one of Mrs. Comer's essays with the feeling that

there is a logical fallacy involved, a 'divided middle.' I feel that she cannot have lived long enough in one place to get the full meaning of it. Building up, when we work with human materials, is such very slow work, impatience in it is so ruinous, that mothers learn to be patient. I suspect that the reason God is so tolerant of human weaknesses is because He has lived so long on one street: He knows its whole history and does not go clapping together the exceptional wickednesses and condemning the whole on account of them. For a just estimate of anything human, something more is needed than a quick eye to see defects, and a ready tongue, else the only verdict for any of us would be, 'Off with his head!'

Perhaps the Lady is a vanishing, a vanished type, as Mrs. Comer contends. But I protest that Mrs. Comer is comparing unequals, multiplying oranges by lemons, when she compares the Victorian Lady, who was a type, with the *Nouveaux Riches*, who are a class as well as a type. The Lady can never be a class; in her finer manifestations she was found in all classes, as Mrs. Comer admits.

Now, all types vanish; it is their nature. Only archetypes endure. In my own day I have seen the plainsman, the cowboy, the cattleman, the eastern woodsman, the deep-sea sailor, and many others, clearly defined by voice, feature, and action from other men, pass beyond recall. They are gone forever. Why should not the Victorian Lady go too? Compared with most recent types she endured for a long period. The present type of *Nouveaux Riches*, the dominant Master of Busi-

ness, whom Mrs. Comer seems to fear, is just as much doomed to speedy extinction. Indeed, the very pronounced types are always brief. A few years see one rise, put on an outer vestiture of flesh and countenance which portrays the soul, and disappear entirely. Already the Master of Business in his present guise is as dead as Behemoth — and does not know it. In his place will rise some other manifestation of him — for he has always been with us;

I could turn you back the pages of history and read him out for ages as always existent, but never before so entirely in the foreground.

And also, why despair of the future if one type does fail? Who knows what comes next? Who was the predecessor of this exquisite Victorian Lady? I think those of us who know our Miss Burney and Richardson and Fielding and Smollett can recall a period when the Gentleman was a rake and the Lady was a drab — with some exceptions. I believe that Mrs. Comer admits the exceptions to-day. I presume that those authors were realists, painters of their own times, speaking with as much authority as David Graham Phillips, and perhaps to a wider audience, who admitted the accuracy of the portraits. Certainly there is Hogarth to call in, if the word of these be denied. Who was the Lady in Hogarth's drawings?

Indeed, I am afraid I rather resent the imputation that the world which once read Howells now reads Phillips, and nothing else. Speaking for myself, the only volume of Phillips which I ever read, or ever shall read, was *The Second Generation*, and that had a rotten spot in it; I saw that the man understood only the skin of life, and I left him with many others whom their publishers are vainly trying to per-

suade the public that 'everybody' is reading. As a matter of fact, 'everybody' is not reading them. From an intimate acquaintance with public library work, I am fain to believe that they are largely read by a class of people who, in the day of the Lady, either did not read at all, or read the cheapest paper-covered books, and papers, which there is no need to name. These people are now reading voraciously, buying freely; but it is a quite gratuitous compliment to them to leave it to be supposed that they belong to the same class as those who used to read Howells. I am under the impression that Mr. Howells is still writing for the same people who read *A Chance Acquaintance* and *Silas Lapham*. No doubt Phillips, and many others, do present a superficial view of present-day life; so also did the *Police Gazette*. Perhaps fifty years from now it will be as hard for the antiquarian to collect a complete set of the former as it would be nowadays to get a file of the latter. Let us remember that there are things which are doomed to the rubbish heap; no doubt they are harmful, disreputable, but they are surely ephemeral, and if we cannot annihilate them, we at least need not fret over them.

As for the Lady, she still exists; it is quite impossible for her to die, because she was an idea of God's. She is necessary to the safe-conduct of things. The world stops when its mothers go, and in the last analysis the true Lady is the Mother of the World. Let the heathen rage, if they must; but let not us imagine a vain thing! Many are the outward forms of the Lady, but she has always one trait by which you may know her, — a serene and invincible courage.

Sincerely yours,
FANNIE HARDY ECKSTORM.